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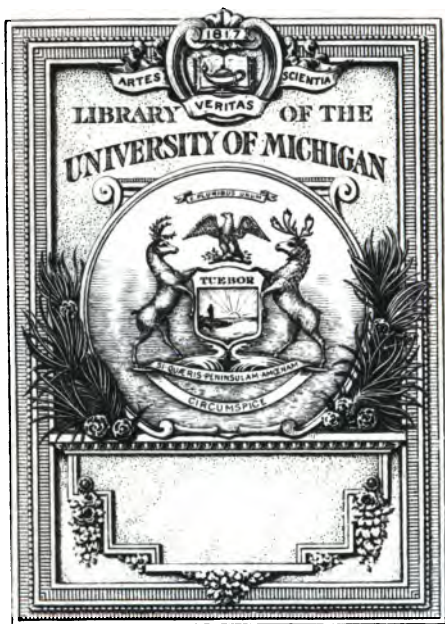
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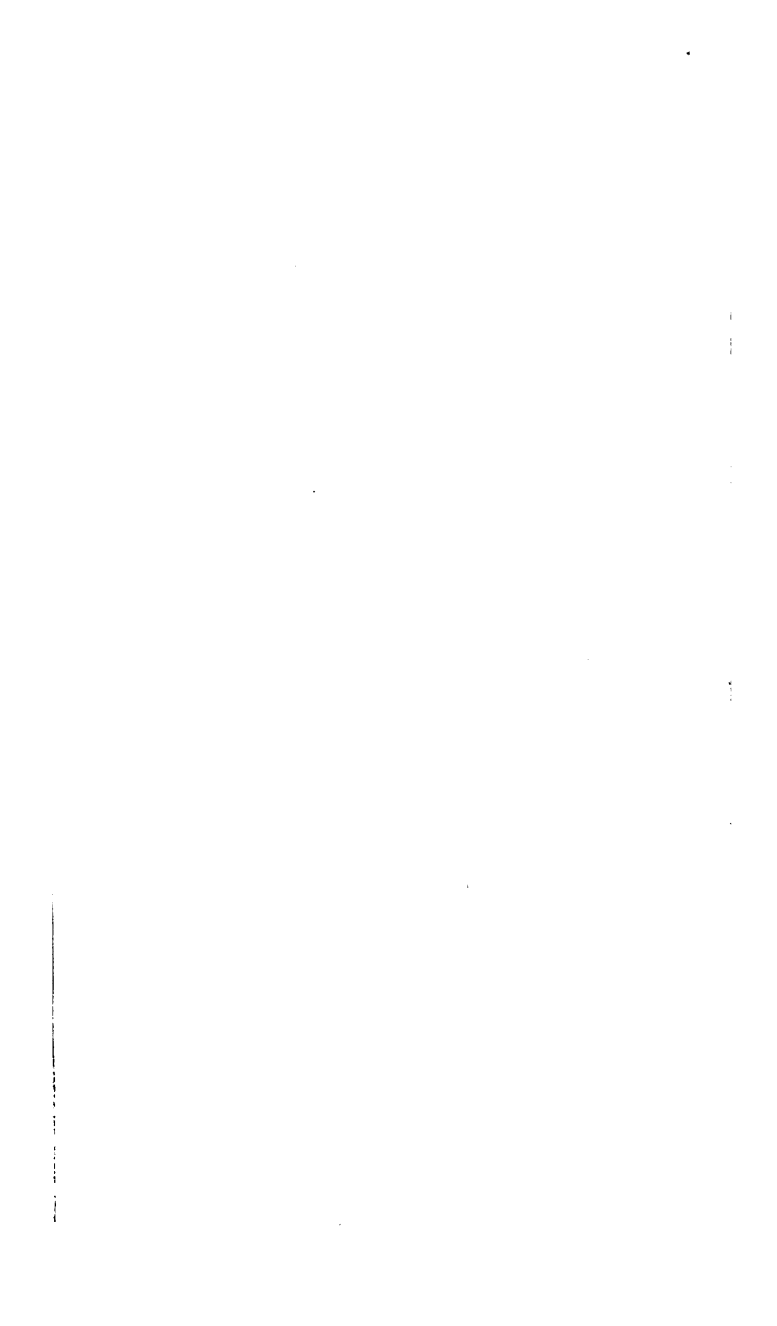
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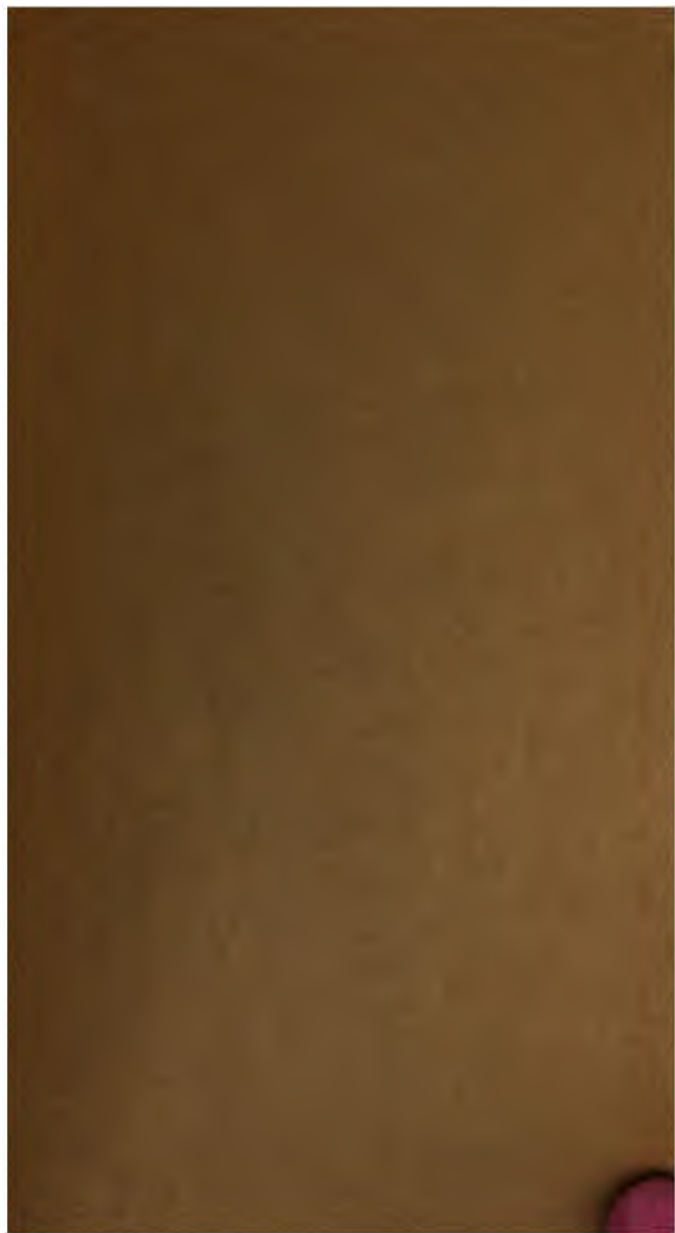
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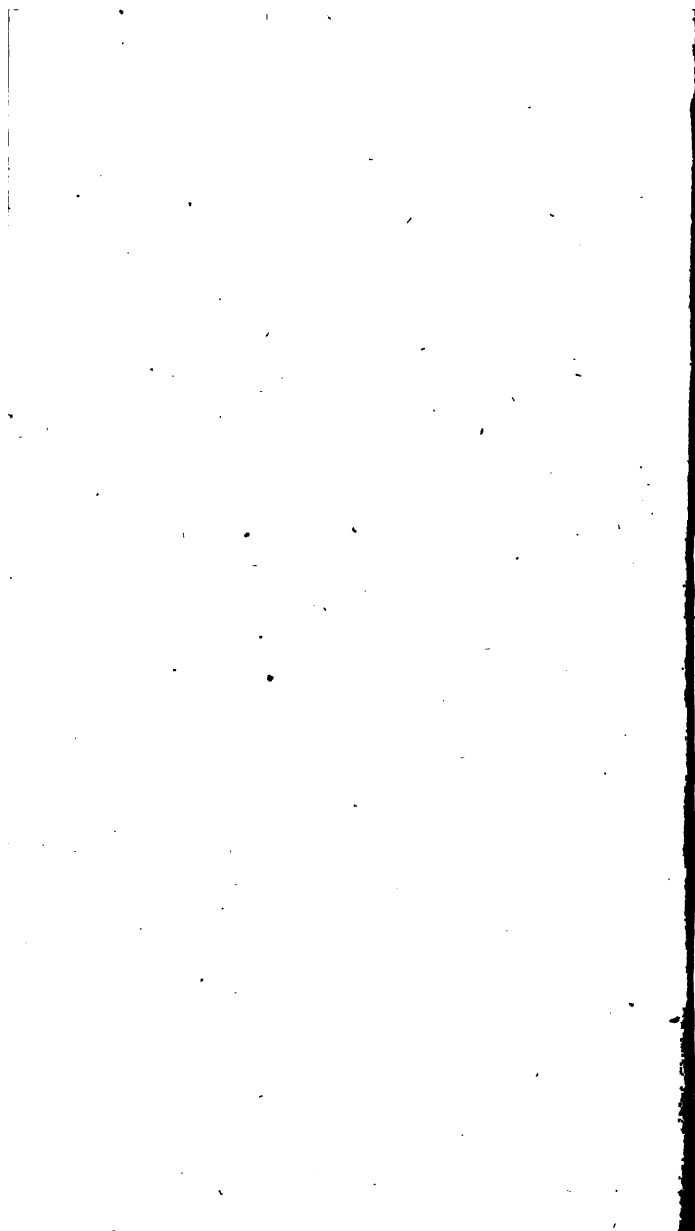








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Shebbeare, John  
LYDIA,

O R

FILIAL PIETY.

A

NOVEL.

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By the AUTHOR of the MARRIAGE ACT, a Novel;  
and LETTERS on the *English* Nation.

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*Virtutis est domare, quæ cuncti pavent.*

SENEC.

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In FOUR VOLUMES.

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D U B L I N:

Printed for SARAH COTTER, in Skinner Row.

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T O

20. **Mr. WILLIAM BERROW,**

**MERCHANT** in *Bristol.*

**S I R,**

**I** Address this little Performance to you, from a much better Motive, and from a more intimate Acquaintance with your Heart and Understanding, than Dedicators are usually actuated by, in their Addresses to their Patrons.

INDEED, I neither consider you in the Light of the latter, nor myself in that of the former, but as Friend to Friend; and this Epistle arises from an Ambition, that my Name and yours may be seen thus publickly united together.

## DEDICATION.

IF the World find in me, as a Writer, as many Excellencies and Virtues as I know exist in you as a Man, I shall feel no Pain for the Reception of whatever may be contained in the following Sheets.

BUT lest I should deviate from the Path of Friendship and Intimacy, into that of Panegyric; and my Impulse, and Love of doing Justice to your Character, carry me beyond what you will like to see; I here conclude myself,

*Your most obedient Servant,*

*London, May 30,*

1755.

J. SHEBBEARE.

C O N-



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# CONTENTS

OF THE

## FIRST VOLUME.

### C H A P. I.

**T**HE Beginning of this History. Strange Folks in Strange Lands. Patriotism, Heroism, fainting, dying, loving, Sentiment and Generosity, all amongst Indians in America. Page 1

### C H A P. II.

Men and Women amongst the Indians, much like those amongst the Britons. Garangula's Opinion of the Joys of Love, very different from those of Yarico. First Rise of drawing Faces in America, perhaps in every other Place. Love in several Shapes, and a whole Day's Journey. 18

### C H A P. III.

Cannassatego's Journey to New-York. The Description of the honourable Captain Charles Bounce; with a slight Sketch of the noble Earl his Father. 29

C H A P.

# CONTENTS.

## CHAP. IV.

*The happy Union of Courage and Prudence exemplified in the Behaviour of the honourable Captain Charles Bounce, together with a discreet Preservation of his Majesty's Ship and Subjects : A Chapter to be studied by all Captains in these perilous Times.* 33

## CHAP. V.

*A Dissertation on Courage in quite a new Way, which, we hope, will prove satisfactory to many a warlike Outside in this Kingdom.* 37

## CHAP. VI.

*The Description of Phelim Mac Valor, first Lieutenant of the \* \* \* and Mr. Probit, the second; their different Dispositions, together with the Description of Parson Pugh the Welch Chaplain, and Sandy Macpherison the Scotch Surgeon; the like of which four are not to be found in any other History* 46

## CHAP. VII.

*Two Ladies of very different Shapes, and Degrees of Beauty, as well as Disposition of Soul, are introduced to our Male Readers to take their Choice of.* 51

## CHAP. VIII.

*The Stowage of the Passengers a-board Ship. A small Sample of Mrs. Rachael Stiffcrump's serving the Lord in Prayer. The Author acknowledges his Want of Genius in certain Descriptions, in which Dr. Swift delighted and excelled.* 59

## CHAP. IX.

*A sbrewd Obseruation. The Effects of Distance in Matters of Love and L—— in an Indian and a Captain of a Ship.*

## CONTENTS.

*a Ship. A new Species of Attraction discovered, which operates different from Electricity or Magnetism.* 60

### C H A P. X.

*Lieutenant Mac Valor's Story of his Cousin Phelim Macbrogue, in which there is not a Word of —* 63

### C H A P. XI.

*Mrs. Rachael Stifftrump's Devotion grows very strong; some pious Reproofs of that Lady's. A Letter in the godly Style. A Spark of Love drops on Mr. Probit's Heart; with a Question of great Consequence to the Nation, whether a Boatswain or an Archbishop would be most listened to at Sea.* 68

### C H A P. XII.

*Lieutenant Probit's Story much approved of by Mrs. Rachael, who compares it to Samanah and the two Elders, with several Similies and no Similies to prove the Resemblance.* 71

### C H A P. XIII.

*Miss Fairchild feels a sort of something about her Heart, like the first Shiverings of an Ague-fit. A melancholy Accident befalls a China Bowl, and the Captain's Breeches. Macpherson's great Sagacity makes it's first Appearance in this Chapter. A general Laugh.* 80

### C H A P. XIV.

*The Journal of a Saint on Earth introduced with Piety, and concluded with the true Reason of its being inserted.* 82

### C H A P. XV.

*Introduced by a most magnificent Simile, which is followed by a very learned Debate, which drives two different Stories out of two very indifferent Heads.* 87

C H A P.

# CONTENTS.

## C H A P. XVI.

*The melancholy Story of Parson Pugh most melancholily related, with a melancholy Song sung with no less melancholy a Tune.* 91

## C H A P. XVII.

*Indian and European Sentiments on the foregoing Story. One smart Observation of Lieutenant Macvalor. A Comparison between Wind and Wind. An unlucky Discovery for a Saint, set to rights by the Art of Canting.* 104

## C H A P. XVIII.

*Surgeon Macpherson's Story, with an Introduction of the excellent School of Physic at Edinburgh; with Mrs. Rachael's Remark at the End of it.* 107

## C H A P. XIX.

*A Scene of Altercation between the Captain and Mrs. Rachael Stiffump. The Author makes a sbrewder Remark than Machiavel. Mrs. Rachael's pious Disposition appears in a true Light. The Captain begins and ends his Story in a very short Space, and sbews his Courage, his Cunning, and another Thing beginning with a C. to the End of the Chapter. Surgeon Macpherson appears like Honour in Falstaff's Opinion, with no great Skill in Surgery.* 111

## C H A P. XX.

*A Dissertation upon the Honour of old England, to the Honour of Miss Fanny M \* \* \** 117

## C H A P. XXI.

*A most pious Agreement between Mrs. Rachael and the Captain. Mr. Prebit grows more in Love with Miss Lydia. The Effects of good Disposition in a Woman,* an

## CONTENTS.

*on Indian and Christian. A wicked Attempt on Miss Lydia Fairchild, with a short Observation of the Boat-swain's Mate. The Chapter ended with a Curse. 122*

### C H A P. XXII.

*A Quarrel between the Captain and second Lieutenant, which ends to the Honour of the latter. Miss Lydia's Tendernefs. Macvalor's Honesty. The Sailors Contempt of a Coward. Probit's Friendship for the Indian Chief. Mrs. Rachael and the Captain's Designs; with a Remark of deep Penetration; all in one Chapter. 128*

### C H A P. XXIII.

*A Dissertation on Chastity, in which, after a candid Examination, that Virtue is decided in favour of the Male Sex; and then fixt to the Honour of England, on a British Hero. 132*

### C H A P. XXIV.

*Macvalor, the Parson, and Lieutenant Probit, differ from Macpherson in Opinion, with Respect to their Behaviour to the Captain. A very subtle Debate on the Nature of a Rape, which ends with a gentle Rebuke to the Scotch Nation. 138*

### C H A P. XXV.

*Parson Pugh appears in his true Light, as well as Surgeon Macpherson, the Captain, and Mrs. Rachael. The Parson quits the Company in some Wrath. 144*

### C H A P. XXVI.

*Mrs. Rachael cured of her Dropsy, by an Operation more common, more certain, more safe, and more natural than Tapping. Macpherson's Advice followed, and Miss Lydia's Humanity exhibited. 147*

---

# CONTENTS

OF THE

## SECOND VOLUME.

### C H A P. XXVII.

**A** NEW Comparison between Army-Tailors, and Authors of true History. 151

### C H A P. XXVIII.

Indian Observations on a certain Species of free Britons. Parson Pugh and Popkins the Exciseman's friendly Rencontre. Canmassatego, the Indian Chief, taken for the Pretender's Son. Mr. Popkins disposes of the Reward for apprehending him before he receives it. The Cause of Loyalty in the Exciseman and most Whigs. The Welch Way of nursing Children, and the Beginning of Mr. Popkins's Journey to London. 154

### C H A P. XXIX.

Mr. Popkins continues his Journey on Foot. Many Adventures on the Road, religious, amorous, theatrical, political, and friendly. 161

### C H A P. XXX.

More Adventures on the Road; together with a Scene of the Humbug; which thro' Variety of Fortunes, brings a Player and an Exciseman a great Way on the Road to London. 169

C H A P.

# CONTENTS.

## C H A P. XXXI.

*A Dispute between a Landlord and an Exciseman about a Piece of bad Money. Reasons for naturalizing the Jews infer'd from that Dispute. And an Argument in Favour of the present M——y.* 180

## C H A P. XXXII.

*The Journey continued. A sudden Thought of Mr. Cook's rather prematurely conceived. The Manners of Londoners to Strangers; and a most sorrowful, theatrical, pathetic Parting, taken by Mr. Cook of Mr. Popkins.* 183

## C H A P. XXXIII.

*The old Story of the Ass and the two Bundles of Hay, newly applied to the Author. The different Ways of Starving in Wits and Misers; and the Opinion of the People consulted, in Imitation of our Betters, and followed; which is not in Imitation of them.* 186

## C H A P. XXXIV.

*A decisive Letter, where the Truth may be gather'd from the Postscript. Mr. Popkins's civil Reception at his Cousin Griffith's, civilly returned by that Gentleman.* 187

## C H A P. XXXV.

*Mr. Popkins waits on a Member of Parliament. A Discovery of an Invasion by the Pretender's Son, a Scotch Surgeon, Irish Lieutenant, and Welch Parson, almost as dreadful as B——w's Rag-plot. The great Man consults another greater Man, and a Decision on that Head; which may make both Whigs and Tories, who are not in the Secret, stare a little. A M——r in great Distress, relieved from not quite, yet almost f——g his Br——s.* 190

# CONTENTS.

## CHAP. XXXVI.

*The Patentee and Player are presented to the Reader's Eyes. A Chapter very necessary for all who intend to study the Stage, as far as it relates to one Theatre.*

194

## CHAP. XXXVII.

*A Return to the Ship \* \* \* \* \*, the Honourable Captain Bounce. Miss Lydia, Mr. Probit, and all the Crew. A small Sketch of tender Parting. Mrs. Rachael infected by another Dropsy; happily cured in the same way with the former.*

197

## CHAP. XXXVIII.

*Miss Lydia arrives at London. The Character of two honest Merchants; and Distress of a virtuous Woman; with some Passages which all People may not read with dry Eyes.*

198

## CHAP. XXXIX.

*The Honourable Captain Charles Bounce tried for Cowardice, and honourably acquitted. Mac Valor discharged, with the Reasons in a Dialogue between a M———r and two other Men.*

202

## CHAP. XL.

*Lydia's Misfortunes commence from the Source of quaking Probit; her filial Piety and Resolution to support her Parent manifested in Conversation with Mr. Probit.*

205

## CHAP. XLI.

*A short Chapter explaining the Reason of Lydia's Resolution to become a Servant to a Lady. Not unnatural in her State.*

209

## CHAP.



# CONTENTS:

## CHAP. XLII.

*New Company. A Viscountess not overjoyed at being a Lady, in the first Month. Farther Proof of the Utility of the blessed Marriage-Act, exhibited in Guardians and their Wives. A Lord bumbugs and bribes a Merchant's Wife at the same Time.* 210

## CHAP. XLIII.

*A Chapter, fit to be written in Letters of Gold, being the true Way of educating a young Nobleman in Literature and Travels; to be studied by all tender Mothers, advising Friends, and Swiss Bear-leaders. The Folly of French Behaviour to English Politeness.* 216

## CHAP. XLIV.

*A Chapter with more Truth than Wit, more Utility than Flourish; which we foresee will be ill received by more than one Man at Paris: With a Touch to distinguish private Characters.* 223

## CHAP. XLV.

*The Lord Viscount Flimsy conducted thro' Europe, in which his Gallantries and Vertu are just touched upon. His Character compleated.* 225

## CHAP. XLVI.

*Mr. Muckworm consults his Wife on the Article of Miss Thrifty's Marriage. Two Letters exhibited as two excellent Samples of mercantile Wit and Politeness; different Sensations in different Bosoms, occasioned by those different Epistles. A tender Separation.* 227

## CHAP. XLVII.

*Much Wit in my Lord and Mr. Muckworm. A Silver Lamp and Tea-kettle make no small Appearance, and pro-*

# CONTENTS.

## C H A P. LVIII.

*The Success of a Bawd's Embassy, and a Dialogue between her and Squire Rife, useful to unfledged Bucks.* 278

## C H A P. LIX.

*A Dialogue between Lydia and D——s, and a providential Rescue of Virtue in Distress.* 280

## C H A P. LX.

*Mrs. D——s's Speech better than my L—d \* \* \* \* in Defence of the B——l W——ch B——ll.* 285.

## C H A P. LXI.

*Lydia and her Mother persevere in that Virtue which can only raise Mortals above Humanity.* 288

## C H A P. LXII.

*Lydia visits the House of Lady Flimsy; is well received by the Servant; returns with aching Heart to her Mother.* 290

## C H A P. LXIII.

*The Humanity of a Child, and Brutality of a Mother; in which may be seen the Difference of Women. Distress, which gives us Pain to relate.* 293

## C H A P. LXIV.

*Farther Instances of Misfortune pursue the virtuous Parent and Daughter; with a little Illustration of Mrs. Clinch's Manner of Thinking, and that of two other Females.* 297

## C H A P. LXV.

*A Scene of what Virtue may suffer. Lydia leaves her Mother, and resolves on Suicide.* 299

LYDIA.

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# L Y D I A.

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## C H A P. I.

*The Beginning of this History. Strange Folks in strange Lands. Patriotism, Heroism, Fainting, Dying, Loving, Sentiment and Generosity, all amongst Indians in America.*

**O**N the Banks of the great River *Catarakui*, near the Cataracts which fall with foaming Thunder from the Cloud-capt Mountains, Deep embosomed in the eternal Woods in *America*, dwell the antient Nations of the *Onondagons* and *Cayugans*.

No People are equally Renowned through all the western World, from the most northern bleakest Track, which human Feet have trodden, to the most southern Point of all this habitable Globe:

THEIR Names pronounced with Terror by the Nations round, their Valour recognized beyond all other People; the Tributes annually received from different Kingdoms, evince the Superiority of their military Fame; nor in the milder Parts of legislative Knowledge, are their Souls deficient. Elocution, Reason, Truth, and Probity, are not less the Characteristics of this People's Genius.

IN all the oral History of this antient Race delivered down from Sire to Son, no Instance is to be found of broken Faith with other Nations, no Anecdote of Friends betrayed, or Allies deserted in the Hour of Danger and Distress; their Words are sacredly preserved, their Lives offered up in Battle the Proof of it.

AMONGST these Nations, so superior to the other Indians, shone forth two Natives eminently superior to their Fellow-countrymen. *Cannassatego* blest the *Onondagans* with his Virtues; the *Cayugans* rejoiced in those of *Decanessora*, Rivals in Glory, Friends in Military Action, unenvying and unenvied, that Fiend-like Passion had not touched their Breasts, each to the other's Arm and Valour stood indebted for his Life, snatched from the Hands of their implacable Enemies alternately by mutual Prowess.

CANNASSATEGO had now reached his thirtieth Year, in all the Bloom of Manhood; *Decanessora* but two Years elder, warmed with equal Vigour; no human Form was ever seen more graceful, than that of *Cannassatego*, his Person was as strait as the Arrow which his Hand directed from his fatal Bow, his Stature six Foot, the most perfect Height in human Nature; on his large Neck his Head stood erect and bold, his Face was animated with Features that spoke Sensibility of Soul, high and open was his Forehead, from his Eyes flashed forth the Beams of Courage and Compassion, as each Passion at different Moments animated his Bosom, within which his Heart beat with honest Throbbing for his Country's Service; ample were his Shoulders, yet falling off with easy Grace, his Body all distinctly muscular, his Hips united his upper and lower Parts with perfect Symmetry; his Thighs and Legs completely formed for Strength and Agility.

The Air, Attitude, and Expression of the beauteous Statue of Apollo, which adorns the Belvedera Palace at Rome, were seen animated in this American the instant he had discharged his deadly Shaft; and tho' the fair Complexion of the European Natives was not to be found in this Warrior, yet his Shape and Countenance hindered you from perceiving the Deficiency: the Perfection of his Form, and Expression of his Visage was such, the Grecian Sculptors of the famed Statue of Laocoon, or the fighting Gladiator, might have studied him with Instruction and Delight; such was the Figure of *Cannassatego*.

ON his Feet were laced Sandals made of the Stag's Hide, whose rapid Flight had been stayed by his own Hands.

Hands; his Legs were cloathed by Stockings formed from the Beaver's Skin, his Vest and Breatches made of the same Materials, o'er his Shoulders fastened on his Breast by the Fore-paws in a Knot hung the brindled Skin of the shaggy Wolf, which reached like a Mantle to his Waist, the Head of the same Animal formed his Casque that grinned dreadful on his Forehead; on the left Side of it stood a graceful Ornament, the tufted Plumage of the Eagle's tail, which his fatal Arrows had brought headlong from the Clouds; his sable shining Hair hung platted to his Waist behind.

AROUND his manly Neck shone the beauteous Beads of *Wampum*, composed of shining Shells of variously reflecting Hues; his Arms were ornamented with the same Decorations; around his Middle yet a broader Belt held in its varying Girt his fatal War-ax, and his pointed Ponyard; across his Shoulders hung his Bow and Quiver for the Chace; his Arms for War were the Fire-arms of Europe; active as the bounding Roe, courageous as the generous Lion, sagacious as the provident Beaver; such were the Dress, Arms, bodily and mental Powers of *Cannassatego*.

DECANESSORA was formed in somewhat a different Character, he resembled more that Figure which *Glycon* has given the *Farnesian Hercules*; his Limbs were broad and brawny, Strength rather than Agility characterized the whole Frame; his Eyes spoke fixt Resolution more than ardent Courage, Justice more than Humanity, marked the Outlines of his Features.

ON his Head he wore a Casque formed of the Bear's black Skin, which he had slain with his War-ax, a Fox's Tail decorated the left Side of it, a Mantle of the same shaggy Hide fastened on his Breast like that of *Cannassatego*'s covered his Shoulders to the Waist; beneath, the Otter's Furr enwrapt his Limbs and Body, his Feet were defended from Injury like those of the other Warrior; his Arms, his Ornaments the same.

THE *Onnondagan* swiftest of Foot, like the Bird of *Jove*, overtook his Enemy with fatal Speed; the *Cayugan* slow like the *British* Mastiff, resisted with Fatality his opposing Foes: each expert alike to draw the fatal Yew, or Speed the mortal Bullet to its Goal, to whirl the

War-ax at the distant Foe, or use it in the close Engagement, secret and skilled to lay the fraudulent Ambush, daring and valiant in the open Field; no Warriors in all the Nations of the Continent could justly boast so many gallant Actions, old Men heard their Stories with Amazement and Delight, the young with Rapture and Instruction.

FROM Tales of antient Warriors delivered down from Father to Son, from one brave Sachem to another, *Cannassatego* had been much smitten with the Accounts of former Times; before the *Europeans*, these faithless Invaders, had reached the Shores of *America*, it was then the *Onnondagans*, *Cayugans*, and others of the five unconquerable Nations, reigned supreme over all the western World.

HE beheld the Indian Chiefs wrapt in *European* Manufactures, as Men bearing the Badge of Slavery, he detested the Day which brought them that intoxicating Fluid which had enervated their former Strength and ancient Valour; in Reality he considered the Natives of his Country ill treated, deluded, and destroyed alike, by *English* and by *French*, and lamented the fallen Condition of his native Land; in consequence of this manner of Thinking, he had never cloathed himself but in the Skins of those Beasts which he had slain with his own Hands, nor tasted that enebriating Liquor, which totally deprives Humanity of Reason.

DETERMINED from his early Youth to visit that Country from whence the *Europeans* came; he had learnt the English Language from a Missionary who had dwelt among them: with this Intent he had attained the Knowledge of Reading and even Writing it; notwithstanding this, he had always refused visiting the Plantations and Cities of the *English* established on the American Continent; he detested them for broken Faith, and fraudulent Treaties, for their Persuasions of his Countrymen to arm and engage in their Defence, and then shamefully deserting them at the Moment of their Necessities; their Wives and Children borne off to Slavery, or murdered by the Hands of their Enemies, were the Consequences which he conceived to have followed from the faithless Behaviour of the English.

NOTWITH-

NOTWITHSTANDING all these convincing Proofs, he was eternally dinned by the new Comers amongst his Nation, with the Virtues, Courage, and Magnanimity of the great King who lived enthroned in Splendor ; the Purity of the Lives of those People who professed the Christian Religion in the Regions under him, and of the Millions of brave Men over whom he reigned, and who trembled at his Nod.

THIS Story, from innate Honesty, induced to believe, he imagined that those who had landed on the American Coast were Exiles from their native Land, doomed to that Punishment for Crimes which they had committed, unworthy the Presence of so great a Monarch, and therefore were no longer suffered to breathe their native Air, and tread the Soil which nurtured them.

THIS he was secretly convinced was true, from what he had known of their Deceit and Treachery ; he therefore determined to visit the Source from whence these Evils came, to pass the Ocean, and be ascertained whether the King and People answered to all the grand accounts which he had heard concerning them ; he knew perfectly from Tradition, that, before his Time, Indian Chiefs had passed the Ocean to the British Kingdom, and returned ; he therefore entertained no Terror of the Voyage, he could not fear to undertake what had ever been accomplished by Man.

FILLED with this Resolution, which he had long concealed within his Bosom, at length like the hidden Store of some Vulcano taking Fire, it grew too impetuous to be restrained ; he therefore summoned together the *Onnondagan* Chiefs, and thus, standing with decent Grace, and becoming Action opened his design.

“ FATHERS and Sachems of the *Onnondagan* Nation,  
 “ hear the Voice of Youth, and approve me if my Council find Favour in your Hearts ; it is my Zeal for this  
 “ sinking Nation, which prompts me to the Undertaking, it is the great Spirit which animates my Soul.

“ Too long have the *Onnondagan* and other warlike  
 “ Nations been held a Prey to *English* Perfidy, our  
 “ lessened Numbers, our Country ravaged, our Wives  
 “ borne off in Slavery, our Children massacred, have

“ too frequently followed the delusive Belief of their Promises, and the Neglect of their fulfilling them.

“ EACH tufted Spring brings forth with its Leaves fresh Vows of Friendship and Alliance; before the naked Winter shews its hoary Head, all these have been repeatedly broken and foregone.

“ DRIVEN from the Ocean's Shores our ancient Territories, what are we but their Slaves? for whom have your Sachems and this right Arm so often conquered, but for them and their Advantage? the very Garments which we wear are Testimonies of the Truth, of how small account an Indian Chief, and his Exploits, is deemed amongst them; these Coverings if these Men may be believed, are the Productions of the lowest People, the Price of Metal dug from the Bowels of the Earth, and toil of six Days only, by Hands which never wield the Ax, or meet their Foes in Battle; these are the Purchase of an Indian Warrior's Arm, his Fame, his Family, his Being, and his Country.

“ LONG have my Eyes beheld our Situation with afflicted Heart, the autumnal Blast has not scattered more Leaves than I have uttered Sighs, the rushing Cataracts of the *Catarakui* poured more Drops of Water, than I have shed Tears in surveying our abject State; each Day treads on the Heels of another, loaded with fresh Marks of Perfidy.

“ WHAT are we but Slaves, who traverse the wide Woods of *America*, in search of Furs and Skins, which are bartered for Fire-arms, Powder and Bullets, to be used and wasted in their Defence, and for their Service? Why are we doom'd to fight the Battles of our Ravagers to our yet farther Ruin? Are not their Soldiers rewarded to defend themselves, their own Properties and Possessions; whilst we, who are unallied to them by Nature, Name, Nation, or Interest, are engaged in their Quarrels, and waste our Days and Vigour in Defence of what, alas! no more belongs to us, unpaid and unrewarded?

“ ALAS! their Power is become too great to be opposed by our exhausted Nations; their Hearts too hardened to feel Compassion at the Tales of Woe and sufferings



“ Sufferings of our Indian Race ; in vain we have smok-  
 “ ed the Calmut of Peace, and planted deep that Tree,  
 “ whose Branches, blasted on their Side, yields not a  
 “ covering for an Indian Chief ; which on ours, shelters  
 “ all these foreign Comers. Has the Chain been  
 “ brightened, which wasto pass between us and them,  
 “ by their Transactions ? Has the sacred Wampum-  
 “ belt held them one waneing Moon to their Engage-  
 “ ments ? Alas, I weep for our Condition !

“ THEN hear me, Warriors, Sachems, Fathers, this  
 “ my Soul suggests : These Violators of our just Pos-  
 “ sessions are all the exiled Caitiffs of the Land they  
 “ came from ; or else the boasted Greatness of the  
 “ Realms they have quitted, is but a specious Tale of  
 “ well-imagined Falshood.

“ If their great King possesses the exalted Greatness  
 “ which they give him ; if their Religion teaches all  
 “ the Virtues which they assert it contains ; are they  
 “ not Exiles from their native Lands ? Could Men thus  
 “ perfidious be initiated in that Faith which preaches  
 “ Peace, Humility, Justice, and Mercy ?

“ FIRED with my Country’s Good, if you approve,  
 “ I will cross the vast Ocean ; pass beyond the rising  
 “ of the Sun ; and visit the Regions of the great King ;  
 “ I will lay the Story of our Woes before him : If true  
 “ greatness dwells within his Bosom, if his People are  
 “ the brave and humane Nations those Invaders pro-  
 “ mise, Justice shall teach him to recall these dire De-  
 “ stroyers, or his Word shall bid them to be just to the  
 “ Engagements which they shall hereafter make.

“ WITH him *Cannassatego* will smoke the Calmut  
 “ of Peace, and brighten up the Chain between the  
 “ *Onondagans* and the British Nation ; the Tree of  
 “ Friendship which we will plant together, shall put  
 “ forth fresh Shoots, and shield us with its Leaves ;  
 “ and the hospitable Wampum bind us for ever in one  
 “ Cause.

“ If this Success should not prove the Event of my  
 “ Voyage, we may then boil the War-kettle, and re-  
 “ nounce Alliance with a faithless Nation.

“ THUS on whatever Part we then turn our Eyes,  
 “ some Advantage must accrue from this Voyage ;

“ either Peace shall bind us in a mutual Interest, or  
 “ War shall teach us to trust these perfidious Men no  
 “ more.

“ ON my Account let no Anxiety attend you ; if the  
 “ Ocean is filled with Dangers, they do not intimidate  
 “ me ; can you conceive the great pervading Spirit will  
 “ waft those Ravagers in Safety to our Destruction, and  
 “ prove fatal to me who seek but Peace and Justice ?”

HAVING thus concluded his Speech, a general Murmur of Applause ran through the Audience ; and the eldest Sachem replied and approved his Resolution.

THERE remained only that he now consulted his dearest Friend *Decanessora*, and acquainted him with his Resolution : He had at first intended to desire the *Cayugan* to accompany him in the Voyage ; till recollecting his being married, he imagined his Absence would be improper, and even detrimental to his Wife and Children, he therefore determined to take his Farewel from his dear and faithful Friend.

WITH this Intent he began his Journey to the Town where *Decanessora* resided ; in fact there was yet another Cause which conduced greatly to this Visit : In the same Dwelling resided the beautiful Sister of *Decanessora*, whose captivating Form had secretly subdued the Heart of *Cannassatego* ; nor was the Bosom of *Yarico* destitute of tender Feelings for the *Onondagan* Chief.

No Beauty of the five Nations was in Perfection equal to *Yarico* ; her Eyes vivid as the Diamond's Rays and black as Ebony, shone like the Stars amidst the dusky Sky ; her Nose was aquiline ; her Mouth was little, encircled by the plumpy Lip, within which her Ivory even Teeth shone with amazing Whiteness ; her dimpling Cheeks bequeathed a smiling Grace to every Feature ; her Forehead was high and ample, from which the jetty Locks shining with silky Lustre, fell gracefully behind in Ringlets, or neatly braided ; her Neck was long and large, from which her Shoulders fell off declining with the easiest Grace ; her Bosom hard as Wax ; and form'd like the Statue of a *Grecian* Sculptor, where no unnatural Restraint has spoiled their Shape and Situation : No Form was more complete ; no Limbs had more

more Gracefulness or Beauty, though her Complèxion could not boast the Lily and the Rose, which adorn the *European Ladies*; her Shape was so exquisitely finished, like the Productions of *Poussin's* Pencil in his fullest Powers of Painting, it with-held every Eye from remarking that Deficiency of Colouring; her Soul had every Tenderness which renders Woman the most amiable Object and Delight of God's Creation; and where that Charm is not bestowed, the finest Limbs, the whole Powers of Beauty, in one waneing Moon, compose but Detestation and Abhorrence.

NEAR the *Cayugan* Castle, in which *Decanessora* resided, a Stream rolled along its livid Waves between the Margins of living Turf and Lilies of the Valley that delight in Shade; over-head the tufted Pine-trees uniting their top-most Boughs, excluded the Sun-beams from below. This Stream, each Morn before the rising of the Day, received the beauteous Form of *Yarico*, from which, like Venus from the Ocean, she rose with fresh Beauty.

ON her Feet she wore Sandals, which, like the Roman Buskins reached half way up her Legs; a Petticoat of Skins of Sable hung from her Waste to that Place; her Vest was made of purest Ermin, which inwrapt her beauteous Bosom; over all a Mantle form'd of the grey Squirrel's Skin, adorn'd with Tails of Ermin, fell from her Shoulders, reaching below her Middle.

AROUND her Neck the Beads of *Wampum* shed their varying Dyes; her Ears were ornamented with the same Decoration; her Arms surrounded with Bracelets; each variegated Bird had shed his willing Plumes to deck her Head, where intermixed with Flowers, the platted Locks received the glowing Ornament; in this Manner was *Yarico* habited, the most beautiful of the *Cayugan* Race.

SUCH being the Person of this *Cayugan* Dame, it was no Wonder that her Charms had made deep Impression on the Soul of *Cannassatego*; nor that *Yarico* had conceived an equal Passion in her Bosom in Favour of the *Onnondagan* Hero. In this Country the primæval Laws of Nature still hold their native Sway over human Hearts; the Views of Heaven have not yet been violated.

by the pernicious and impious Schemes of corrupted Men; those Charms which Nature bestowed on the human Race to bind with mutual Joy the Sexes in the Wreaths of Love, still render Lovers happy; each sympathetic Power darting from the Soul, is received and fostered by that which is congenial to it: Gold, the Bane of *European* Lovers Bliss, possesses no Esteem among these uncontaminated Natives; the Perfections which Heaven has given to Mortals only influence the virtuous Bosoms of the Indian Nations.

From the rising Dawn *Cannassatego* had travelled towards the Habitations of the *Cayuga* Chief; his Bow hung across his Shoulders, his War-ax within his Belt.

It was now the approach of Evening in the Spring Season; the western Sky was stained with various Dyes, the Sun-beams shot their slanting Rays thro' various Parts of the Forest, in some the crowding Trees prohibited their Passage; thro' the upper Branches the Wind just moved the topmost Boughs with lulling Sound; beside their brooding Mates, the Birds sat warbling forth the Songs of Love and Constancy. *Cannassatego's* Mind was deeply employed in contemplating the Objects of the most celestial Passions which Heaven has deign'd to Man, Love and Friendship: *Yarico* and *Decanessa* possess'd his Soul alternately.

"This Evening (the Impulse pressing the Words from his Bosom) brings me to the Presence of all my Heart supremely Loves; with what Joy will *Yarico*, tho' I have never yet declared my Passion, meet these Eyes swimming in Love; how will the Arms of Friendship press me to the Bosom of *Decanessa*."

It seems that *Yarico*, listening to the Dangers which *Cannassatego* had escaped, when he described the War-ax just thundering on his Head, the levell'd Arrow or the flying Bullet, that had mark'd his Bosom as it flew along, had often shrieked involuntarily for him she loved; her Soul forgetting that the Cause of this Sensation was at that Instant free from Danger, recounting the Stories of his own Escapes.

WHENEVER he painted his own Prowess, driving his

his Foes before him, his up-lifted Ax falling on their Heads, his Victories and Valour ; her Eyes glowed with Transport and Approbation ; Love and Delight darted thro' every Feature, and spoke her Soul was absolutely devoted to the Charms of *Cannassatego*.

THESE Appearances the *Onnandagan* had joyfully remarked, yet to this Honour he had never breathed one amorous Accent to the Bosom of *Tarico* ; he conceived her Charms so much transcending all the Race of Women, that he had vow'd this Voyage to make his Fame yet Greater, and himself more worthy of that Person, which his Passion had painted so superior to the feminine World.

THERE remained now but little of the Road untrod which would bring him to the Dwelling of the *Cayugan* Chief ; his Heart elate, animated his Steps ; his Bosom throbb'd with Expectation of his coming Bliss, in Love and Friendship.

IT seems also that the Soul of *Tarico* which was ever inclined to Paint the Image of *Cannassatego* living in her Bosom, had this Day been more warmly animated by his Presence than usual.

IN this Land of yet unaltered Nature, the Hearts of Lovers, sentimentally touched, are conscious of these attracting Powers at greater Distances than *European* Natives conceive it possible ; in Consequence of this, the Bosom, which is much actuated with the Image of that Object which is dearest to it, like the electric Amber put briskly into Motion, throws forth it's Fire at amazing Distances, attracting and attracted by its most favourite Object, from this invisible Influence.

BUSIED with the Thoughts of Love which ever inclines the Possessor of it to Paths of Solitude, unknowing where she stray'd, *Tarico* had wandered some Distance from her Dwelling, thro' that Part of the Forest which leads to the *Onnandagan* Nation ; the two Lovers were not far distant from each other, and indeed if the Path had not winded in that Part, each had been in Sight of the other.

AT this instant a gaunt and hungry Wolf rushing thro' the Woods to seize the lovely *Tarico*, a sudden Shriek caught the Ears of *Cannassatego* ; he saw the  
ravenous

ravenous Beast sweeping to his Prey; he saw the trembling Maid, unknowing who she was, fall prostrate on the Earth, Fear had deprived her Limbs of Motion; Pity seiz'd his manly Breast; Courage animated his Arm to save her: His Bow was unstretch'd, the Time too short to stretch it; quick then as Lightning, just as the Devourer cross'd the Path to seize his dying Prey, the artful Hand of *Cannassatego* whirl'd his War-ax to his Breast; faithful to its Master's Aim, it pierc'd between the Ribs and cleft that Heart, which never beat another Stroke.

WHAT Joy warm'd the Heart of *Cannassatego* at this Success, in saving a Fellow-Creature! he ran to sustain the fainting Maid; but when he beheld in his Arms the Female he had rescued was his dearest *Yarico*, his Lips grew dumb with Joy unutterable; then pressing her to his Bosom with just recovering Senses, he cried, "My *Yarico*, my Love, is it thee this happy Arm has rescued? My Soul, is it to this right Hand thy Life is owing? Behold thy *Cannassatego* free from Danger:" When recovering at the known Voice of her Lover, she cried, "Am I yet alive? Do I behold my *Cannassatego*? Is it by thee this Body is preserved from the Jaws of that devouring Beast? How did the great Spirit waft thee to my Aid, my Saviour and Deliverer, the sole Joy of my Soul?" Thus they interchanged the Sense of their Conditions.

AT this Moment *Cannassatego* felt a Sickness steal upon him, like the Shades of Evening. It seems, in rushing to the Safety of his fainting Maid, a Rattle-Snake, which lay in the Path, had stung him; this the Joy of saving *Yarico* had effaced, 'till the Pain had reminded him of it. "Alas! my *Yarico*, he cried, I die. The fatal Rattle-Snake has darted its envenom'd Fangs into me, as I rush'd to save thee: The Poison creeps upon my Blood; I go; happy even in Death to have preserved what is still dearer to me than Life."

AT these Words the Breast of *Yarico* was distracted, she stripped the covering from his Leg, and applying her Mouth to the Wound, suck'd the deadly Liquid from the Part; this Poison tho' subtle as the Flash  
from

from Heaven in the fatal Influence when received thro' a Wound, is yet harmless if swallowed into the Stomach.

HAVING done this, she searched that Herb, which is known to all the *Indian Nations*, which, suddenly applied, cures the fatal Effects of this pestiferous Fluid; this she bruised and applied to the Part which was wounded.

"My Soul," she cried, "do you recover, does Life return to animate my dearest *Cannassatego*? Speak to thy *Yarico*, save me from the Horrors which my Soul conceives on thy Account." Alas! with Lips all trembling, his Eyes extinguished, his Looks all haggard, he faintly said, "I go, happy in Death, to have rescued thee from Danger," his Head fell on one Side, against the rising Ground where she had placed him.

It was now that *Yarico* no longer believed the poisonous Effects could be expelled; she therefore making bare her Bosom cried out, "bravest and best beloved of thy Race, since thou art denied to live within these Arms, my Soul shall fly with thine, Companion to Worlds beyond the distant Hills, where happy Lovers dwell in bliss inseparable. Must my Preservation prove thy Death!—the Life you gave, I sacrifice to follow thee."

SHE then drew an arrow from his Quiver, and taking it in her right Hand, she placed herself on the rising Ground, beside him, she with her Left incircling his Neck, pressed her Lips close to his Clay-cold Cheek; "this" she cried, "The Eye of Virtue must behold unblaming," when extending her Arm to plunge the Shaft within her Bosom, she softly pronounced, "I come, I follow thee, my Love," at this Instant *Cannassatego* a little recovering, lifting his heavy Eyelids, faintly pronounced "My *Yarico*."

THE unexpected Sound restrained her Arm, yet not with such sudden Power, but that the Dart had first drank her purple Blood, though the Wound had nothing fatal.

AT these Words the Arrow fell from her Hand,  
"do

"do you live" she cried, "or am I landed with you in some distant Region? say, my *Cannassatego*."

I DO, I do, he answered, "the Antidote is now prevailing, would that *Decaneffora* were present to assist me." At these Words swift as the Swallow skims along the Meadows, her Feet bore her to the House of *Decaneffora*, Love wing'd every Step in *Yarico*, Friendship gave Swiftness to the brave *Cayugan*, he came and bore his best-loved Friend to his Dwelling.

FRESH Application of the same Remedy to the wounded Part, the Juice pressed from it and poured down his Throat, prevailed at last upon the Poison which had been mixed with the Blood, before the *Onnondagan*, ravished with Delight at preserving all he loved from Death, had attended to the Sting.

THE next Night was past in sleepless Anguish by *Yarico*; her Bosom like the Ground lately torn with convulsive Earthquakes, had not yet forgot its Tremblings; she loved too well to be at Ease, till the dawning Morn told her that *Cannassatego* was totally recovered from the Effects of the Poison.

IF the Passion which possessed the Souls of these two Lovers, was great before this late Accident, how much must it be increased, by the Thoughts of owing the Preservation of their Lives to each other; Love and Gratitude darted inconceivable Delight from their Eyes, scarce a Moment interfered in which they did not gaze with Rapture upon each other; no longer withheld from Diffidence or innate Modesty, their Vows of Tenderness and Truth burst forth spontaneous, like the Flowers blowing in the New-born *May*; what is Pomp, Equipage, and Splendor, compared with such seraphic Sensations, dwelling in the Human Heart?

WILL the Blaze of Diamonds atone for the Deficiency of this Passion! Will the Gold of *Ophir* melted into one Mass, weigh against the Raptures of uniting Hearts, warmed with Sentiment and Truth?

IT was now that *Yarico* conceived herself the happiest Being in all the wide extended Forests of the *Indian* Nations; Joy revelled in her Heart, and sparkled in her Eyes, the Anxiety she felt from the Fear of  
*Cannassatego's*



*Cannassatego's* not being inspired with a mutual Passion, was dissipated, her Limbs were animated with more than usual Grace, her Words were dressed with more than common Sprightliness.

YET alas! such is the unstable state of human Felicity, *Cannassatego* pined away in secret Anguish; the frequent Sigh stole from his Bosom, the living Lustre of his Eyes was all obscured, and the big Tear stood trembling ready to find its Passage down his wan Cheek. It was now he repented of that Resolution, which he had taken to visit the *European* Climes; Love had obtained full Possession of his Soul: as he wandered alone and lifeless thro' the Forest, he often cried, "why did I vow to undertake this arduous Task, and rob my Soul of all Felicity, I might have rested here in Peace, no Tongue had dared to blame my staying in these happy Realms; what malicious Being prompted me to this Adventure?"

THUS incapable to violate his Word, or leave his dearest *Yarico*, his Soul knew no Peace in this dire Suspence,

WHEN he was secluded from the Company of her he adored, he would cry, "What is this Honour which is so incompatible with Love? Must I be deprived of all my Soul holds dear, in Obedience to a rash Proposal, springing from Vanity, and useless to my Country? It must not be."—Then pausing he would say, "Shall it be said, that *Cannassatego*, enthralled by Love and Woman, renounced his Country's Good, and broke his Resolutions? Shall I become the Jest of Boys, and all my Fame in War and Victory be drowned in Female Arms, the Scenes of Softness and Effeminacy? Alas! how will *Decanessa* despise my Weakness if I refuse to go, or *Yarico* sustain my parting? Oh Bosom, torn with Anguish; some Power superior to Man, support thee in this trying Minute," he cried, lifting his united Hands to Heaven.

THESE Symptoms of a Mind disturbed, did not pass unnoticed by the Eyes of *Yarico*, she saw he regarded her with the utmost Tendernefs, accompanied with stifled Sighs, and Tears that trembled on his Eyelids

lids as he gazed upon her; she feared and yet she wished to know the Cause of this Disquietude.

ONE Day as *Cannassatego* wandered in the Woods alone, *Yarico* followed him unperceived; he placed himself beside a Rock, over-hung with shady Pines which waved to the hollow Wind, by the Side of which fell a small Stream of Water in dripping Rills; to this Place she came and stood behind him undiscovered.

"CRUEL Fate," he cried, "to love and be beloved, and yet denied to gaze upon the Charms of her my Soul adores, for countless waxing, waneing Moons! is it not more than human Nature can sustain and live? Oh Honour! false delusive Bond of Human Minds."

AT these Words, *Yarico* imagined, that the Heart of *Cannassatego* had been engaged by some former Passion to a happier Female, and her Absence had pressed him to this Exclamation.

BANEFUL as the Blight from Heaven these Words reached her Soul; she immediately stepped forward, when *Cannassatego*, surprized at her Presence, starting from the Rock, cried, "my *Yarico*," and clasped her to his Bosom, "my Soul, what brought you to this Place of Solitude and Woe? Is there a Spot on Earth where Solitude and Woe can dwell, and yet contain my *Cannassatego*? Oh tell me, why you thun my Eyes that die to gaze upon thee, why did you utter those Heart-felt Sighs, those boding Words which escaped your Lips! the Moment before you perceived me, tell me I implore you.

"BELIEVE me, if my Love is the Cause of all this Misery, tho' Death must be the Consequence of my Resolution, I give you freely to my Rival's Arms; for know, my dear Deliverer, that *Yarico* can taste no Joy but in reciprocal Affection. You gave me Life, I give you Liberty."

"WHAT means my lovely Maid, what means my Soul's Ambition and Delight? Alas! I feel no Pain but what proceeds from you alone, my more than Life and Liberty. Shall I declare, I dread to tell thee," replied the *Indian Chief*.

"Oh

“ Oh tell me all, what cannot *Yarico* sustain, if you are still but mine alone,” she answered.

“ Know then, before I had revealed my Passion to thy Heart, prompted by Love of more than mortal Glory, I had resolved in the Assembly of the *Onnondagan* Sachems, to visit the *European* Regions; this whilst my Honour urges me to execute, the excessive Love which throbs within this Breast for thee my beauteous Maid, would chace as visionary Phantoms that haunt me to my Ruin; from this Thought sprang the Words you heard me utter: Oh *Yarico*, how shall Love and Honour be at once obeyed, how shall I press thee in these Arms inseparable, and yet not lose my Glory? How fly beyond the rising Morn, and leave thee in these Realms behind? Thence springs my Woe, this is the sole Cause of secluding myself from thy Sight. To behold thee with Excess of Fondness, and think of quitting thee, is more than I can bear.”

“ MAKE me the Partner of the Voyage,” she cried, these Limbs shall tread the long and dreary Road, this Heart supply me Courage in the Journey, my Tales shall sweeten thee to Rest, my Arms shall shield my Love from Danger.”

“ ALAS! my *Yarico*, thou art too delicately formed to dare the Undertaking; 'tis not to waste whole Moons in weary Marches, to dread the insidious Ambush of our Foes, that makes the Terror of this Voyage; the wide extensive Water which Heaven in vain has placed to secure us from the Invasion of our *European* Oppressors must be traversed; Dangers unknown to me, beyond a Female's feeble Frame to bear, compose the Horrors of this Undertaking; let us appeal to *Decanessora*, let him determine what shall be my Fate, shall I be thine this Day, or waste whole tedious Revolutions of the Sun, to make me yet more worthy of thy Beauties and Acceptance.”

HAVING thus discoursed together, she hung upon his Arm gazing often on his Face; his Soul became lighter with the Declaration of his Feelings and Situation, her's felt Disquietude and Pain of losing him.

Stock-

Stock-Doves and Turtles cooed amongst the Branches as they past along, a conscious Approbation of their Constancy, innocent and beauteous as the first Human Pair in the Garden of *Eden*, thus they directed their Steps to the Abode of *Decanessora*.

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## CH A P. II

*Men and Women amongst the Indians, much like those amongst the Britons. Garangula's Opinion of the Joys of Love, very different from those of Yarico. First Rise of drawing Faces in America, perhaps in every other Place. Love in several Shapes, and a whole Day's Journey.*

BEING returned to the House of *Decanessora*, *Yarico* was impatient till the Appeal was made to him and his Wife, whether or not *Cannassatego* was engaged by his Honour to cross the Ocean to visit the European Dominions? She knew *Decanessora* was of a martial Disposition, who held the softer Sensations which attend the Passion of Love, as mere Ridicule and Degradation of Human Nature; a sensual Appetite, which like Thirst requires to be sated, and which like strong Liquors also is apt to intoxicate by too large Potation; he ridiculed the Feelings of the Soul, and the Notion of its being concerned in such Propensities; he always averred that Men like Deer, should never be the Companions of Females but at certain Moments, and gave up every Thing of that kind, to Ambition and Glory in military Achievements.

FROM him *Yarico* had but little Expectation of Assistance, in prevailing on her lovely *Cannassatego* to decline his intended Voyage; however, in *Garangula* the Wife, she hoped much Advantage might be derived to her Cause.

SHE imagined, that the Bosom of every Female was animated by the same Tenderness, that *Garangula's* Sensations resembled her's, and that their joint Intervention might effectuate all her Desires in this Moment of Suspence.

BUT

BUT alas! so unlike is the Frame of Woman thro' the whole Creation; the Forests of *America* contain Females as different from each other, as the *Ephefian* Matron from *Penelope*: It seems this *Indian* Dame resembled a Species of Women called Widows, with the Appellation of Buxom added to it, who inhabit a certain Island not more than seven Leagues from the Continent of *Europe*, and which, whatever was its antient Name, is now known by that of *Great-Britain*.

THIS Woman therefore, like the aforesaid Widows, had but one way of considering a Man, which is exactly as the Dealers in Timber do that Commodity, that is according to the Length and Square Inches which he contains, with some Attention that there is no Mark of Rottenness within. If the Plant appears thriving without Signs of Decay, one young Man of equal Size and Vigour is thought by this Kind to be very like another young Man of the same Qualities, and it is not the Value of a Pinch of Snuff difference, which is to be taken, provided there be no Delay in coming at one of them.

*Garangula* was of this Stamp in Nature, she had never consulted the Feelings of her Heart on the Occasion of her Marriage, but taken special Pleasure in observing that *Decaneffora* had the broadest Pair of Shoulders, of all the *Cayugan* Nation, a Matter of more Consolation to her sensual Appetite, than all the sentimental Sensations of refined Love, culled from Ten thousand *French* Romances and poured upon one Heart: In fact, tho' not at all suspected of being a Philosopher, she was greatly inclined to Materialism, and preferred the Flesh and Blood of a Husband, to all the refined Touches of Metaphysics in Love, a true *English* Taste in that Passion; one solid Surlöin, in her Opinion, was worth a hundred Ragouts, which only tickled the Palate, but did not sate the Appetite.

THIS Evening *Cannassatego* proposed to his Friend *Decaneffora*, the Situation he was in between Love and Honour: "This lovely Maid," says he, "by the Accident of preserving her Life, and being preserved by her, has too effectually bound my Hands and Heart, in the willing Bands of Love; tell me then, my

" my dearest Friend, how shall I appear before the  
 " *Onnondagan* Chiefs, if, relinquishing the Resolution  
 " I have vowed of seeing the *European* Kingdoms, I  
 " give up Glory to the Joys of Love?"

AT these Words the Heart of *Yarico* panted like the new-caught Dove, it trembled in her Bosom with unspeakable Anxiety for the Answer.

" APPEAR before the *Onnondagan* Chiefs and violate thy Honour!" replied the *Cayugan* with a stern Expression, " can it be imagined that violated Honour can be received among the *Indians* with Applause? will not the *Sachems* pronounce that none but *Europeans* are guilty of that Meanness? The Resolution of thy doing more than other *Indian* Chiefs, was great indeed, which is thus annihilated by a Woman's Fondness; it is Vanity not Glory which has prompted thee to this Offer; the Heart warmed with Ambition for his Country's Good, can never be changed by Love and soft Effeminacy."

" BUT consider," answered *Yarico*, with Looks of Tenderness and Tears.

" I NEVER waste my Words in prating with a Woman," answered the *Cayugan*; " if *Cannassatego* loses himself with you in Love and Softness, let him renounce all Thoughts of War and Glory; still I may hold him as my Friend, and wonder how a Soul formed for the greatest Darings, can quit Ambition for a Woman's Arms."

THIS pierced the *Onnondagan* to the Soul, he cried, " O my *Yarico* what will the great Spirit do with me now?"

AT these Words *Garangula* said, " that she did not see any Difficulty in the Affair, that both Parts of the Subject might be easily complied with; if *Cannassatego* and *Yarico* be only made thus uneasy by not having tasted the Joys of Love, as he said, that may be easily accommodated; let this Night be the Completion of their Nuptials, and in a Month perhaps, the Difficulty may be less in parting from each other, than it is at present."

AT

AT these Expressions the Soul of *Yarico* was stung to the Center, she replied with some Warmth, "that the Joys which she entertained in passing her Days with *Cannassatego*, did not consist in Ideas of libidinous Delights; for know," says she, "that I would rather choose to dwell with him unknowing of the bridal Bed for ever, than live with any other Man of *Indian* Name, indulged with every Thing your Imagination may suggest."

THIS *Garangula* considered as springing from false Modesty; she imagined that all Females were composed of the same Principles, and did not believe that any Woman could differ from another, so much as this Speech would seem to intimate that *Yarico* did from her.

*Yarico* cried; "yes, thou shalt go, my Passion shall not blight thy blooming Glory, thy Flame shall thus supplant all other Feelings in my Bosom, and *Yarico* continue thine till thy Return; or if the Immortal Spirit denies thee to these Nations, my widowed Arms shall never clasp another Lord."

URGED to this Declaration by the Impulse which she felt, on the Apprehension lest his Passion for her should eclipse his Fame amongst his Countrymen, the above Words found Passage.

IT was now too late for the *Onnondagan* Chief to retract; he must obey the Dictates of Honour, tho' his Heart should break with Affliction, in Absence from his beauteous Maid; it was resolved that he should tarry a few Days with *Decanessora* and *Yarico*, and then depart for the Nation of the *Onnondagans*, and prepare for his Voyage to *Europe*.

DURING this Time the enamoured and faithful Pair strayed to that Rock, where *Yarico* first discovered *Cannassatego* lamenting his unhappy Situation; Retirement and Solitude fitted the present Dispositions of their Minds, and this Place had something peculiar in its Cast for the Reception of Lovers, whose Souls bear the least Tincture of Melancholy.

IT was here with Sighs contradicting the Expressions of their Lips, this Pair endeavoured to give each other Consolation to support the Hours of Absence: He told

told her, " his Intent was to save the Remains of the  
 " *Onnondagan* Race, and obtain some Considerations  
 " for the Fidelity and Use which his Nation proved  
 " even to the Invaders of their Country.

" WITH what Rapture shall I return to my dearest  
 " *Yarico*, when I have undertaken this Voyage for  
 " my Nation's Glory, to clasp thee in these Arms  
 " honoured and beloved by my Country ; then worthy  
 " of thy Reception by Exploits beyond the most ex-  
 " alted *Onnondagan* Chief?

" OH that the Hour was come," she cried, " that  
 " I might feast my Eyes upon my dear returning Lo-  
 " ver, when my full Heart would throb for Joy, at  
 " possessing the bravest and most amiable of Men ;  
 " may every Cause that can give thee Swiftnefs wing  
 " thee to thy intended Purpose ; may the Waves be  
 " still, the Winds blow propitious, to waft thee to my  
 " Arms filled with ripened Honours.

THIS Conversation, however glowing it may seem,  
 came yet from Hearts that would willingly have sunk  
 in Obscurity and Happiness together ; Love has nothing  
 of the Daring in its Nature, but in the Preservation of  
 that Object which is dearest to it ; Glory is a different  
 Charm : Melting Hearts, languishing Eyes, wreathing  
 Arms, Words of softer Raptures sequestered from In-  
 terruption and the World, make the ineffable Delights  
 of ravished Lovers.

ONE Day in this favourite Solitude, interchanging  
 Vows of Constancy and Truth, *Yarico* sitting by the  
 Side of her adored *Cannassatego*, polishing a Shell of  
 Pearl to form a Wampum Bracelet ; turning her Eyes  
 on the profile Face of him she loved, which was distin-  
 guished by the Blackness of the Rock on the other  
 Side, imagined that from closely observing the Outline,  
 she could with the Point of an Arrow prick some dis-  
 tant Resemblance of her favourite Warrior. Love in-  
 spires the human Breast with every happy and exalted  
 Thought.

SHE therefore whilst he was musing on the destined  
 Voyage, stole an Arrow secretly from his Quiver, and  
 with its Point marked the Out-line of *Cannassatego's*  
 Face on the varying Shell of Mother-of-Pearl ; Love  
 directed



directed this Arrow with as much Pleasure, as he had guided that which wounded her Bosom from his Bow ; the Resemblance was distinguishable, she prest it to her Lips in Rapture, " happy Image of my Love," she cried, " thou shalt be my constant Companion, whilst the dear Object from whence thou art derived, shall be far distant from my Arms and my beholding, over distant Waters beyond the rising of the Sun and Moon.

THIS Ejaculation, spoken in Rapture, called the Eyes of *Cannassatego* on what she had been doing : The Performance, to his Eyes, exceeded all human Conception ; Love and Novelty had exalted this Work above all the Productions of human Nature.

" HAPPY should I be, could I possess an Image as much resembling thee, as this is to my Features, to be my Companion in my Voyage, gaze upon whole Days, and tell it, though deaf and inanimate, how much I love the dear Original," says the *Indian* Chief.

THIS *Tarico* would have gladly pleased him in ; for Lovers ever chuse to give their Likeness to those they love.

ONE Day, as she came to the usual Stream just at the rising Sun to wash her beauteous Limbs, she observed her Image in the glassy Surface of the Water. All was hush'd as Death, as if Nature had conspired to offer this Opportunity ; this threw the Thought of her possibly being able to take the Outlines of her Face, from this Shadow in the Water.

Love assisted her Attempts ; the Resemblance was visible ; she then, without mentioning one Word of it to *Cannassatego*, form'd a Belt of Wampum, which reaching round his Neck and one Shoulder, was so contriv'd, as to let this Piece which hung from it, and bore her Image, rest upon his Heart.

THIS then she presented him : With what Rapture did he receive and prest the Image to his Lips and Bosom ; then turning to *Tarico*, he would cry, " 'Tis she ; tho' no Distance can erase thee from my Mind, yet this Figure, the Work of thy Hands, is even dearer to my Soul than all the Charms of Glory."

FOR

FOR the Resemblance which she had made of *Cannassatego*, she form'd a Bracelet, and wore it on her left Arm.

EVERY Day led them to this sequestered Scene, to breathe the softest Vows of Tendernefs and Truth ; which *Garangula* and *Decanassora* had contrived to another way of passing Time, not unusual amongst less enthusiastic and seraphic Souls in Love.

DURING this Time she made him a Vest of Ermin ; and the very Wolf which he had killed, had been slay'd, and an upper Garment or Cloak made of his Skin ; around its Edge *Yarico* had inserted the Tails of Ermin, in a grey Border of Furs of Squirrels : His Cap was made of Sable ; a tufted Plume of all the gayest Feathers which adorn the Birds of *America*, united to form an Ornament for this Part of his Apparel.

WHEN she had made this Plume, she placed it in his Cap ; where admiring for a Moment the graceful Air with which it became him, she forgot that it was finished, and that he must now depart : That Thought disapproved the whole Design ; she fancied it might be alter'd more becomingly ; she changed the Form often ; and, like *Penelope*, in this Work, she had been as inventive of Delays to detain her Lover yet longer with her, as the *Grecian* Dame was to keep her's from her Arms. At length the Evening arrived, which was only to divide their Parting.

WHATEVER Resolution was feigned on each Side by these enamour'd *Indians*, when in Company with each other, to support themselves at the approaching Hour of Separation, it totally deserted them when the Shades of Night descended on the *American* World.

*YARICO* had a thousand Times exclaimed against that pernicious Principle of Glory, which delights in War and Slaughter : She conceived it the most unnatural Idea which can enter into the human Heart, that Rage and the Destruction of Mankind should prevail over the softer Passions of Love and Friendship, and Fame obtained by what ought to be the Horror of Humanity.

THIS Night was too replete with Anguish to let her Bosom enjoy the Sweetness of Sleep ; she therefore  
rose,

rose, to prevent the Rest of *Cannassatego* from being disturbed, and was preparing to tread the solitary Paths of Night, to give vent to her Anguish amidst the Forest, and ease her loaded Heart by pouring forth the Story of her Woes.

HERE left some wanton Imagination in sarcastic Smiles should suggest that this metaphysic Pair of Enamierato's had risen from one Bed, it is necessary to let them know that the *Indian* Maids need no Bars nor Doors of Separation from the Youth of that Country: Honour in the Breast of Man, is their Protection; their own Bosoms warm'd with the Rays of Chastity, are uncontaminated with polluting Ideas. Hear this, ye refined and polite Nations of *Europe*, and learn purer and more exalted Notions from the simple and uncorrupted Manners of *Americans* lost in Woods!

*YARICO* then, who was stealing silently away with the Intent which we have above mentioned, was soon follow'd by *Cannassatego*, whose Heart had been in secret Tears pouring forth its Anguish.

SILENT as the Midnight Hour which reign'd around them, they walk'd along together, neither had Resolution to speak thro' Fear of betraying the Sensations of their Souls; the Moon shone in full Power thro' the Forest; the Trees stood without a quivering Leaf; the Breath of Heaven was suspended; as if all Nature had been hush'd and attentive to gaze upon and listen to this Pair of afflicted Lovers.

AT length the Bosom of *Yarico* could no longer contain the Flood of Anguish which pour'd upon it, she cried out in Sighs, "To be divided from all I love by  
"interposing Worlds—Never to hear one sweet Accent which may tell me thou art well—To dread a  
"thousand Dangers, and to taste no Relief—Can I  
"bear this?—Oh! *Cannassatego*, teach me to support this Anguish."

To these Words which ran thro' his Soul, he replied, "Indeed in that Respect we are more unhappy  
"than *European* Lovers: They, says he, have Power  
"to communicate their Thoughts by a most inimitable  
"Invention, and tell the Secrets of their Souls at a  
"thousand Miles Distance."

THIS he explained to *Yarico* to be effected by Means of Letters, “ which, says he, I have learnt to make myself more fit for his Voyage: If you, my *Yario*, knew this Secret, we might then communicate our Sentiments to each other, whilst I am on this Voyage: “ There are, I am told, frequent Opportunities of “ sending Messages of this Kind.”

*YARICO* seized this Occasion to request his tarrying with her, till he had taught her this excellent Art.

“ IT is cruel, she cried, to suffer me to pass whole “ Years in Anguish, without knowing what befalls “ the Being that is dearer to me than my Life, when “ a few Moons, nay perhaps Days, may instruct me in “ this Secret of communicating what we feel for each “ other. I am conscious, that with you I shall quickly “ attain all that is necessary for this Intercourse of “ Love; tarry, I implore you, to instruct me in that “ Art.”

NOTHING would have been more pleasing to *Cannassatego*, than staying in this Manner with the favourite Object of his Soul. No Bliss is so delightful to the human Heart, as the State of that Lover, who instructs the Maid he adores in any Art or Excellence; Love improves every little Progress into some miraculous Appearance of a superior Soul: Trifles light as Air, are by Lovers Minds improved into Proofs of most celestial Knowledge.

HOWEVER pleasing this Thought might be to the Heart of *Cannassatego*, he had given his Word that the Morning-light should lead him to the *Onnondagan* Nation: *Decanessora* was to be his Companion on the Road.

IT was therefore impossible that he could tarry to gaze on her he loved, without suffering greatly from the biting Ridicule of his *Cayugan* Friend. To impart some Consolation, he told her, he would endeavour to prevail on the *English* Missionary who had instructed him to teach her; that then by this Means Letters might reach her Hands from the Kingdoms he was travelling to, and afford her some Support during his Absence; and by this Means she might make him

happy, by thus imparting the Sentiments of her Soul to him.

THIS she was determined to pursue.

IT was now Time to draw towards the Dwelling of *Decanessora* ; the grey Light appear'd in the Eastern Sky ; the Morning Breeze play'd amongst the Branches of the Forest ; the feather'd Tribe began their Morning's Song, which never till then sounded so much like the Voice of Sorrow and Complaining in the Ears of this parting Pair ; all Nature seem'd to wake from the soothing Stillness of the Night, to Pain and Suffering.

LOVE gives new Tinctures to every Object of the Eye ; saddens and exalts every Sound which breathes from the Voice of Art or Nature, according to the Sensations which fill the Bosoms of those who behold or hear.

THEY were now returned to the Abode of *Decanessora*. *Yarico* was determined to put on every appearance of heroic Fortitude ; she brought the Ermin Vest which she had made for her Lover ; the Collar of shining Shells to which her Image was affixed ; Bracelets for his Arms, which her own Fingers had polished ; and that Cup which at once imparted Grace and Manliness.

WITH these she array'd and decorated her dear *Cannassatego* ; during which Time she requested him a thousand Times to send her all he saw and heard, by Means of, that *European* Secret of communicating Thoughts to each other. " I shall soon learn the " Art, she cried, and send thee all the Feelings of my " Soul."

DURING this Conversation, she forced a Smile, and admir'd his Ornaments and Dress ; yet in her Eye the ready Drop stood trembling, her Face like *April* Days, compos'd of Rain and Sunshine. She consider'd him deck'd as a Sacrifice, more than a Bridegroom.

*Cannassatego* stood beholding her with Eyes that bespoke more Sensibility of Pain, than he could have felt if his Soul had been then quitting his Body ; he was silent with Excess of Sorrow. In all their Conversation, they had never uttered the least Suspicion of Infidelity.

in Love ; the Fear of changing was unimagined by this superior Pair.

He must now go ; when attempting to speak, his Affliction suppress'd his Voice. They rush'd into each other's Arms ; *Yarico* pronouncing, " Then go, thy Country's Glory, and my Soul's Delight." At which, pressing each other to their Bosoms in Silence, they unclasp'd their mutual Arms. *Canassatego* turn'd and with his Friend walk'd away without Power of uttering one Word.

With Looks of infinite Tenderness *Yarico* pursued her departing Lover : It was with the utmost Pain she withheld her Lips from saying, " Turn my *Cannassatego* let me view thy Face ; once more pronounce " the terrible Adieu."

The *Onnondagan* Chief walk'd silent and steadily away, not daring to turn or cast a Look behind on her he loved, lest his Resolution should desert him, and all the Powers of Tenderness return.

In this Manner with Eyes glittering in Tears, *Yarico* followed her lovely *Onnondagan* till he was secluded from her Sight by the winding Paths of the Forest : She then cried, " He is gone, he is gone ;" then Nature failing she sunk fainting into the Arms of *Garrangula*, who stood near her.

From this she soon recovered, and with Life return'd all that Sense of Anguish which she had stifled from her Lover's Observation. She then beat her Bosom, and complained that every *Cayuga* Maid was happier than she. " Why must the noblest Being that ever graced the human Race, be thus exiled from his Country ? Detested Iron Whip of Glory, she cried, that scourges the human Heart to Undertakings fatal to Love and Happiness ; fatal to me and my adored *Onnondagan*. Other Maids are permitted undisturb'd to taste the celestial Sweets which Nature showers on Bosoms mutually in Love ; I, only " I, am not permitted that Felicity."

In the mean Time while *Yarico* was thus complaining, *Canassatego* walk'd towards the *Onnondagan* Town ; accompanied with his Bosom Friend *Decanessora*, during the Journey.

THE

THE *Onnondagan* was a long while silent: *Decanessora* saw his Struggles, and did not attempt to interrupt him in his Grief, till it was a little moderated.

At length *Cannassatego*, waking from the deep Reverie in which he had been involved, seized the Hand of *Decanessora* with great Earnestness, and suddenly exclaimed, "I charge thee by our Friendship, be thou a Father to the lovely Maid I have now left behind me; be more than Brother; soothe her Soul with every consoling Idea that can make Life easy: Tell her I go to reap full Harvests of Renown, to pour into her Lap: Tell her my Heart shall beat for her alone: Tell her, Oh! *Decanessora*; forgive my Weakness; tell her, I could with Joy renounce all future Glory, to waste my Life in Solitude with her."

*Decanessora* did not oppose him in thus discharging his Anguish, but soothed him with Answers which were agreeable to his Situation. The setting Day brought them to the *Onnondagan* Castle; where being fatigued with the Journey, we shall leave them to take a Night's Repose and the Reader also, as peradventure he may be by this Time tired, by being led through the Woods of *America*.

## C H A P. III

*Cannassatego's Journey to New York. The Description of the honourable Captain Charles Bounce; with a slight Sketch of the noble Earl his Father.*

AT this Time there lay at *New York* a Man of War ready to sail for *England*; this the *Onnondagans* had learnt from the *English* Traders who were lately come amongst them: It was therefore resolved that *Cannassatego* should embark on board this Ship, and proceed to smoke the Calumet of Peace, or boil the War-kettle with the great King.

THE *Onnondagan* therefore, after having performed the Ceremonies which are necessary to be past, to discover whether the Undertaking would prove auspicious or

not, having supped with his Companions, according to the Custom of his Country, accompanied with *Decanneffora* and others of his Friends, set forward on their Journey to *New York*.

AND here, as lying under one great Tree, or in a Wigwam, in one Part of the Forest, is very much like lying under another great Tree, or in a Wigwam, in another Part of it, we shall not give a Journal of their March, or trouble our Readers with what past during that Time.

YET notwithstanding this, if we had the least Inclination to fill this Journey with marvelous and surprising Adventures, we might indulge our Readers in killing Lions, Panthers, Leopards, and Elephants, Animals, unknown to these Countries, every Day, like many other Writers of true and authentic Travels. And indeed we apprehend, that like those Map-makers, who adorn with these Beasts the Continent of *America*, because Cities are wanting to fill up the unknown Parts of it, we have a Right to lard our History with Rencontres and Conquests of these voracious Animals; thro' mere Sterility of Subject, in the large Forests of *America*, which to the great Mortification of an Historian, afford no Inns on the Road, Scenes of much Delight for those who deal in Invention void of Truth; but as that is an Affair of quite another Nature from our Design, we shall therefore take the Liberty to step before our *Indian* Chief, and bring the Reader a little acquainted with the Commander of the \* \* \* \* \*, lying at *New York*.

THIS Gentleman's Name was the Honourable Captain *Charles Bounce*, the third Son of the Earl of *Braggard*, Viscount *Puff*, and Baron *Bounce*, which was also the Name of the Family.

THIS young Gentleman had always been considered, by the noble Lord his Father, as a Lad that would make his Way in the World, he always insisted that *Charles* had Parts. When a Boy, he had never shewn the least Inclination or Capacity in learning any thing; notwithstanding which, he had vast animal Vivacity, this is often mistaken for Wit in Boys and Men, and in that Light had been considered by his Right Honourable Parent?



Parent? He had ever a Disposition to beat the younger Boys of the School; whom he kept under him, which gained him the Character of Courage; being at the same Time most extremely civil to those whom he had Reason to believe were his Equals, or what is generally stiled in the School Phrase, a Match for him, which was put down to his Cunning and Civility. Added to this he had a natural Assurance, that in Times when Modesty was much in Fashion, might have been stiled Impudence; which Attribute, though none of the Virtues, is in Fact worth them all for Preferment in this World: A Remark made by Lord *Verulam* was an undoubted Truth in his Time, and which has been verified in Millions of Instances down to the Present, in Ministers and others. At School there was nothing which he dared not to propose; whenever an Orchard was to be attacked, he made the Speech which moved them to Action; but then his Valour was wisely tempered with Prudence, and he modestly declined leading the Way, thinking it too much to make the Speech, and lead the Van, like ancient Heroes in former Stories.

From these Accomplishments which were mistaken for Parts and Courage by his Father, such is the Distinction of parental Fondness, and noble Capacity, *Charles* was from his Youth destined to be an Admiral; in Consequence of this Destination, being no more than twenty-five Years of Age, he had already been some Time a Captain: Indeed there was another Part in his Son's Constitution, which his noble Parent built very much upon; this was, that *Charles*, at fifteen Years of Age, was surprized by his Lady-mother between a Pair of Sheets with her Waiting-woman; which latter Part of the Appellation, we humbly conceive in this Instance to be more justly used than that of Maid, by a true Historian, who examines what he delivers; and indeed we apprehend it is from similar Instances of this kind, that Ladies have lately agreed to call those Females, who have the Honour of being near their Persons with Combs, Pins, Pomatum, Rouge, Brushes, black and white Lead, by the Name of their Women, as being a Denomination in which they are much less likely to make Mistakes than in that of Maid; which

being synonymous with Virgin, is something too sacred to be sported with on dubious Occasions, whereas that of Woman answers to Maid, Wife, or Widow bewitched, or otherways.

THIS Accident then, of being surprized in Mrs. *Chambers's* Bed, was a Matter of great Consolation to the Right Honourable Peer; he boasted of it in all Companies, and swore that all the clever Heroes of Old were damn'd Whoring Fellows; I was just such another. "Your *Alexanders*, says he, as I find in Mr. *Handel's Alexander's Feast*, set a Town on Fire to please his Wench; and I doubt not, adds his Lordship, but *Charles* will be as great as any *Alexander* of them all, damme."

AND here, left my Readers, who are not well acquainted with the true way of rising in honourable Preferments, such as live in Countries remote from the great City, may be induced to believe that the Honourable Captain *Charles Bounce* had attained this early Honour thro' Dint of true Merit, and undoubted Courage, we shall take the Liberty of just hinting, that the noble Lord his Father, having the Command of three Boroughs, had made this favourite Son of his a Representative of one of them.

THIS single Circumstance of being a Member, including at present all that is both honourable and powerful, virtuous and valiant, had not a little contributed to place this young Gentleman in the Command of the \* \* \* \* \*

SUCH therefore as he was at School, he continued in his Manhood; and such was the Repute of his Courage, that tho' many Men have manifested some little Inclinations to doubt it, there are many more who are positive that a braver Seaman never stept between the Stem and the Stern of a Ship; but indeed it was chiefly that kind of Gentlemen, who never knew what these two Denominations signified, or had seen any Sea but the great Piece of Water in their Fathers' Park, from which and the small Vessel swimming on it, they had taken the Notion of Men of War and the Ocean.

IN order therefore to place this Honourable Personage  
in

in a true Light, and do Justice to his Character, we shall draw a faithful Portrait of him, and his Behaviour; and then endeavouring to annalize and explain what constitutes true Courage in a Man, leave it to the Decision of the Reader, whether the Honourable *Charles Bounce*, Captain of the \* \* \* \* \*, was a Man of real Valour or not; yet not with such Precipitation, but that we shall first close this Chapter, concluding that our Readers would certainly be highly offended at our Indiscretion, if that Qualification, which the *Romans* distinguish'd by the Name of *Virtus*, as the first of Virtues, should be treated at the latter End of a Chapter.

#### C H A P. IV.

*The happy Union of Courage and Prudence exemplified in the Behaviour of the Honourable Captain Charles Bounce, together with a discreet Preservation of his Majesty's Ship and Subjects: A Chapter to be studied by all Captains in those perilous Times.*

THE Honourable Captain *Charles Bounce* being thus made a Commander of a sixty-gun Ship, which he had already enjoyed some Years, had been very eminently distinguished by *Lady Fortune*, whose Favours all Men covet: He had taken many a rich Merchant-man; and damaged his Majesty's Ship, which was intrusted to his Care, less than any Commander in the Navy.

To his immortal Honour be it spoken, he had brought less Expence on the Government by repairing his Ship from the Injuries of Battle in five Years, than Captain *Brett* had done in five Hours; such singular Discretion, he always mixed with his Valour, so provident he was of all that was committed to his Care, and so heedless the other.

INDEED considering the enormous Debt of this Nation, and with what Difficulty Money is raised for the necessary Supplies in Times of Turbulence, that from publick Authority we are told, that we shall be in

good Condition to undertake a War two Years hence, which imparts but a negative Consolation of not being at present in that State; we are obliged to agree, that the Ministry manifests the utmost Prudence in conducting the national Affairs, by thus preferring those Captains, who are tender and cautious of enflaming the Expences of the Year, by running their Ships into expensive Broils, to those hot-headed Fellows who are for ever seeking some Occasion to sink, burn, or destroy the Enemy's Ships of War, and disabling their own.

OWING to this Prudence in the Commanders, it is imagined that those Captains, who were a little sur'd in Courts Martial by their fellow Officers for Misdemeanours in the last War, have been made Governors and Commanders in the present Exigency of Affairs: Discretion inclining to Fear, being beheld with a more favourable Eye by the Great, than Courage inclining to the immoderate.

THE Honourable Captain *Charles Bounce* was a rare Instance of this happy Union of Prudence mixt with Valour: In all his Chaces, whenever he had the least Suspicion that it was a Man of War belonging to the Enemy, he pursued with great Deliberation; he always took Time to look about him, and was ever much inclined to imagine that he saw two Ships in the Place of one, great Discretion, like Drunkenness, doubling the Object, and preferred coming up to his Enemy towards the Close of the Evening, to the Noon-tide Hour. By this prudential Method, if he perceived that there was nothing but Bruises to be gotten, he had an Opportunity of disposing of Things to the best Advantage during the Night.

"DAMME, Lieutenant, says he, we shall have the  
 "Dogs slip from us in the Dark, the cowardly *French*.  
 "Son of a B—: I'll be damn'd if he does not run for  
 "it; put before the Wind; make all possible Sail, my  
 "Lads; all Hands aloft there: I'll wage a thousand  
 "Guineas, damme, we find them To-morrow Morning,  
 "by crowding all our Sails, just a-head of us." And  
 of this Opinion he was always inclined to be, when  
 he

he perceived that the Enemy was turning to Wind-ward.

If indeed before the Wind was the Manner of the Enemy's Sailing, he was always horribly afraid, lest being a better Sea-boat than that which he commanded, she might escape, by turning to the Wind-ward; he therefore kept that Manner of Sailing all the Night, lest the Enemy should be in that Situation the next Day.

By this Means, in the Morning, when he found the Enemy's Ship quite out of Sight, he swore with most horrid Vehemence and Execration, that he could not possibly conceive which Way she could escape. "But by —, says he, Lieutenant, neither Prudence or Courage produce any Thing great: Luck is all, damme."

At other Times however, when Fighting was inevitable, he shewed equal Discretion in Conducting his Ship: If he was at Wind-ward he cried, "Look ye, my Lads, damme if any Man that ever cross'd a Deck, is less afraid than I am; and yet consider that in being too near, from the Heeling of the Ship, we are all open to the small Arms of the Enemy, and they are secure from ours; we have nothing for it, but endeavouring to hit her between Wind and Water, which may sink them on the other Tack, therefore keep a due Distance, my Lads; mind the Helm, my Lads."

In like Manner when he was at Leeward, he was equally cautious of allowing a proper Room, thro' Fear of receiving a Shot betwixt Wind and Water, which might be their Destruction. "For, says he, a Ship like this, is not built in three Days, nor mann'd at a small Expence, and should not be thrown away carelessly: Damme, for myself I care not Sixpence." Yet notwithstanding this flaming Courage, this Captain scarce ever popp'd his Head above the Netting, which was well cramm'd with Hammocks, to keep off the Effects of small Arms: But this Care and Circumspection was not personal, it arose from the Attention he had for his Majesty's Service, "For, damme, Gentlemen, says he, when  
" a Com-

“ a Commander is dead, Things very often take a wrong Turn, and go extremely ill ; otherwise what is Life, by —, not worth a Can of Flip, but for the Service of our Country.”

THUS by his happy Mixture of Valour and Discretion, he had repeated Times preserved his Majesty's Ship and Subjects, a Virtue to be valued above all the little Honours, which are to be gotten by tearing one another to Pieces, and which the *Romans* rewarded with a Civic Crown.

IT is an old and a just Remark, that no Man is wise at all Times, and indeed there were certain Moments when the Honourable Captain *Charles Bounce*, was totally divested of all that cool and sedate Courage, which ever attended him in Pursuit, or in Battle with any Enemy's Ship of War.

IF at any Time he espied an *East or West Indiaman*, laden with the Riches which these different Parts of the World produce, he was all Fire, nothing could restrain him : “ More Sail, damme : what are you all asleep there ? Mind that you don't fire a Gun till “ you come within Pistol-shot of her,” by this Means he often Fired but one Ball, and took his Prize without a Shot being returned on their Side.

NOTWITHSTANDING this Sally of Courage on such Occasions, I know there are many Men who sily insinuate that Courage does not admit of such Mixture, and assert that such Men as the Honourable Captain *Charles Bounce* are of no Value, like Sherbet not worth drinking, because it wants Spirit.

METHINKS however, the just Distinction and Characteristics of Courage, have never been truly delineated, Men in general conceiving it to be like the Spirit of the *English* Mastiff, or Game-cock, which is ready to engage at all Times, and die rather than run away.

THIS I think may be properly enough decided to the Character of Courage in Brutes, but in Man, a reasonable Creature, I humbly presume it is sometimes of a different Nature, and may admit of much Variety ; for the sake of which Variety also, we conclude this

Chapter,

Chapter, and bestow a separate one on the noble Virtue of Courage.

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## C H A P. V.

*A Dissertation on Courage in quite a new Way, which we hope will prove satisfactory to many a warlike Outside in this Kingdom.*

**I**T is a Remark as old as the Days of Solomon, that there is nothing New under the Sun ; this Observation many wise Men who have no other Title to the Appellation, than that like the Monarch of the Israelites they have lived a Life of Vanity, have frequently repeated in our Times, expecting the same Opinion was still equally founded in Truth.

INDEED a certain Set of Literarissimi, the Booksellers, have long been of that Opinion with respect to literary Productions ; for which Reason they have employed many a voluminous Writer, to collect Scraps from the Works of other Men, which being tacked together and compiled into a new Title, like Rags gathered by old Women and then beaten up into Paper, forms a new Manufacture.

THESE Gentlemen tell us that all they want is a florid Stile, that runs tripping off the Tongue light and easy, like a Race Horse carrying a Feather, or that of the \* \* \* \* \*, not quite so much encumbered with Thought.

Now one would be led to imagine, that those Men, like all others, should be the best Judges of their several Callings, and the Wares they sell ; this indeed, many great People are of Opinion is true also, for which Reason when a new Work is advertised, the Male and Female Ladies consult only the Person for whom it is printed, which if it appear not to be for Mr. \* \* \* \* \* they immediately conclude it cannot be worth the Reading, and if it be for him, without reading it, that it is a most excellent Performance, and worth peculiar Attention ; and yet we have known the World more than once deceived, by this outward and  
visible

visible Sign of inward and spiritual Grace, particularly in the Works which that Gentleman has favoured the World with from his own Hand.

THIS Assertion of nothing being new under the Sun, we conceive therefore, with all due Submission to the wisest Men, tho' it might be true at his Time, may be false at present; and that tho' he pronounced there was nothing new then, he never intended to mean that there never would be hereafter; therefore being thus gotten shut of *Solomon*, we think ourselves free from all Imputation of Arrogance, if we dare to differ from the more modern Sages, who have presumed to pronounce the same Assertion.

FOR Example, if *Solomon* the wisest of Men were now living, would not he allow that the Marriage Act was a new way of propagating Virtue, defending Innocence, and supporting the Character of Religion, by favouring so particularly those who manifest the Holy Things?

THAT to keep a People without the Knowledge of Arms, was a New and most Excellent Method of defending their Country, from the Invasion of those who are trained to the Use of them.

THAT Bribery and Corruption were new and uncommon moral Institutes, and Perjury fully permitted once in seven Years; like bleeding and purging in the Spring, a new and most excellent Way of carrying off all the Ill-humours, which might otherwise come on during the remaining Time, from that vitious Disposition in Man.

THESE and many other Things of the like Nature, we presume that *Solomon* himself, were he to revisit this Island, would allow at least to be a new way of defending the Property, and encouraging the Morality of a People.

HOWEVER, if he did not (which indeed we should not be sorry for) we should then take him into our Arms as *Hereules* did *Antæus*, and giving him a Cornish Hug, squeeze him to a Confession of the Truth, or un*solomonise* him to superior Wisdom; however, to wave all this Preface, we profess to offer something New on the Nature of Courage, which tho' it is as good



good as old Gold, we presume also, has never been yet coined for the Subjects of any Country.

COURAGE then has been defined by *Albumazar*, a very old *Arabian* Writer in Physic (whose Works are lost to the great Affliction of those who admire Antiquity more than Use) to be a Fever; in this we agree with this Sage of the dry Desarts of *Arabia*; but then the Moderns who have not truly studied the Language, have been led into a Mistake in the Meaning of this *Arabic* Philosopher, and conceived it to be a Causus or continual burning Fever, in this we disagree from these modern wise Men.

HERE we might indeed have a very favourable Opportunity of shewing our great Skill in the Oriental Tongues, and tho' perhaps one in a Million might disagree from all we should say upon it, yet we are not under the least Apprehension of not finding Applause from all the rest; which is as much as any reasonable Man ought to expect in any literary Performance.

THIS Inclination of declining to gain Fame in this Instance, we wish to have imputed to our Modesty; yet when we thus deliver our Sentiments, we do not say that Courage is never seen under the State of a continual and ardent Fever: We presume, that it sometimes and not unfrequently, is an irregular Intermittent, as well as resembling many other Species of Fevers; or rather that Courage, like the Human Body, is subject to various Diseases and Indispositions.

THAT it is subjected to an Intermittency, we desire no other Proof than that of Experience void of Theory: whoever has had the superior Happiness of being intimate with that laudable Society of this great Metropolis, the *Bucks*, must have heard it universally asserted by these Blades, that they have been as brave as *Hercules*, and as ready to combat a Giant on a *Monday*, when no one happened to be in the Way to oppose their Courage; which very identical and valorous young Gentlemen were as timid as Hares the next Day, when they had an Opportunity of shewing their Prowess, against some one who would have opposed them.

THIS Difference it is visible to all could arise from nothing but the cold Fit prevailing at that Time; which

which I think is a plain Proof, that Courage is sometimes like an intermittent Fever, that the Soul as well as the Body, the Passions like the Humours, are subject to the Influence of those Particles which can abate the vital Heat; and indeed the same Symptoms accompany one which are found in the other, Paleness and great Tremblings, and on some certain Occasions a sudden Diarrhæa.

THIS Observation we do not pretend to say, has never been hitherto discovered, all we mean by it is to justify these young Gentlemen from the Imputation of Cowardice who refuse fighting on a *Tuesday*, because they assert their Fighting-day was the *Monday* preceding; besides, this Species of Courage, or Disease, to which it is subject, there is, we conceive, another entirely local, not in the vulgar Sense of every Cock's fighting on his own Dunghill; but in this Manner as Diseases are common to particular Places, such as Agues to the Fens of *Essex*, Calentures to the Sea, the Plague to *Egypt*, and the Itch to *Scotland*, that in this Way also, there are particular Spots which affect some Minds with Courage more than others, and are, as one may say, more Constitutional to them.

To instance in this Honourable Captain *Charles Bounce*, when he was at Home no Man was more indiscreet and fiery in his Valour in all his naval Engagements, which he fought over again upon Land to amuse his Friends; the Ships were almost within Pistol-shot of each other, you might sing a Biscuit-cake on board, or Yard-arm and Yard-arm; his Ship after the Engagement was shattered like a Wreck, every Mast carried by the Board but the Mizzen, more than half the Crew was killed and thrown over Board, and the Enemy's Ship saved only because he could not pursue it, by not being able to spread an Inch of Canvas.

HENCE it plainly appears, that this noble Commander's Courage, was as great as any Man's in its constitutional Place, and I here boldly affirm, notwithstanding what others may believe, that if two Men of War could be fought upon dry Land, that Captain *Bounce's* Courage had been as exemplary, and shone forth with as much Fury, as that of any naval Officer on the List; indeed

indeed this Gentleman was very unhappy in another Instance of Locality of Courage, his Mind in this respect seemed to have taken an ugly Twist ; it was remarkable that on board his own Ship at Sea, his Valour was extremely great in single Combats upon Land ; he scarce past a Day but he run some one through the Body, in the Narratives he gave to his Lieutenants of his Rencounters, and yet on coming on Shore, the Effluvia of the Earth had a strange Effect on him, quite contrary to that in the Scurvy ; it brought on such a Dejection of Land and Elevation of Sea-courage, that the Captain would stand a Twig by the Nose on Shore, and not seem to be sensible of it ; and from this unlucky Accident in Constitution it was the whole Difference rose, and no want of Valour in any other Shape ; for I firmly believe, that if Duels on the Land could have been fought at Sea, and naval Engagements on Shore, that there had not been a braver Man in the King's Armies.

If there should however, seem any Impropriety in this Species of Valour, it must be observed, that it was by no Means the Fault of the Honourable Captain *Charles Bounce*, nor to be imputed to him, he neither having had the making himself, or any other Matters in this World, and therefore could not be answerable for the Effects of natural Causes, and the Difference which some People remarked he was subject to in changing Sea for Land, and the contrary. This then is plainly a Disease, arising some way or other from the different Effects of terrestrial and aqueous Particles on the same Courage.

HOWEVER, lest malicious Minds should still insist upon this Species of Courage to be more than Cowardice, we shall take the Liberty to prove in one Instance, that this Honourable Captain *Bounce* both at Sea and on Shore, without the least Mark of Fear, continued to challenge and defy the greatest of all Beings, by Blasphemy and other provoking Words, to attack him ; which single Instance we humbly conceive, is sufficient to prove that he was a Man of real and undoubted Courage ; the great Powers of that Being which we provoke against us, being always a Demonstration of  
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the Bravery of the Aggressor ; and in this Place, and from this Argument, to the Honour of our Countrymen we firmly aver, that no Nation can shew so many truly intrepid Sons of Valour, as *Great Britain*.

THIS then we hope will be a Vindication of all local Courage, from every future Imputation of Pusillanimity; and Honour to our Country. Besides this local, there is yet another Species of Valour, which, as far as we have found in our reading, is not yet mentioned in any Author ancient or modern; it is the Effects which particular Objects are liable to have on the Minds of some very valorous Men. There are Men who would have combated the whole *Roman* Amphitheatre of Gladiators and wild Beasts, and never manifested the least Token of Dismay, who sweat with Fear at the Smell of a Cat ; some again are frightened to Death at an old Woman in a white Sheet ; others faint away at the cutting a Leg of Mutton a-cross ; nay, a certain intrepid Buck who had an Antipathy to a Cat, gave me his Word of Honour, that in a Duel which he fought, he never could bring himself within Reach of his Adversary's Sword, that he trembled, grew pale, retired as the other advanced ; that all this was inexplicable to him till after he had begged his Life, without being wounded, he perceived that his Antagonist, knowing his particular Aversion, had put a Cat-skin Muff in his Pocket, which had been the Occasion of all this pusillanimous Appearance and Retreat ; “ and damme,” says he, “ if I can bring any of my Acquaintance to believe me in this Story, and my Courage has suffered some Slander on this Account ever since.”

THERE are besides this Phenomenon, many other very extraordinary Appearances in the Exhibition of Courage. How many Men can bear the most intimate Acquaintance with a Thing, and rejoice in its Company in one Shape, who cannot suffer it in another ? I have seen an essenced Beau hang on an elegant hilted Sword, wrapt snugly up in a Brown-leather Case, with the greatest Joy of Heart and self-satisfaction, and yet on the drawing it, so that the Effluvia escaping from the cold Iron could hit his Organs of Vision, he has fallen into

into the greatest Marks of Fear, and was never at Ease till it was returned to its Scabbard, when he immediately recovered: This was a Symptom which attended the Courage of *James* the first of *England* in a very particular Manner, even when there was no Cause of Quarrel or Opposition.

THERE are other Species of Courage which will make a Man stand the Attacks of Death in a Cudgel, and defy its Terrors as cool as *Cato*, and yet fly like Wild-geese at the smell of Powder; such are the Effects of various Effluvia.

THERE are besides those Effects of different Effluvia upon Courage, which we have already mentioned, several of quite another Kind; some are affected by Iron only in the Hands of other People, and not at all intimidated by preserving it in their own, provided their Antagonist have it not.

AND here, according to the modern Usage of physical Writers, after having described our Diseases, we chuse to add a History by Way of Illustration; so that those whose Perceptions cannot rise high enough to rise upon Principle and Theory, may learn to kill by Example and Precedent, as Boys learn to weave, or drive a Cart, by long Observations of Weavers and Waggoners.

A CERTAIN young Gentleman whose Name was *Swagger*, the eldest Son of a noble Family, aged twenty-three, being in Company with another of much the same Age, was suddenly seized with a Belief that he had received an Insult from his Companion; upon which having his Sword, whereas the other had none, he drew it and with great Symptoms of Ardency and Burning, high Pulse, red Countenance, and inflamed Eyes, would have run him thro' the Body, if he had not been prevented by some intervening Persons; the next Day the said young Gentleman who had thus burningly and bravely determined to massacre the other, was as suddenly seized with Cold, Paleness and Trembling, his Pulse scarce moved, and his Water ran from him involuntarily, which Physicians have always remarked as one of the most dangerous of all Symptoms in Diseases; all this Alteration arose from nothing more

more than a gentle Hint, from the Person he had intended to kill the Day before, or rather from a certain Piece of cold Iron which hung slanting from his left Side, going off in an Angle which has not yet been truly measured, as far as we have observed in the Works of any Mathematician of Repute, of all those who have been sent to the Arctic Circle or Equator, which shews how much Philosophers are apt to neglect Things of Consequence for Trifles.

THIS indeed may be in some Sense considered as an Intermittency of Courage, but we rather chuse to give it as a new Disorder, tho' we know it to be proceeding from the same Cause; and thus like Doctors to multiply Diseases in our Writings, that we may appear to have discovered and cure them the better in our Practice.

THERE are also, those whose Courage is one eternally burning Fit when they are with-held by Company, and all shivering when they are not, which Race is remarkably affected by a Course of Steel, and sometimes by Leather in the Shape of a Shoe applied suddenly to the Posteriors: and indeed there was this remarkable in the Hon. Capt. *Charles Bounce*, that his Valour boiled over like Mount *Vesuvius*, at the Sight of a Ship which was not equipt with certain Quantities of Iron and Steel, shaped into Cannon, Guns, and Swords; yet wherever these Implements were found, the Spirit of Valour flew away and left his Mind very vapid and much funk, like a Barometer on a rainy Day, or Small-beer long uncorked; indeed his Soul with respect to Iron, was of a quite different Nature from that of the Load-stone, and the Repulsion in this Instance was as remarkable a Phenomenon, as the Attraction in the other.

THESE different Effects on the Human Courage, we apprehend to take their Rise from the physical and external Influence of various Effluvia acting on the Minds of young Gentlemen, whose Valour would never have been impeached, if the true Nature of what is called Fear had been thoroughly examined: For this Reason it is cruel to the last Degree to impute Cowardice to a pretty young Gentleman, because the Particles of Iron are repugnant to his Constitution, and  
act

act by Repelling; or the smell of Gun-powder, like Musk to a fine Lady, throwing him into fainting Fits.

IN all these Instances, it is the Constitution ought to be blamed, and not the Hero; If the *Anima*, *Archæus*, or sentient Principle cannot be stimulated to Action, but on the contrary, like Crows it flies from the Scent of Powder, how can the Blame be laid to the want of Courage, when it plainly appears to spring from Causes purely physical?

THUS having wasted much Time, Study, Paper and Ink, we hope not altogether uselessly, to justify many a clever young Fellow in the Nature of his Valour, and the Government in not discharging them the Service; we promise ourselves some Applause from these very Gentlemen, who without doubt will receive, with no displeasing Aspect, a Philosophy which proves, that what has hitherto thro' mistaken Notions in the Knowledge of Nature been denominated Cowardice, is no more than certain Effluvia which affect the Soul in this Case, as others do the Body; and that Trembling, Coldness, and other Symptoms consequent of these Particles, are as much natural Effects in the Human Courage, as on the Body, and perhaps may be truly stiled a Fever on the Spirits. It is therefore permitted to these said clever young Gentlemen, to cite this Work in all Companies, in Truth of what is here laid down. And we farther promise, that we shall at all Times be ready to draw our Pen, and spill the last Drop of our Blood in Defence of this Account.

THUS having settled this Matter with great Satisfaction to ourselves, and, we presume, with no less to no small Part of our Male Readers, we hasten on to other Parts of this true and interesting History.

## C H A P. VI.

*The Description of Phelim Macvalor, first Lieutenant of the \* \* \* and Mr. Probit, the second; their different Dispositions, together with the Description of Parson Pugh the Welch Chaplain, and Sandy Macpherson the Scotch Surgeon; the like of which four are not to be found in any other History.*

**B**ESIDES this Captain descended of noble Blood, there was his first Lieutenant of Forty-five, an *Irishman*, who Five-and-twenty Years before had been made a Lieutenant by his old Commander at Sea, for discovering and exerting as much Courage, as ever had fallen to the Share of any one Man.

INDEED he wanted a few Qualifications which are more necessary than Knowledge in his Profession and Courage, to promote a Man in the Fleets and Armies of *Great-Britain*.

It was not Honesty, for he was Probity itself; it was not Courage nor Humanity, for he never turned his Back on Friend or Foe, having never fought in any Engagement where he did not conquer; and he had mortgaged his Commission and Half-pay a whole Year, to relieve a Friend from a Jail, though he had a Wife and four Children who had no other Provision to live on: In short it was not a Deficiency in any of these Virtues which are to be found in moral Writers, but of those more modern ones which are Inmates of a Minister's Heart, and have expelled the rest from Human Society.

It seems this odd Fellow had an utter Aversion to an Informer, and contemned alike the Giver and Receiver of Bribes; he had persuaded his Father to vote for the Country Interest, in chusing a Representative for a Town in his Country; and swore he would rather go to the Bottom, than Old *Ireland* should sink an Inch under Water, or be deserted by his Family: And for this antiquated Notion of his he would have been dismissed the Service, but that the Honourable Captain *Charles Bounce*, knowing that Lieutenant

*Mac*



*Mac Valor's* Courage was not of the local Kind, had by his own Interest preserved him his Commission; in short, this Man had nothing against him, but preferring his Country to ministerial Views, and nothing in his Favour but understanding his Profession as well as the best Officer in this or any other Nation, Good-nature, great Courage, and Understanding; which Qualifications in Opposition to the first, have but little Weight; indeed there was one more, that additional one of sometimes using a favourite Figure of his own Nation: such were the Excellencies of Lieutenant *Phelim Mac Valor*.

BESIDES this Gentleman, the second Lieutenant was the Son of a Gentleman of a noble Family, whose Father (a second Brother) had spent his Fortune in Gaiety, and whose Uncle who had but one Son possessed the Title and the paternal Estate, which was very considerable; he was affable and modest, neither feared Danger nor courted it, he never vaunted of his Courage or sought a Quarrel, gave or refused a Challenge; was of a genteel Figure and amiable Presence; his Understanding, though not that of a Genius, was of the first Degree of the second Rate; besides this he was a good School-scholar; he was the Favourite of Lieutenant *Mac Valor*, and not much beloved by the Captain: It seems that noble Commander had a small Suspicion that Lieutenant *Probit* had penetrated the true State of his Mind, and that he did not believe him absolutely that Hero which he wished to be thought by every one of the Ship's Crew.

To these Gentlemen there is to be added a very respectable Person, who was no less than Chaplain on board the \* \* \* \* \*. He was descended of a Line of Gentlemen, whose Title to that Honour no one has ever dared to dispute: His true Name was *David ap Hugh*, running backwards in *aps* for a thousand Generations, now commonly called *David Pugh*. This Divine was a Man of very exemplary Life and Conversation: He had taken his Rudiments in Literature on a certain Mountain in *Brecknockshire*, which, tho' the *Parnassus* of that Country, was not so much frequented as the *Grecian*, and therefore Mr. *David Pugh*

*Pugh* had the whole Hill to himself, excepting the Goats, who loved to browse thereon.

IN his early Youth he was a great Lover of Learning, and either at fourteen or fifteen Years old, we will not be too positive in such material Circumstances, by dint of great Application, had attained the great Art of reading a Chapter in the Bible without spelling the Words before Hand; which being the first Instance of Reading in this ancient Family, and looked upon as a very singular Phænomenon by his Parents in this Country, his Father and Grandfather, and Mother and Grandmother, and all his Relations, were resolved he should be brought up in the Service of the Church.

Now, in this Part of the World, a University Education is by no Means necessary for those who are destined to holy Orders: It seems there is a medium Kind of Creature, known only to this Country, between a Divine and Layman, something like a Mule amongst Animals, which is distinguished by the Name of Parson, with this Difference, that the latter propagate their Species, and the former not.

MR. *David Pugh* was of this Kind; and had been introduced into the Ministry of Holy Things, by the Bishop of *St. Davids*, who once a Year, at his Palace at *Aberguilly*, sets up a Manufactory of this Kind of middle Beings.

THE Requisites necessary for the Admission of such Men into Holy Orders, are only a good Knowledge in the old *British* Language, and to read *English*; but to do Justice to Parson *David Pugh*, he was a much deeper Scholar than is usually found amongst the Order of Parsons, and had besides those two, a very pretty Knowledge of *Lilly's* Accidence, and could write a legible Hand.

HIS first Preferment in his Profession was a Curacy of five Churches, for doing the Duty of which, he received from his Rector the Sum of ten Pounds a Year; but as the Parson had upon this Encouragement presumed too much, married a young Wife, and gotten six Children, this Sum, which tho' it might have been a very genteel Support for a Gentleman and his Lady, was rather too scanty for the Addition of six Children;

Children; he had therefore added some other Studies and Occupations to that of Divinity and Preaching; and thus by dint of playing the *Welch* Harp at the Wedding of those Couples in the Evening, which he had married in the Morning, selling a Cup of good Ale to his Parishioners, and keeping a School, he had procured a very considerable Income, being not less, in the whole taken together, than that of twenty-five Pounds a Year.

IN the Village where this Parson had made his Abode, there dwelt two Gentlemen of very different Dispositions and Designs, the Justice of Peace and the Exciseman.

*Thomas Jones, Esq;* was the Name of the first, and *John Popkins* the Name of the second.

THE Squire, tho' a Justice of the Peace, and had taken the Oaths of Allegiance to the King upon the Throne, had still a small Inclination remaining for the *Stuarts*; and the Exciseman was a most staunch Whig, for the same Reason that there are so many in *England*, on account of a certain Salary of fifty Pounds a Year hand-paid him by his Majesty.

Now these two Gentlemen, like two great Families in a County, being of different Opinions, were great Rivals, and divided the whole Village. The Parson being extremely Orthodox, inclined in Principle to the Justice, but as a Seller of Ale, he was obliged to stifle that Propensity before the Exciseman; for this Reason, he never refused to pledge his Majesty's Health in a Bumper with the Exciseman, nor that of the Pretender with the Justice, and thus seemed alike inclined to each Party.

FROM this Situation, it happen'd that Ale and Interest pulling one way, Conscience and Principle the other, the Parson was held so equally in Suspence, that he was always unvarying of the Opinion of that Gentleman, of these two, with whom he happened to be present; this had begotten a kind of Servility in his Behaviour, not a little improved by his six Days Occupation of drawing Ale also.

AT length it happened, that a near Relation, his Mother's Brother's eldest Daughter's Sister's Son's

Niece, being a waiting Woman at my Lady M——, and a great Favourite of my Lord's also, which last Interest she mostly relied on, had obtained the great Post of Chaplain of a Man of War for Parson *David Pugh*. This then had placed the Parson in the happy Situation which we have described, as Chaplain on board the \* \* \* \* \*.

THERE remains at present of the Crew no more than one, whom we conceive to be worth our Notice, and this was *Sandy Macpherson*, who had been a Pounder in an Apothecary's Shop, at the great School of Physic in *Edinburgh*, where in two Years he had attained a very competent Knowledge in Pharmacy and Surgery.

THIS Gentleman, having strong Recommendation to the Duke of \* \* \* \* \*, tho' he was somewhat deficient in the Questions which were asked him at *Surgeon's Hall*, was yet pass'd as accomplished by the Examiners who presided, influenced not a little thereto by some Hints received from a certain Quarter; he was therefore appointed Surgeon of the \* \* \* \* \*.

BESIDES this Recommendation, he had a Perseverance not easily attained by those who study South of the *Tweed*; and indeed, by disguising what he did not know, in citing the Names of Authors he had never read, and making the most of what he did know, with a certain Shrewdness of Behaviour, pretty natural to the North, he was not a little esteemed, by those who had never studied the Profession, as a most consummate Surgeon. His particular Ambition was that of writing a Treatise on the Nature of Gun-Shot Wounds, a Subject untouch'd by that Nation, as it ought, he said; for this he had prepared every Thing but Observation and Practice, the Pen, Ink, Paper, and the like of that, being all in his Chest.

SUCH then were the Officers of the \* \* \* \* \*, which we shall only have an Occasion to name in this future History, perhaps bringing in the Surgeon's Mate, Gunner and Boatswain on certain Occasions, like Assassins in Tragedy, or Footmen in Comedy, without considering them as Persons of the Drama, or inserting their Names in the first Page.

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HAVING thus gotten our Hands together on board, we beg leave to step back to our *Indian Hero*, the undaunted *Cannassatego*, and to introduce to our Readers some other Persons who are to figure and make Part of the Company in this Voyage; and as the Way may be rather longer than is generally imagined by most Readers, we shall here take leave to breathe a little before we set out, and close this Chapter.

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## C H A P. VII.

*Two Ladies of very different Shapes and Degrees of Beauty, as well as Disposition of Soul, are introduced to our Male Readers to take their Choice of.*

**I**T is a Remark which we have more than once made, that Authors frequently close a Chapter with a Promise of beginning the next with a certain particular Story, Account, Reason, or other Matter of Consequence, which very Circumstance is never after recorded in the whole Work; this we presume arises sometimes from want of Memory, at others from want of Capacity, and not unfrequently for no Reason at all.

NEITHER of these however do we offer for not going on to meet *Cannassatego*, the *Indian Chieftain*, on the Road, as we promised in our last Chapter.

BE it known therefore to our Readers, that being extremely addicted to deep Reflection from our Youth upwards, when at School we expected the coming of our Father's Servant with Horses to carry us home at the Jubilee Times of *Christmas*, *Easter*, and *Whitsuntide*, that always urged by Impatience, we went out to meet the Man and Horses even to some Miles distance; this, from the above Talent of Reflection, now nipp'd by grey Hairs of Impatience, we found did not at all help the Servant to the Town, where he must arrive on some other Errands, or ourselves to the Journey's End; the whole that happened was, that we returned on Horseback the

Way we walk'd out on Foot, and were never the nearer Home, for all this Perambulation.

IN like manner we conceive, if we walk'd thro' the Woods of *America* to meet this valiant Chief, we could in no wise hasten his Journey to *New-York*; we shall therefore not lose Time and Pains in that Affair, but employ ourselves in that Town, and make all Things ready for his speedy Departure.

THIS we shall in great Part effect, by giving a small Description of two Females, who were to be the Companions of the Voyage.

THERE is, amongst some Collections of curious Sayings, an old Adage, which says, "Age before Honesty;" this, for aught we know, might be right, before Honesty was banished the Kingdom; but as we know of no Adage, Proverb, Wise-saying, witty Expression, or *Bon-mot*, ancient or modern, which says, "that an old Maid who is not handsome, should take place of a young one who is," we shall without Hesitation prefer Beauty to all other Considerations, and begin with Miss *Lydia Fairchild*.

THIS young Lady, when a Child of two Years old, had been left by her Father and Mother, who quitted *New-York* with several other elder Children, to the Care of a Gentleman, who had promised to be a Parent, and provide for her.

As she grew up, she was very handsome, well-shaped, of a fine Complexion, and gracefully easy; her Eyes were large, black, and very shining; her Nose and Forehead in the *Grecian* Taste; her little Mouth and plumpy Lip, when she smiled, discovered the finest Teeth, which, like Ivory, shone through Skains of crimson Silk; her Hair hung in glossy Ringlets of Black upon her snowy and ample Neck, which was united to her Head with great Grace and Elegance; thro' these Features emanated a Sweetness of Soul, which express'd as much Innocence as *Eve* knew in Paradise, before the Serpent had seduced her to Destruction; gay, as untainted Probity, she wanton'd like the Lamb which claims Affection from all Eyes, and which defends itself from all but Hands inured to Bloodshed, by its inoffensive Appearance.

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THE other was Miss *Rachael Stiffcrump*, descended from the true Brood of rigid Presbyterian Obstinacy; she was renowned thro' all the Province for her strict Observation of the Sabbath; she had never from her Youth upwards once step'd across the Treshold of the Door on a Sunday, but to the Meeting-house, not even to make —, so strictly had she observed the keeping the Lord's Day; and in walking the Streets on this Day, she never turned her Eyes to the right Hand or the left, lest she should behold the carnal Cock profaning the Sabbath, by solacing the lascivious Hen; she had the Assembly's Catechism by Heart, sung Mr. *Watts's* Hymns to a Miracle, and no Man or Women in all *America* had a more happy Twang in reading a Sermon than Mrs. *Rachael*: In the Practice of these three Things, with now and then a Chapter in the Bible, she most piously pass'd the Sabbath in her own House, after the Service was finished.

This devout young Woman was as singular in Body as in Soul, not formed by Nature in the common Way, but upon Principles and Proportions which that Goddess only reserves for her greatest Favourites.

AND here, in Compliance to that Dame, who departed from the usual Rules in composing Mrs. *Rachael*, we shall also imitate her in our Description, by beginning at the wrong End also.

HER Feet then were long, thick, and broad, in true architectical Proportion adapted to the sustaining Bodies of Weight and Importance, which require Strength below; from the Feet to the Waste she was fashioned in Imitation of the Arms of *Cupid*, not strait as his Arrow, but bent like the Bow of that Archer; nor slender, but as if originally designed to supply Timber for the making new ones, as his old wore out.

HER Knees from their Cradle had received rather a too polite Breeding, and kept more than their due Distance from one another.

HER Pin-bones were covered with more Fat than any Ox in *Smithfield* Market, upon which she lean'd her two Elbows, like a Lady on an arm'd Chair.

HER Waste was round and sound, six Times as substantial as *Peg Woffington's*, and much shorter; her

her lovely Bosom resembled two half-blown Bags of a *Scotch* Bag-pipe in Size, and like those Machines hung in their proper Place under her Arms, when she had no Stays on ; however with the Addition of this Whalebone Conveniency, they were restored to their true Situation, and look'd like two Kettle-drums strutting before the Shoulders of not a very white Horse.

FROM her broad Shoulders hung two Arms, to which were fastened two Hands, which we very much regret were not known in the Times of *Homer* ; if they had, we are convinced that great Poet, so happy in his Images, would not have so sneakingly described the Morning by the rosy-fingered, but the rosy-fisted *Aurora* ; so liberal had Nature been in pouring out her Charms on this Female.

BEING in extreme good Humour and intending to finish her as she began, she proceeded in her Workmanship above as below, and clapt her Head upon her two Shoulders, as Bakers do one Half of a Loaf upon another, without staying to form a Neck ; by this means, a string stretched before from the Top of one Shoulder to the other, must pass thro' her Mouth, which Feature was surrounded with a black Fringe, a Gift that Nature in her most liberal Fits seldom bestows on her Female Favourites with such Profusion ; her Lips resembled a Cherry on the rotten Side, crack'd with too much Ripeness, within which her Teeth stood like the old Palisadoes of a Court in Shape and Colour, with here and there one wanting where the Dogs creep thro'.

HER Eyes were small and grey, and prevented from shining by that which Poets call the Diamond Water running off to waste in great Quantity ; however, whatever was wanting in Size and Lustre in those Features, was amply made up in the Setting, being encircled in the new Taste, by two very beautiful Rings of Rubies.

HER Nose was equally prominent with her Cheeks, like the Heads of Cherubims from a bad Sculptor ; and her Complexion of the *Aurora* Cast, like her Hands, entirely covered with Roses, tho' the Odour which she breathed, was rather more resembling another



ther Vegetable, the Cabbage, as it is thrown away by inattentive Gardeners, when it begins to be most fragrant.

As this Lady's Charms were extremely rare, Nature had taken peculiar Care therefore to conceal them in some Parts; for which Reason, the Hair of her Head began to take Root close to her Eye-brows, which last were big enough for the Humming-bird to build his Nest in.

By means of this, her Hair which was dead Coal-black, wirey and strong as Horse-Hair, concealed her lovely Forehead almost entirely.

It is remarkable also, that this beneficent Mother having at first forgotten to form Dimples in her Favourite, without which no Beauty is complete, had recollected the Mistake, and made ample Amends, by scattering them all over her Face, in many Places running into one another, by a supplemental Assistance, called the Small-pox.

Her Voice was exquisitely toned to the true Cant; a great Enemy to Fasting, which she conceived as popish and abominable, for this Reason her Stomach was always cramm'd with good Cheer, her Mouth with Scripture-Sentences and the Name of the Lord, her Heart with Hypocrisy and Mischief, and her Head to contrive false Appearances.

From this we may guess, that tho' she had never been extremely handsome, yet being now Forty, she began to be given over by her Friends, as one not likely to improve much in her Person; but as Heaven has wonderful Ways of making up Deficiencies, she was allowed by all to have been amply rewarded with God's Grace, which all the Women, pleased with being handsome, agreed was much to be preferred to Beauty.

YET, alas! such is the frail Disposition of Man, that there is scarce one in a Million, who would not prefer the Person of the Duchess of \* \* \* \*, to all the Piety of all the Saints, inclosed in one ugly old Maid; and such is the Disposition of Women also, that not one in ten Times that Number, but would chuse Beauty mix'd with small Frailties in this World,

before Uglinefs, with Happinefs in Reverfion in the other.

WHETHER Mrs. *Rachael Stiffump* was an Exception to this Remark, we fhall not decide; we fhall only obferve, that tho' this Virgin had never been the Caufe of Defire in the Breaft of another, yet that her own was not without ftrong Senfations of that Nature; for tho' Uglinefs in a Female may be allowed to be fome Reason for a Man's withholding from Gallantry towards the Profeflor of it, yet it can be none in her abftaining from a handsome young Fellow,

INDEED this warm Devotion and religious Fervour of Mrs. *Rachael's*, like Horfe-dung in a Hot-bed, had only brought forth the Plants of L— not Love with more Strength than is ufual in moft Virgins; which Plant, as it has never been confidered by Botanifts againft the cold Kind, or wanting much artificial Affiftance to bring it to Maturity, it is no Wonder it was fo thriving in her.

IT feems Mrs. *Rachael* had never been fufpected to be of a warm Complexion, becaufe the Sign hung out at the Front had never inclined any one to Stop, and enquire within.

NOTWITHSTANDING this, about twelve Months before this Time, a young fmug Prefbyterian Teacher had come to this Town, and where fhould the Godly lodge but with the Godly; for this Reason, as Mrs. *Rachael Stiffump* was a Houfekeeper, and had Room for a Boarder, this very Place was chofen for the Abode of this Gofpel-teacher, as being in a Houfe, and with a Perfon, where no poffible Slander could arife, fhe being fafe from all worldly Sarcasm in her pious Character, and he in his religious calling.

ALAS! how feeble are the Refolutions and Defigns of Mortals, as may be particularly remarked in thofe of our great Minifters, like the Blossoms of a Peach-tree nipt by the firft Froft; like the Travels of a Snail, crufted by the firft Footftep; like the Shooting of a Meteor, a Moment's Blaze, and no more; like ——— but we think three Similies enough for any one Thing, and perhaps fome of our Readers too many, tho' all of them remarkable for Likenefs.

To return then, Mrs. *Rachael* delighted much in godly Conference with this pious young Teacher. In their Evening's Conversation, which was always supported with a Bottle of *Madeira*, or a Bowl of warm Rum-punch, (the self-denying Saints love good Living) she was often wondering how *David* could be a Man after God's own Heart, if Company-keeping with Women was a Sin ; or *Solomon*, the wisest Man, who was a great Company-keeper ; she was very subject also, in the Warmth of her religious Fervour, to put her Hand on the Teacher's Thigh, to squeeze his Hand with Vehemence, to sigh, and turning up the Whites of her Eyes, cry out, " That he was a most prevailing young Man, and that his Word had a very powerful and piercing Influence on her Soul ; that she hoped the Lord would defend her, but that surely he had her poor Soul entirely in his Power."

THIS, tho' it was so spiritually spoken, the Teacher considered as carnally intended ; he therefore was determined, thro' Fear of losing Reputation by Discovery, to eat Neck of Beef in safety in this Place ; rather than leap the Pale, steal Deer, feed on Venison, and run the Risque of being hanged in another, and made some Abatement of Beauty, in favour of Ease and Security ; he therefore began some Overtures to Mrs. *Rachael*, not of Matrimony indeed, tho' something akin to it ; however as he moved but slow, and his Hints were distant, Mrs. *Rachael* took the Opportunity that Night, of being terribly frightened at the Thoughts of Rogues breaking into the House, and ran in great Trepidation and Affright into Mr. *Maultext's* Chamber : Here this good Man, destined to the quieting of Souls, with great Piety hushed her in his Arms into Repose, and freed her from all Apprehensions of Thieves for that Evening, by which one may truly observe, how closely he had pursued the Studies of his Calling, to make his Election sure.

BUT, Alas ! such is the Nature of tender Women, when once their Souls are thoroughly affected with Fear or any other Passion, tho' they may get rid of it for a short Time, yet it is extremely apt to return again

with redoubled Force, and in this Manner did it happen to Mrs. *Rachael Stiffrump*; this terrifying Fear of Robbers continually returning towards Evening, like a quotidian Ague, so that she could not venture to sleep alone, and never thought herself safe, but under the Protection of Mr. *Maultext*.

How would the Soul of the Infidel and Profane have been instructed by the Conversation of these pious Bed-fellows; every Thing was said and done in the Name of the Lord, and an extempore Prayer of an Hour pouring forth every Evening before they retired to Rest.

BEHOLD, you Sinners of *London*, blush and be confounded; is this the Practice of the Wicked in your City, who frequent the Places of carnal and profane Resort, the beastly Temples of *Dowglas* and *Haddock*; how ought ye to be ashamed, that ye thus go to Bed together without first seeking the Lord, like this *American* Pair of religious Enamoratos.

Six Months had past away in this heavenly and spiritual Conversation, and no Sign gave Token of carnal Delight: At last the Mind of Mrs. *Rachael* was a little disturbed by a Symptom, which some Doctors have mistaken for a Dropsy; she therefore, to carry on the Concealment, to save her own and her Favourite's Character, determined to seek a Cure in old *England*: This was the Reason of her undertaking this Voyage.

Miss *Lydia Fairchild*, the Gentleman being dead who had bred her up as a Father, was determined, with the Sum of five hundred Pounds which he had left her, to seek her Parents in *England*: She took this Opportunity of going with Mrs. *Rachael Stiffrump*, the Captain protesting he would treat them with great Honour and Respect, during the Voyage.

THESE Ladies then were ready to depart the Night before *Cannassatego*, *Decanneffora*, and other *Indian* Chiefs, arrived at *New York*: These having made their Intentions known to the Governor, that Gentleman recommended this Chief to the particular Care of the Honourable Captain *Charles Bounce*, he therefore embarked that Evening, and they set Sail the next Morning; and here closing our Chapter like the

End

End of a Bill of Lading, we conclude, and so God send the good Ship a safe Voyage to her intended Harbour.

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## C H A P. VIII.

*The Stowage of the Passengers a board Ship. A small Sample of Mrs. Rachael Stiffump's serving the Lord in Prayer. The Author acknowledges his want of Genius in certain Descriptions, in which Dr. Swift delighted and excelled.*

**T**HE first Thing disposed of on-board was the two Ladies, who in this Case, as being Ladies, were lodged in the State-Room, the Captain contenting himself with the great Cabin. It seems this noble Commander had politely resigned his Bed to his Female Fellow-travellers, and was himself contented to swing in a Hammock.

**T**HE Indian Chief had his Apartment in a Cabin adjoining to the State-room, in which the Ladies lay, a Partition being at the Head.

**T**HE Passengers being thus disposed of, and the Ship under Sail, Mrs. *Rachael* in the State-room recommended herself in a long and loud Prayer to Heaven, not forgetting the Captain by Name, whom she recommended also to its Protection.

**T**HIS indeed she constantly performed twice every four and twenty Hours, either being terribly afraid that Providence would forget her without frequently refreshing his Memory; which Custom as we have observed it to be practised by most Dissenters, we can attribute to nothing but a Consciousness of a bad Cause, that is to fetch up in Diligence what it wants in Merit; or to the imagining that Heaven like a Prime-minister, may be teased into granting their Request.

**T**HE Ship being now arrived in the open Sea, a certain Disease, which is consequent of much Motion on that Element, began to take place on those that were Novices to this kind of Travelling, which Scene, if we

were

were so distinguishedly blest with great Genius as the late Dean of St. *Patrick's*, we might display with great Glee to ourselves, if not to our Readers; but as we too evidently perceive our inferior Capacity shrinking beneath the Weight of sustaining such Descriptions, we modestly decline the Undertaking, and exclaim with Parson *Adams*, *Non omnia possumus omnes*, and with this Scrap close a short Chapter.

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## C H A P. IX.

*A sbrewd Observation. The Effects of Distance in Matters of Love and L——— in an Indian and a Captain of a Ship. A new Species of Attraction discovered, which operates different from Electricity or Magnetism.*

**I**T has been cunningly remarked by many close Thinkers, that Distance from a Wife has very often improved the Beauty of those Women who are seen around us, so that it has been no uncommon Thing for a Gentleman, after leaving his Consort a few Days to be remarking that the Maid of the House where he resides, who at his coming thither appeared as ugly as *Meeklin* in the Witch in *Macbeth*, by insensible Degrees to possess Charms little less than those of Beauty, and awaken all those Desires which before she had suffocated; in this resembling the Load-stone which attracts by one End, that which it repels by the other.

IN like Manner the Honourable Captain *Bounce* having left at *New York* a certain Female, which tho' she had never been tied by the Bands of Wedlock, had yet well supplied the Place of a Wife in one Particular, began to look upon Miss *Lydia Fairchild* with an amorous Eye; her Beauties, tho' great in Nature, being much increased by the Distance which they had already sailed from *New York*.

*Cannassatego* often sighed in thinking on his lovely Maid; and taking from his Bosom that Image of *Yarica*,  
which

which she had drawn on the Piece of Mother of Pearl that she had presented him, press'd it to his Lips a thousand Times, with Tears and Rapture. "Heavens," he would cry, "do these Men taste the tender Sentiments of Love? Is their Land productive of common Nourishment, that thus they relinquish all that is dear, and seek our World so distantly divided by Dangers, which no Courage can oppose? What is the Soldier's Arm against the Effects of raging Winds and Waves?" Thus he pined in Secret, mourning like the Pigeon robbed of his Mate, and was quite over-whelmed with solitary Woe; his Breast was bursting to unload its Anguish.

THIS Melancholy, without knowing the Cause, Miss *Lydia Fairchild* perceived, and asked him the Reason: Unhackney'd in Disguise, his honest Heart gladly poured out the whole Story of his Love before this charming Maid. This she heard with Pity and Politeness, soothed his Mind with every lenient Word which Good-nature can suggest, and recalled some Sparkling of his antient Spirit: Indeed his ingenuous candid Conversation and Account of his Passion, with her soothing and pathetic Attention, had begotten a Friendship in their Bosoms, unmixed with the Passion of Love in the Sexes, and the Voyage became supportable to him.

THE honourable Captain also perceived the Force of Miss *Lydia's* Charms increase, as the Departure from *New York* grew greater, and this perhaps in Proportion to the Squares of the Distance; which being a new Species of Attraction, different either from Magnetism or Electricity, increasing by Distance, we lay Claim to the Discovery of it, lest some future Philosopher, peradventure, should read a Paper of this Phænomenon before the Royal Society, without confessing from whence he stole it; a thing not uncommon with Philosophers.

THIS Sensation, which we do not stile Love, grew stronger every Day in the Captain, he therefore meditated much how to compass his Ends; and to the obtaining that Purpose, he doubled his Civility, and employed

employed all the Common-place Cant which Lust dictates, and this without any kind of Success.

IN short, to make every thing agreeable to her, he would introduce the Lieutenants and Chaplain to her Company more frequently than ever, and at length it was agreed that every one should relate some Tale to pass away the Time, as Miss *Lydia* was no great Lover of Cards, and Reading always was impossible; the Stories were to be relative to Love or Marriage.

THE Captain then beginning with the Ladies, desired them to give some pretty little Account of some little Intrigue, which Miss *Lydia* protested she was unable to do, because she knew of none; and Mrs. *Rachael Stiffcrump* lifting up her Eyes, protested she had never read any but godly Books, where filthy and profane Stories could not be found; and that if the Captain or any other Person should use any such Conversation, she would retire to the State-room, and pray Heaven to look down and have Mercy upon their poor Souls.

THE Captain then applied to the *Indian Chief*, who with all that is pathetic in Words, Looks and Actions, his Eyes flashing Pleasure at the Name of *Tarico*, delivered the Account of his own Love, which we have already once delivered; for this Reason we shall not, though some Circumstances might have been omitted in one Part, give it again, in Imitation of some certain very great Men, who treat their Guests with a Chop of Bacon as a fresh Dish, tho' one Side was eaten the preceding Day; or Half an Apple-pye, the Remains of Yesterday's Dinner.

AFTER this it fell to Lieutenant *Macvalor* to entertain the Company with a Tale, when he swore by *Jefus* that he would rather fight Yard-arm and Yard-arm six whole Hours than tell a Story; however the Captain and Miss *Lydia* would take no Denial, he therefore began, but not till the next Chapter.



C H A P. X.

*Lieutenant Macvalor's Story of his Cousin Phelim Macbrogue, in which there is not a Word of—*

“ **I**N the County of *Tipperary* (upon my Shoul, and  
“ I will betray my Cousin too) there was one  
“ *Patrick O'Farrel*, Esq; he was after being as brave  
“ a Man as never was born, and had stigmatized him-  
“ self by killing half a Dozen Men at *Lucas's* Coffee-  
“ house in *Dublin* in his Youth, and more too.

“ **F**AITH and he grew old, and he kept a good House  
“ at his Table; for, upon my Conscience, he had  
“ three thousand a Year, and several Children, that  
“ were not all Boys, because there was several Girls  
“ amongst them.

“ **A**ND faith too, he was after drinking as good  
“ *Claret* as any Man in all *Ireland*, that he wash, tho'  
“ he was my Cousin-germain three Times removed  
“ by my Mother's shide.

“ **I**N the same County, my Dear, there was another  
“ Family of the *Macbrogue's*, that was a very antient  
“ Family as any in *Europe*; faith and they'll tell you  
“ too, that the oldest Family in *Europe* is not so Old  
“ as that Family. This Gentleman's Name was *Phelim*  
“ *Macbrogue*, and his Son was called *Phelim Macbrogue*  
“ after him; these two Families were nearly related,  
“ for upon my Conscience Mr. *O'Farrel* either married  
“ Mr. *Macbrogue's* Wife, or Mr. *Macbrogue* his, by  
“ which they became two Brothers.”

At this Miss *Lydia*, to whom the Discourse was  
addressed, laughing a little, the Captain said, he believ-  
ed the Lieutenant “ meant Sisters.”

“ **S**HISTERS,” says the Lieutenant, two Men be-  
“ come Shifters by marrying, the Devil burn me, Cap-  
“ tain, but no Man of the Nation makes a Bull lesser  
“ than myself; faith and they were two Brothers by  
“ marrying one another's Shifter.” This explained  
the Matter.

“ **Y**OUNG *Phelim* who was a Devil of a Fellow for  
“ a Wench (at which Words Mrs. *Rachael Stiffump*  
“ protested

“ protested she could not stay, if he used such Profaneness in his Conversation, well then let me alone for that”, (says the Lieutenant) he went to see his uncle *O’ Farrel*, and as the Father of *Phelim* was poorer than *O’ Farrel*, because he was not half so Rich, he intended to borrow a little Money of him, which the other lent him with all his Heart, faith and it was fifty Pounds.

“ Now while he was in his Uncle’s House, the Devil burn him for a Villain, he was resolved to debauch his own first Cousin, and he did it too, and I’ll tell you how, faith and I had forgotten he was then a Papist, as his Father was before him; then, Sir, he makes Love to his Cousin *Shally O’ Farrel*, a prettier Girl was not in all *Ireland*.

“ HER Face was as round as an Apple, and her Cheeks as ruddy as a Cherry; she was as handsome as the two Misses——

“ WHAT both of them says the Captain”.

“ AY upon my Shoul,” says the Lieutenant, handsomer than any three of them two, only she had her Hair a little inclining to the sandy; oh what Perlaiber did my Cousin *Phelim* make there, and he told her he was distracted for her sweet Person, and then he began to play with her Tetties, and then he swore he would kill himself for Love of her; and he called her his Honey, his pretty *Shally*, and his dear little Rogue, and cursed his Father so piously too because he was not dead, that he might marry her; and faith the poor Girl hearkened to his coaxing Speeches; and one Day in the Night he went all naked as he was born with his Shirt on to her Bed-side; where he pretended to tell her his Love-tales, faith and then he stole one Leg into Bed first, and then another after it, and so on with his Legs; and the poor Girl upon my Conscience was not willing to cry out and disturb the House, and so upon my Shoul the Villain got her with Child.”

AT which Words blessing herself, Mrs. *Rachael* retired into the State-room, leaving the Door open that she might hear in private, what her Presbyterian Hypocrisy would not suffer her to attend to in Public; and

and that the Company might hear her call upon the Name of the Lord.

"Now," continued Mr. *Macvalor* when the poor Wench perceived what was coming on, she was devilishly afraid that her Father would turn her out of Doors; her Mother was dead and therefore she did not care a Farthing for her; she cried arrah my dear Coshin *Phelim* will you marry me and shave me from Disgrashe, for if my Father should discover this Affair between ush two, he'll be after killing you, or at least running you thro' the Body.

"This the young Villain did not much like, so he tells her upon my Conscience, and I'll go first to my Father's, and then I'll come back and marry you; and there he coaxed her with a thousand sweet Words and Expressions till he should come; and now what do you think he did? Upon my Conscience he ran away to *France*, and left the poor Wench to be turned out of Doors and ruined upon the Streets in *Dublin*, for her Father would not bear the Sight of her.

"Faith and you'll be thinking this is bad enough too, but upon my Conscience and he never gave her a Farthing to eat, and so she was starving poor Creature all the Day long, and the poor Innohent Babe too; he left all two of them alone till the Child was grown up, and when her Father was dead he had a mind to come back to *England*, so says he to a young Gentleman of *England* who was upon his Travels in *Paris*, will you give me a Letter to your Mamma? That I would, says he, with all my Heart, but I shall be home myself a Week after you; well then give me the Letter for all that, says he, for upon my Shoul he has as much Himpudence as the best *Hirishman* of us all, and that's a bold Whord let me tell you.

"Well now, after he gets the Letter from the young Gentleman when he comes to *England*, the first Thing he did in *London* whas to go to her House in the Country, and there he stays upon my Shoul till he marries the Lady whether she would or no.

"At

" AT this Time I was myself in *London*, so my Wife sends me a Letter upon the Post to speak to him about my Cousin *Shally*; faith and I whaited upon him and the Servant thold me he whas not at Home, whell then says I, Friend give me a Chair and I will be after staying thill he comes Home.

" WHELL then, when I whould stay he whould be at Home too, and then I shees him presently. After Cheremonies were pasht, I says, Cousin *Pbelim*, there's Cousin *Shally O' Farrel* you know and the Child, faith and they are in very shad Plight, the Devil a Farthing have they in the World, will you be so good as to send them a small Parcel of Money (for I was determined to be shivil to him) to *Shally O' Farrel* and the Child? Says he, pray Sir, what do you mean by this to me? Who are you? *Pbelim Macvalor* ish my Name, and faith says I in a great Pashon too, I'll make your Body shine through the Sun, clapping my Hand upon my Sword; and whill you for a Rogue be after ruining the poor Girl for nothing at all, and let her starve to the Bargain: and faith, says I, she has cost me many Pounds clear Gains out of my Pocket, and sho upon my Shoul (for I never shwear) she shall have Satisfaction, and sho will I too.

" AT this faith he began to be a little shivil, why, Cousin, says he, I did not know who you were, nor your Character; will you dine with me to Day? And sho he promised to shend her some Money.

" AFTER this he put the Boy to School and never paid the Mashter, for he shaid he would give him a good Educashon; then he determined to make him a Docter, and sho he bound him Apprentish to a Pothecary and never paid the Fee to the Mashter; after this he shively lent him Money, took his Bond and put him in Jail, but some good Friends cleared him, then he would have kidnapped him, but was frustrated there too; whell then he puts him in Jail again, and when I whas gone he lets my Cousin *Shally* starve, and shends her no Money at all; and when the Priest told him of the heinous Shin he was committing, faith, says he, and I'll be no more a

" Catholic

“ Catholic to be plagued by these Rogues of Priests,  
 “ and so he determined to be of no Religion at all  
 “ and turned Protestant.

“ **W**HEN now, and after all this he shets up for  
 “ a Parliament Man, and offers himself to the M——r  
 “ for a Spy ; at first the M——r fearing he had turn-  
 “ ed his Religion to get a Plashe, was afraid that he  
 “ was not honest at the Bottom, till finding that he  
 “ had pawned his Conscience, drowned his Religion,  
 “ seduced his first Cousin, sheated his Uncle, imprison-  
 “ ed his own Son, and betrayed his Princess, he con-  
 “ cluded he would sell his Country too, and was a  
 “ fit Man for his Purpose, and so he was made one  
 “ of the Administration ; and faith and you’ll know  
 “ him in the House by the Noise and the Jokes, and  
 “ the Nonsense, and the Contempt which Men of  
 “ Sense show upon him.

“ **F**AITH and when I see him, he puts me in mind  
 “ by his Face too of my Father’s Dog *Tray*, who  
 “ used to suck Eggs ; he would come to my Father  
 “ after having committed his Action, and whiggle his  
 “ Tail and look shivil, because he knew he had done  
 “ Mischief well enough ; and so Cousin *Phelim* afraid  
 “ lest you should see the Rogue at the Bottom, looks  
 “ shivil and he fawns and bows, and yet you see the  
 “ Rogue too upon his Face ; and there’s the History  
 “ of my Cousin *Phelim*, who is made a great Man  
 “ because he deserves to be hanged ; and faith I shall  
 “ be after giving him another Lesson when I see  
 “ him in *England*, if he does not take care of his Son  
 “ and my Cousin *Shally*. And there ends my Story.”

AND here ends our Chapter, which if our Readers  
 are not content with, let them write a better them-  
 selves.

## C H A P. XI.

*Mrs. Rachael Stifftrump's Devotion grows very strong: some pious Reproofs of that Lady's. A Letter in the godly Style. A Spark of Love drops on Mr. Probit's Heart; with a Question of great Consequence to the Nation, whether a Boatswain or an Archbishop would be most listened to at Sea.*

**T**HIS Evening Mrs. Rachael made a most vehement, long, and loud Prayer, to deprecate the Vengeance of Heaven from falling on the Ship's Crew, because of the wicked and profane Discourse of Lieut. Macvalor: and in this Place we beg Leave to remark two Things in relation to Presbyterian Saintship; which are, that to very simple and innocent Stories and Expressions, the Saints whose Conversation is in Heaven, are extremely apt to affix very luscious Ideas; and that as certain Actions of no good Tendency are more in Danger of being discovered, they constantly attempt to conceal them with longer and louder Prayer and Devotion; and for this Reason as Mrs. Rachael's Dropsy increased, her Prayers became longer and louder, and every inoffensive Tale was converted into Bawdy by her godly Imagination.

"THE next Morning Mrs. Rachael most demurely desired the Captain not to permit such profane Conversation on board, lest the Heavens in Wrath should fall on them; for" says she "I tremble at the Thoughts of it." And she intreated Mr. Macvalor "not to offend his Creator by such Discourse, lest the angry Sea should swallow them up.

"THE Sea swallow us up!" says the Lieutenant, "faith and if Sailors are after being swallowed up for such Talk, there would not have been a Ship on the Sea these thousand Years past nor to come."

DURING this Time a Sailor spied a Sail coming towards them, when some one imagining that by its Course it might be bound for New York, the Captain said Mrs. Rachael might now have an opportunity of sending

ending a Letter to her Friends; she therefore retired to the Cabin to write the following Letter to Mr. *Maul-text*.

Dear and Reverend Sir,

**B**LESSED be the Name of the Lord for all his Mercies, oh how my Soul panteth like the Hart for the Brooks of Water after that spiritual Conversation, in which we have past whole Nights tasting the good Word of God! How do I lament that the Lord should have afflicted me with that cruel Disease, which has divided me from your Arms in a spiritual Sense! Never will my Heart forget the powerful Ways of your Soul-saving Goodness, thou Jewel of Jehovah; I have you always in my Eyes, and in my Bed I commune with my Heart on you privately. your Transactions are always before me. Oh that the Lord would put a speedy End to this Voyage, that my Soul might again return to the Conversation with which I have been so much delighted, and hang upon the Lips of my Teacher, which, as Solomon says, are as Gold-rings set with Beryl, or as bright as Ivory overset with Sapphires.

“Remember me in your constant Prayers, that the Lord will speedily send me a Cure to this Disease with which I labour. Oh with what longing Zeal do I wish to renew the spiritual Converse, which, as the Holy Isaiah has said, has been as the Dew unto Israel, blossomed like the Rose, and cast forth its Roots as Lebanon.

I am Reverend and dear Sir,

Your most affectionate Servant  
in the Lord,

RACHAEL STIFFRUMP.

THIS Letter was sealed and thrown on board the Ship, which was now near them and bound for *New York*.

NOTWITHSTANDING this pious Exhortation of Mrs. *Rachael's*, the Captain who was determined on a certain Transaction with Miss *Lydia*, desired the Lieutenant *Probit* to give some entertaining Story to the

the Company ; and here in this Place we beg Leave to declare, that this Lieutenant had conceived another kind of Passion than that of the Captain's for this lovely Maid ; he beheld her with infinite Tenderness, express'd every Thing which he spoke to her with that pathetic Politeness which attends a Heart in Love, and was fond of obliging her in all Things ; when the Wind blew a little hard he felt a Fear to which till then he had ever been a Stranger, this was created on her account ; such is the Nature of true Passion, to fear less for themselves than for those they love : Tho' he would have been lavish to Excess in this Attention to her, he did not behold without a jealous Eye the Civilities of the Captain, whose Design he suspected, and whose Disposition he was no Stranger to.

THESE Civilities of the Commander, tho' they gave Lieutenant *Probit* Pain, when he beheld them, yet it was still a greater Torment not to be in the Presence of this lovely Maid ; he therefore set about obliging the Company, meaning Miss *Lydia* with his Story.

AND here, lest our Readers should conceive that we have committed a Solecism, in not preferring the Chaplain to the Lieutenants, we beg they would first consider what Element our History is now floating upon ; and whether a Chaplain, who, the Song says, is a Trifle at Sea should be preferred to a Marine Officer ? Nay we verily believe, that in a Storm on the Ocean, such Difference is produced in Authority by change of Element, that the Words of a Boatswain would be more attended to, than those of an Archbishop ; and that all the Sails furled, and a snug Ship, would be conceived a better Preservative, than the best Sermon against the raging of the Winds and Waves.

THIS however, as we scorn to delude People, as many Historians have done, by recounting false Facts, or bring an Imputation on great Characters, as Bishop *Burnet* did on his Hero by hinting at a certain private Sin of his, which not being mentioned may pass in seven Heads, for the seven deadly Sins, or that against the Holy Ghost, we honestly declare is not founded in Experience but pure Speculation ; and therefore,  
 left



lest we should be condemned also with hurrying on our Readers too fast in our History, we here conclude this Chapter, on purpose to give them Time to consider and decide this important Proposition, whether an Archbishop or a Boatswain, would be most listened to on board a Man of War in a Storm.

## C H A P. XII.

*Lieutenant Probit's Story much approved of by Mrs. Rachael, who compares it to Sufanna and the two Elders, with several Similies, and no Similies to prove the Resemblance.*

THE Company being seated, Miss *Lydia* smiling requested Lieutenant *Probit* to begin his Story, and Mrs. *Rachael* requested that he would avoid all profane and impious Discourse, or that she must leave the Cabin, for she could not bear such Conversation as that of Lieutenant *Macvalor*.

LIEUTENANT *Probit* being pleased with Miss *Lydia's* Request, began in this Manner. "During the War I had the Misfortune to be taken Prisoner by the French, and whilst I was confined at St. *Malb's*, the following Story happened in the Neighbourhood; it appeared singular to every one, and therefore I took the Trouble to commit it to Writing, and, if you please, I'll read it to you; and I hope, Madam," says he to the young Lady, "it will prove no disagreeable Entertainment. This Miss *Lydia* approved of by a Smile of Innocence and Truth, in which the false Politeness of the World had no hypocritic Influence.

"NOT far from the City of *Rennes*, at a Castle in the Country, lived a noble Family whose Name was *De Carte*; the Gentleman and his Lady had a Daughter born that was placed at Nurse, and when the Time was come, at which they had determined to take the Infant home, she had, by some Accident, received a Fracture in the Thigh.

"The

“ The Messenger who was sent for the Child, had positive Orders not to return without her and the Nurse.

“ THIS terrible Circumstance threw the Woman into the greatest Difficulty, she dreaded the Consequence of the Discovery to the Parents; and therefore to conceal the Misfortune, and effectually secure herself from a Treatment which, she feared, and had Reason to apprehend, would be disagreeable to her, she took the hardy Resolution of substituting her own Child in the Place of the true one; and accordingly she carried it to the Seat of Monsieur *de Carte*, where it was received, bred up, and educated as his own.

“ WHETHER this Gentleman and Lady had no other Children, or whether no more survived, I know not; but certain it is, she was Heiress to their Estate, and as she grew up she proved beautiful in Person, delicate in Soul, of superior Understanding, and extremely loved by her supposed Parents: These Qualifications, together with the Fortune to which she appeared to be Heiress, soon brought her Admirers in Abundance.

“ AMONGST those, Monsieur *de Chateau Charon* was the happy Man destined to her Arms; and all Things being settled by the Parents on both Sides, those two Persons loving and beloved were blest in each other.

“ I SHOULD have told you, that the true Child being cured of that Accident which befel her, was bred up as the Daughter of the Nurse, and placed at a proper Age in a Convent; which Situation being never solicited to leave by her supposed Parents, she took the Veil upon her, and became lost to this World as a Nun.

“ THOSE Persons who had passed for her Parents, could feel none of those Tendernesses which tie us inexplicably to our own Offspring; those Yearnings which disquiet us with Anxiety, for every the minutest Thing relating to its Welfare, and which only spring from this Source, the Object being descended from ourselves.

“ GRATI-

" GRATITUDE indeed should have influenced them  
 " to a different Behaviour, in return for the exalted  
 " Situation and Advantage in which they saw their own  
 " Child placed; but I am apprehensive, that divine  
 " Requital never springs from the Reasonableness of  
 " the Thing, though the Appearance and Hypocrisy  
 " of it may; 'tis a Principal innate, like all our other  
 " Dispositions of the Soul; it arises from a softer  
 " Texture of Heart, and is in Fact an internal Sense  
 " which does not enter into the Composition of every  
 " Human Being; and whenever this Sense is deficient,  
 " there no Benefit conferred, however meritorious in  
 " itself, can make any Impression on the Mind of the  
 " Receiver.

" THUS it happened in the Formation of this Man  
 " and Woman, they were pleased to lose all Care of  
 " a Child, in whose Favour Nature never could speak,  
 " by secluding her from the World in a Life of Seve-  
 " rity, and irreproachable as it is religious, perhaps  
 " (such is the capricious Disposition of Mankind!)  
 " they regarded the Accident of the broken Thigh,  
 " as the Cause of their being deprived of their own  
 " Child, and without separating the Innocence in the  
 " Object from the Consequences it produced, be-  
 " came less sensible to what Fate she was destined.

" IT was remarkable, that Madame de *Chateau*  
 " *Charon* had always manifested a more than common  
 " Love for the Woman which nursed her, notwith-  
 " standing she was separated from her very young, a  
 " kind of filial Veneration, a Joy in pleasing her,  
 " that spoke itself in all her Actions; she was truly  
 " sensible to those emanating Rays, which pass sym-  
 " pathetic and invisible from Soul to Soul, in Pro-  
 " portion as the Fabric of it, is more or less delicately  
 " wrought.

" THE Woman also who nursed this Lady, her  
 " Mother indeed, feigned Ten thousand little Occa-  
 " sions to visit her Daughter, during the Time of her  
 " growing up. Ten thousand Times she came de-  
 " termined to claim her Child, which she loved ex-  
 " tremely, and as often the Fear, which with-held  
 " her from making the first Discovery, restrained

“ from her Resolutions: she felt that terrible State of  
 “ Suspense between two Passions, which is only short  
 “ of Despair, the Desire of possessing her Child, and  
 “ the Fear of the Consequence of it to herself and  
 “ Daughter.

“ SHE always wept over her at parting, kissed her,  
 “ took Leave, then instantly returned to embrace  
 “ and see her once more before she left the House,  
 “ and at last quitted her with great Regret, and never  
 “ enjoyed Tranquillity but in her Company. This  
 “ Behaviour was attributed by Monsieur and Madame  
 “ *de Carte*, to the uncommon Affection which this  
 “ Woman had conceived for their Child, and pro-  
 “ duced great Acknowledgments on their Part in  
 “ return.

“ THERE was no where to be seen a finer or a  
 “ fonder Couple, than Monsieur and Madame *de*  
 “ *Chateau Charon*, and no Pair ever promised more  
 “ mutual Happiness in each other than this. At  
 “ length arrives the fatal Day which threatens to de-  
 “ prive them of all Felicity and Peace.

“ AT the last Jubilee at *Rennes*, when all Catho-  
 “ licks are enjoined the Confession of their most secret  
 “ Sins, and the Concealment of any one of them is  
 “ conceived to be of a much more pernicious Confe-  
 “ quence at that Time, than of all others at another,  
 “ the Nurse, touched with Compassion by the heinous  
 “ Crime of having imposed a Child on the Family  
 “ of *de Carte*, and thoroughly conscious of her Fault  
 “ when it could only do Mischief, discloses the whole  
 “ Affair to Monsieur and Madame *de Carte*.

“ BUT who shall express the Condition in which  
 “ the Minds of this unhappy Pair were thrown by this  
 “ ill-timed Discovery, divided between Grief and  
 “ Rage; Grief for a Daughter tho’ living, lost to  
 “ them for ever within the relentless Walls of a Mo-  
 “ nastery; Rage against the Impostor, who had thus  
 “ terribly deceived them. And as Reason operates  
 “ but little in constraining the violent Agitations  
 “ which our Souls undergo in all sudden Transitions  
 “ from one excessive Passion to another, the hereto-  
 “ fore lovely and beloved Woman, whom they had  
 “ so

“ so tenderly educated and indulged, became the guiltless Object of their Hate, grew insufferable to their Eyes, and renounced from all farther Regard ; they even upbraided her with being conscious of the Deceit, tho’ an Infant when she first came back to their Arms ; such Excess will Passion drive People to in unguarded Moments.

“ BUT this is not the most deplorable Part of the Story, you Madam,” says he to Miss *Lydia*, interrupting his Reading, “ whose Soul resembles so perfectly this fair unhappy Woman, tho’ your Fate I hope will be extremely different, will easily conceive what Pangs, what Agonies she suffered, at the first being acquainted with this fatal Revelation ; for you know all Pains and all Pleasures are felt in Proportion to the Delicacy of those Minds which receive them. But alas ! how unequal the Partition and Force of those two Objects, Pleasure skin-deep and vagrant, Pain heart-felt and long lasting.” He then proceeded.

“ AT the first Intelligence which she received of this Catastrophe (for she knew it before her Husband) she retired from the Sight of him ; and tho’ the most severe and scrutinizing Eye could find nothing to reproach in her Conduct, (such is the Sensation of refined Minds) she felt so intimately and keen the Idea of Imposture, that nothing could prevail on her to see that Man she had ever so tenderly loved : She considered herself as fallen from his Esteem, and unworthy of his Arms, a guiltless Criminal, and felt that Dejection which is only less than Despair. The Husband at length being informed of the Story, sought his Wife with the greatest Anxiety, and when found, prest her to his Bosom in Tears and Rapture, vowing ten thousand Resolutions to be hers for ever undivided.

“ AT these Words lifting her drooping Head, like a Lily over-charged with Rain, whilst the Tears ran silent from her Blood-shot Eyes, she told him ’twas in vain ; that renounced and abandoned by those she had ever conceived to be her Parents, she must now remain only a Shame to him from the Inequality of  
 “ their

" their Birth; and that all the Fortune which must  
 " have devolved on her, had she been Heirefs of  
 " *de Carte*, must now descend to the other Branches  
 " of that Family: I am conscious, says she, that I  
 " must be acknowledged guiltless of all Concern in  
 " this Imposture, yet the Malice of the World will  
 " treat me as criminal; and even those little  
 " Qualifications of Person and Understanding, which  
 " you so partially admire in me, will now add to my  
 " Misfortunes, and create Envy and Contempt in the  
 " Breasts of my own Sex, whilst I continue united to  
 " you, which Passions will be converted into Tender-  
 " ness and Compassion, perhaps, when I am divided  
 " from your Arms, and no longer in any Sense their  
 " Rival.

" In vain he urged to her that Virtue alone was  
 " true Nobility; that all our Actions and our Merit  
 " must spring from that Source to be esteemed; and  
 " that the Regard paid to Blood was an Idolatry the  
 " worst founded of all others whatsoever; and lastly,  
 " that the Reflections of a malicious and satyric  
 " World should never influence his Heart or Behavi-  
 " our.

" BUT he urged in vain, no Reason could make the  
 " least Impression on her Resolutions; she plainly  
 " foresaw how different her Reception must be here-  
 " after, wherever she appeared; and tho' her Soul  
 " had as much Philosophy in it as any of her Sex,  
 " yet she dreaded the continual Pangs of Calumny  
 " and Mortification, who had been so cherished all  
 " the former Part of her Life. She thanked him with  
 " all imaginable Tenderness for his firm Love and  
 " Resolutions of continuing the same Passion for her,  
 " but she resolved never to be a Witness to that Shame  
 " she must bring upon him, from the Meanness of her  
 " Birth; she urged to him how unreasonable it was,  
 " that his Family should suffer in the Disappointment  
 " of her supposed Fortune, and in her Disgrace; and  
 " then shewing to him that the frigid Eye of Indif-  
 " ference was all she could expect from his Relations,  
 " and with that she must be ever unhappy, he was at  
 " last prevailed upon by her Entreaties, joined with  
 " those

“ those of his Father and Family, to sue for a Divorce  
 “ before the Parliament of *Rennes*. She determined  
 “ to separate from him immediately ; but who can  
 “ express that Affliction which each of them felt at the  
 “ Instant, when presenting him the only Fruit of  
 “ their Marriage-bed, she said go to thy Father’s  
 “ Arms, and prove a Life of greater Happiness than  
 “ mine ! Then choak’d with Tears, each parted  
 “ speechless from the other.

“ WHAT frantic Actions did not this poor unhappy  
 “ Man express ? He kissed the dear little Girl ten  
 “ thousand Times, and prest her to his Bosom ; vowed  
 “ to live for her alone, since her Mother was denied  
 “ him, and then determined to reclaim the dear Part-  
 “ ner of his Soul, in spite of all the Representations  
 “ of Friends and Parents.

“ THE Lady retired to the House of her Mother,  
 “ whom she never once upbraided for the first Deceit  
 “ nor last Discovery ; but manifesting great Affliction  
 “ for the Loss of *Mademoiselle de Carte* to her unhappy  
 “ Parents ; she determined to pass the Remains of Life  
 “ within the calm and solitary Cloister ; to find that  
 “ Tranquillity and Joy in the Arms of Religion, which  
 “ were denied her in those of her Husband ; and to  
 “ fly that World, which after having promised the  
 “ greatest Appearance of Happiness, had deserted her  
 “ Expectations so suddenly and unmerited.

“ DURING this Time Monsieur and Madame *de*  
 “ *Carte* recovering a little from the first Transports of  
 “ their Passions, expressed great Inclination to see their  
 “ real Child, which had taken the Veil upon her :  
 “ This single Incident produced what all the Persua-  
 “ sion and Wisdom of Mankind would never have  
 “ effected without it.

“ IT seems the Fracture had been but badly treated,  
 “ and the young Lady being lame, that Lameness  
 “ had created a Distortion in her Shape, nor was  
 “ her Physiognomy of the most captivating kind ; her  
 “ Parents, like all other Parents, had never conceived  
 “ she could be less amiable than the Lady they had  
 “ abandoned ; they had imagined to themselves, all  
 “ the Charms that Poets ever sung, or Painters ever  
 “ expressed,

“ expressed, united in the Person of this Daughter ;  
 “ external Grace and Beauty, internally adorned with  
 “ superior Understanding, sweet Disposition and ex-  
 “ quisite Sensibility ; in fact all that Exaggeration of  
 “ Charms, which is natural to the Mind of Man to  
 “ bestow on that which is lost or denied them.

“ BUT how sudden was the Change which this Man  
 “ and Woman proved in their Breasts, at the first  
 “ Sight of this Female so imperfect, compared to their  
 “ former imagined Daughter.

“ PRIDE got the better of all parental Prejudice  
 “ and Passion ; they disdained to be the Authors of  
 “ such a misshapen Offspring, and their Minds, re-  
 “ pulsed by this Deformity of their own Child, im-  
 “ proved by the Return of their former Affections for  
 “ Madame *de Chateau Charon*, revibrated towards the  
 “ first Object of their Love, with a Force proportioned  
 “ to that with which they had been driven the con-  
 “ trary Way.

“ THEY insisted that the Nurse was a Deceiver  
 “ only in the last Confession ; that Madame *de Chateau*  
 “ *Charon* was their Child ; that they would defend  
 “ her Marriage against every intended Divorce, her  
 “ Birth against all Attacks of Infamy, and that their  
 “ whole Fortune should devolve to her, their only  
 “ Heiress.

“ DURING this Time, the poor unhappy Husband,  
 “ who had been prevailed on by Arguments of the  
 “ Preference of Blood to that of Virtue, which so  
 “ totally intoxicates the Minds of the People of *France*,  
 “ and affects so little those of a *Briton*, was truly  
 “ disconsolate ; he frequented no Place nor Walks  
 “ but those, which he had frequently trod with his  
 “ lovely Partner, and often spoke to her as if she was  
 “ present, so much was his Imagination filled with  
 “ her Idea ; he saw no Company but the little Girl,  
 “ which she had given him, over which he wept in  
 “ silent Sorrow, and talking to her as if she could  
 “ understand his Expressions ; Mayest thou (says he)  
 “ resemble in Soul and Form the lovely Woman,  
 “ from whom you sprang, and whom those Eyes must  
 “ never more behold : Then sighing, he would press  
 “ her



“ her to his Lips, and giving her to her Servant,  
“ part from that Being which he loved to such a  
“ Degree, that it was become insupportable by its  
“ Excess.

“ In this State Things were when he was informed,  
“ that Monsieur and Madame *de Carte* had reclaimed  
“ his Wife, owned her as their Daughter, and were  
“ preparing to restore her to his Arms.

“ STRUCK with Astonishment at this Intelligence,  
“ it was happy for him that he did not absolutely  
“ believe it, the Bliss appeared so excessive that he  
“ could not give Credit to the Account, it was too  
“ much to be conceived true, a State which Minds  
“ often experience in Situations of excessive good  
“ News; this withheld his Soul in part from that  
“ Agitation, which it would otherwise have under-  
“ gone, and prepared him in a great Degree for the  
“ Reception of the promised Blessing, which without  
“ this Circumstance might have been fatal. But  
“ when she returned, how inexpressible was their  
“ mutual Transport.

“ He prest her to his Bosom, and she mutually ex-  
“ erted her Arms to the same Purpose; their Lips  
“ clung together; they gazed on each other for a  
“ Moment, then ran with Tears of Joy into each  
“ other's Arms again; that very Sensibility of Soul,  
“ which had made their former Misery, was now the  
“ Cause which exalted every Joy into Rapture. My  
“ Wife! he cried; my Husband she replied; mutu-  
“ ally embracing; Names at that Moment, after all  
“ Thoughts of that Nature had been given over,  
“ more tender and emphatic than the whole List of  
“ fond love-sick Phrases of *Arcadian* Nymphs and  
“ Swains.

“ He then fetched his little Girl, which seemed  
“ conscious of returning Happiness by the Smiles she  
“ wore upon her Face at this Moment, when placing  
“ it again into the Arms of that dear Woman which  
“ bore her, he said, his Eyes shining with Tears of  
“ Joy, return again to that Bosom from which I have  
“ long feared thou must have been for ever divided;  
“ learn of the best of Parents to become the best of

“ Women: Then kissing the weeping Mother, their  
 “ Hearts felt a Serenity and Joy which they had long  
 “ despaired of ever tasting.”

“ THIS, Ladies, is the Story which I then heard;  
 “ I wrote it whilst a Prisoner at *St. Malos* to amuse  
 “ my Mind in that Situation; particularly as the Event  
 “ was a Consolation to me, by shewing that the  
 “ cloudy Skies of Distress are frequently blown away  
 “ by the rising Gales of Prosperity.”

Miss *Lydia* spoke much in Favour of this Story, so did the Captain, and even Mrs. *Rachael* approved of it; she said there was a moral in it, and compared it with that in the Scriptures of *Susanna* and the two Elders, and which we dare to assert, it resembles as much as the *Royal Exchange* does the old *Roman* Temple of Virtue, tho’ not quite so like as the ——— is to a Den of Thieves, and yet *Westminster-Bridge* is not more like a Nutmeg-Grater, nor the Duke of \* \* \* \* \* less resembling the Cherubims and flaming Sword which turned every Way to guard the Tree of Life in the Garden of *Eden*; and here with these Similies, and no Similies, we conclude this Chapter.

### C H A P. XIII.

*Miss Fairchild feels a sort of something about her Heart, like the first Shiverings of an Ague-fit. A melancholy Accident befalls a China Bowl, and the Captain's Breeches. Macpherson's great Sagacity makes it's first Appearance in this Chapter. A general Laugh.*

**D**URING the Relation of this History, the attentive Ear of Miss *Fairchild* had given Entrance to something more than what it contained; the Breath of Love mixt with the Narration, had reached her Heart; the Strings of which, being in Unison with Mr. *Probit's*, re-echoed with reciprocal Sound and Sensation, and all this without knowing the Cause.

SHE

SHE therefore began to be less pleased in Company when he was not present, and often talked of him to Mrs. *Rachael* as a very agreeable Person, without once perceiving from what Motive this Desire took its rise; Mrs. *Rachael* herself agreeing that he was in truth a young Man of much sober Conversation.

THE next Day the Caaptain having kill'd a Sheep, ordered his Cook to make him a Soup; which being ready, a Sailor who was a handy Fellow on most Occasions, undertook to steer a Bowl of it into the Captain's Cabin; but as it happens to many a bold Undertaker, so it happened to him also, for as he was carrying the Bowl with much Circumspection, the Captain sitting facing the Cabin-door with an open Bosom, either by a sudden Sett of the Sea, or failing by too much Precaution, *Jack* tumbled forward, and threw the whole Bowl of Soup, Bowl and all, into the Captain's Bosom: the Bowl was broken by the Fall, but still the Sailor cried out, "Well saved, Captain," by —. "What is saved, you Dog," says the Captain, tho' not much scalded, yet not a little frightened, "The Soup," replied the Sailor.

It seems that Fluid had found its way into the Captain's Galligaskins, and did not yet appear upon the Floor, which made the Sailor conclude it was yet recoverable.

THIS Accident was concluded by Mrs. *Rachael* to be owing to the Captain's never demanding a Blessing on his Victuals; it was a Warning, she said, for his Sins; and though it was the Cause of much Laughter to some of the Company, it did not please the Captain at all; and the Rev. Parson *Pugh* did cry out, "Shame upon you, Shame upon you, you whas pretty Fellow intend to scald your Captain; faith, hur whas pelief the Captain whas not more whounded in all hur Wars, than by this Accidence, look you."

HOWEVER Doctor *Macpherson* examining the Parts, agreed there was no great Danger of Mortality. "For" says he, "I ken there's na mare than what Anatomists called the *Epidermis*, *Cuticula*, Scarf-skin, or the like of that, which has been impregnated with the igneous or fiery Particles in the hot Soup; these

" may possibly rise it into some sma Vesicles of Water  
 " by the Morn; but, says he, neither I or the College  
 " of *Edinburgh* shall take upon us to deceede that  
 " Thing, with too much Precipitation."

AND indeed no College of Physicians could have positively determined that the Bladders of Water would have succeeded this Accident; if they could, they must have foreseen what never did happen, which indeed has been not unfrequently the Case with many Prognosticators in their Pretensions.

THINGS being as well set to Rights as possible, the Captain pretended to laugh off the Affair, and Lieutenant *Macvalor* said, " Upon my Shoul, says he, " Captain, let him win that Laughs; and you have " it all in your Breeches." Which Speech producing a Laugh from the whole Company, we therefore conclude with a Laugh, to prove at least that we have written one merry Chapter.

#### C H A P. XIV.

*The Journal of a Saint on Earth introduced with Piety, and concluded with the true Reason of its being inserted.*

MRS. *Rachael Stiffump*, during the Voyage had most regularly kept a Diary; and as it has been universally allowed that the Accounts of what passes in the human Mind, written by those Persons in whose Bosoms the Thoughts took rise, are extremely edifying, we shall, to please those whose Conversation is in Heaven, set down what Mrs. *Rachael Stiffump* had written on the Ocean.

HOWEVER, in this we shall only give one Week's Account, because a Saint's Journal of a whole Life, like the Life of a *Bath* Lady, is all included in a Week; it resembles that of a Mill-horse treading eternally the same Round, or a Turn-spit Dog which whirls about the same Wheel during Life.

How-

HOWEVER, as many a profane Eye may perchance turn the following Lines into Ridicule, we desire those Readers, who trifle with their Salvation, to skip the Leaves which contain this Diary; and we hope that the Readers of pious Breathings, devout Thoughts, Meditations, Ejaculations, and other Writings of that heavenly Nature, will find much Consolation in this Part, which shews so perfectly the Workings and Sensations of a Soul, glorified in Saintship and true Piety, and it may be of great Use in reclaiming Sinners to Repentance, which we propose as the End of all our Works.

The JOURNAL of Mrs. *Rachael Stiffcrump* from, *New York to London*, on board the \* \* \* \* \* Man of War, the Honourable Captain *Charles Bounce* Commander.

" *Sunday, Sept. 4.* Very fervent in Prayer this  
 " Morning—called much on the Lord—with some  
 " Thoughts of Mr. *Maultext* in and out between—  
 " hope he remembers me, as I do him.—Made a good  
 " Breakfast.—Read several of the Reverend Mr. *Watts's*  
 " Hymns, about the Love of God—Much like the  
 " Love for Mr. *Maultext*, as that pious Divine has ex-  
 " prest it.—Sailors swear abominably on the Lord's  
 " Day—Oh Lord! how merciful art thou in thy  
 " Wrath.—Discourse with the Chaplain upon the  
 " Nature of Sin—little better than the rest, I fear,—  
 " not like Mr. *Maultext* all Godliness and Comfort.  
 " —Dine well, praised be the Name of the Lord.—  
 " Desire the Chaplain to read one of the Reverend  
 " Mr. *Mather's* Sermons—answers in Anger against  
 " that pious Man, because he is a Presbyterian—  
 " when will the Righteous be justified?—The *Irish*  
 " Lieutenant swears a Storm will be the Consequence  
 " of a Dissenter's Sermon read on board Ship—read  
 " it myself—the Spirit very powerful.—Oh that Mr.  
 " *Maultext* was here to join Conversation with mine.  
 " —Drink Tea—much refreshed, thank the Lord for  
 " all Things.—Much ungodly Conversation between  
 " the Captain and the Company.—Sup well.—Seek  
 " the Lord in Prayer.—Go to Bed.

" *Monday*

" *Monday* the 5th. Wake with Pain in my Bowels.  
 " —In great Apprehension.—Very fervent in Prayer  
 " that the Lord would not bring his Servant into Dis-  
 " grace before the Ungodly.—The Pain passes down-  
 " wards in Wind—Oh how wonderful are all thy  
 " Works, O Lord!—Much eased in Body and Mind.  
 " —Rise.—Make a good Breakfast.—Read more  
 " Hymns of Mr. *Watts* on the Love of God.—Can't  
 " keep Mr. *Maultext* from my Mind.—Pious Men,  
 " close join'd with Heaven in my Thoughts.—Boat-  
 " swain swears very profanely—Lord look down upon  
 " us—how are the Righteous and Ungodly mixt to-  
 " gether in this World.—Dine well on Fowls and  
 " Bacon—Oh, how bounteous art thou, O Lord in  
 " the great Deep!—The Captain proposes to offend  
 " the Lord by playing Cards—how may the Righteous  
 " suffer with the Wicked?—Think much of the Red  
 " Sea—the *Israelites* passing free, and *Pharaoh's* Host  
 " drown'd—will the Lord save these wicked People  
 " for my sake?—Miss *Lydia Fairchild* begins to be  
 " too much taken notice of by the Captain—the Ways  
 " of young Women very slippery.—Drink Tea—Sing  
 " a devout Hymn, because the Company sings pro-  
 " fane Songs.—*Cannassatego* laughs at me—the *Pagans*  
 " Enemies to Christ and his Flock.—Sup well.—Drink  
 " a Bottle of *Madeira* in the State-room privately, to  
 " refresh my poor Soul, worn down with the Company  
 " of the Ungodly.—Go to Bed.

" *Tuesday* the 6th. Slept well—Much visited in  
 " Dreams of pious Conversation with Mr. *Maultext*  
 " —Oh when will the Time of close and godly Con-  
 " ference arrive with that dear Man.—The Boatswain  
 " swears abominably because the Wind is not fair  
 " —Will the Lord hearken to the Prayers of his  
 " Servant?—Very fervent in Devotion.—Water  
 " smokey—Tea not good—nothing can go well amidst  
 " such profane Swearers.—The Chaplain does not  
 " like me, nor I him.—A small Curse on Presbyterians  
 " by the Captain.—Boatswain swears I am the Cause  
 " of a contrary Wind—Oh *Jonah* will thy Lot be  
 " mine?—Lord help thy Servant.—Dinner badly dress'd  
 " —Captain swears at the Cook.—The *Scotch* Sur-  
 " geon

“ geon and I discover each other to be Presbyterians  
 “ —a Man of great Knowledge—wants to consult  
 “ with me and examine my Dropsy—proposes Tapping  
 “ —don’t like that Conversation—unhappy Malady!—  
 “ Tea bad—Supper worse—take another Bottle of  
 “ *Madeira* in spiritual Comfort.—Go to Bed in great  
 “ Discontent.—In no great Humour to seek the  
 “ Lord.

“ *Wednesday* the 7th. Waked at one o’Clock in a  
 “ Storm—Very sick in Body—afraid lest this Sick-  
 “ ness should discover my Disease.—Very powerful  
 “ in Prayer to no Purpose—the Wind blows dread-  
 “ fully—cry out with the Prophet *Nabum*, *who can*  
 “ *abide the Fierceness of his Anger? his Fury is*  
 “ *poured out like Fire, and the Rocks are thrown down*  
 “ *before him.*—Lord, wilt thou now desert thy Servant,  
 “ and make her a laughing Stock and a Scorn to the  
 “ Wicked?—No Breakfast.—In dreadful Apprehen-  
 “ sions on account of my Dropsy—Oh Mr. *Maultext*,  
 “ oh;—The Captain, Lieutenants, Chaplain, Boat-  
 “ swain, Gunner, and the whole Crew, damn me for  
 “ this Storm—does the Wrath of Man work the Right-  
 “ teousness of God?—No Friend on board but the  
 “ Doctor—O Lord! how is thy Servant fallen?—  
 “ No Dinner.—Wind abates—blessed be the Name  
 “ of the Lord.—Moderate Weather.—Drink Tea.—  
 “ Wind fair—all is quiet.—Expostulate with the  
 “ Captain, he damns me softly to himself.—Blessed  
 “ be the Name of the Lord for ever and ever.—Sing  
 “ one of Mr. *Watts’s* Hymns in secret.—Great Joy at  
 “ this Delivery,—Sup well.—Go to Bed.

“ *Thursday* the 8th. Frightened at a Cat in the  
 “ Cabin—curs’d Vermin which awakened me from  
 “ dreaming of Mr. *Maultext*.—A fair Wind—Heaven  
 “ continue it.—I fear for my Dropsy.—Rise.—Very  
 “ powerful in Prayer, loud and long—the Company  
 “ laughs—pray the longer—insert a small Petition for  
 “ them also—pleas’d with calling them the Out-cast  
 “ of the Lord.—A good Breakfast—and much Con-  
 “ versation with the Doctor, who wants to feel the  
 “ Water in my Belly—can’t grant that—Ah! Mr.  
 “ *Maultext*, what have I suffered on your Account—

“ no

“ no repining—Dinner good—Miss *Fairchild* con-  
 verses much with the *Pagan Indian*—perhaps no  
 better than he—how is the Vanity of out-side  
 Comeliness polluted with a filthy Soul?—blessed be  
 the Lord for that Grace which he has shower'd on  
 his poor unworthy Servant.—Read one of *Mather's*  
 Sermons—a pious Man, yet not like Mr. *Maultext*.  
 “ —Delight much in Dr. *Watt's* Hymns on the Love  
 of Christ, brings Mr. *Maultext* to my Mind.—Drink  
 Tea.—The Captain loud and profane—asks me if  
 I have my Maidenhead—does he suspect thy Servant,  
 Oh Lord—do thou conceal the Sins of thy Servant  
 for thy Mercies sake—very uneasy in Mind—sup  
 little—go to Bed.

“ *Friday* the 9th. Miss *Lydia* up.—Doctor *Mac-*  
*pherson* comes to the Bed-side—desires to feel the  
 Waters in my Belly—suspect the Captain sent him  
 —the Doctor reasons much on the Nature of a  
 Dropsy—tell him that is not my Case—he is prevailed  
 to go away—eat my Breakfast with no Appetite—  
 afraid of being discovered—look too well for a Person  
 in a Dropsy—seek the Lord in Prayer—still uneasy ;  
 fear they intend to expose me ; but wherefore should  
 I fear when Wickedness compasseth me about at  
 my Heels—walk a little on Deck—stoop more for-  
 ward than usual—oh that the Voyage was past in  
 the Lord's Name—eat but little—the Doctor asks  
 me if I'm worse than ordinary—no Smile on the  
 Faces of the Company—hope all is well—read a  
 Sermon—sing a Hymn whilst the Company passes  
 their ungodly Time in serving Satan at Cards—  
 Miss *Lydia* laughs, as if Cards were not the De-  
 vil's Books—oh Satan how powerful is thy Hold in  
 frail Hearts—drink Tea—sup well—go to  
 Bed.

“ *Saturday* the 10th. Waked by a Dream that my  
 Dropsy was discovered—sometime in recovering—  
 glad to find it a Dream—thank the Lord most pow-  
 erfully in Prayer for this Goodness—sigh at the  
 Thoughts of Mr. *Maultext*—find great Comfort in Mr.  
*Watt's* Hymns—repeat one softly on the Love of Christ  
 —rise—breakfast well—read Mr. *Mather's* Sermons  
 “ —move



“—move little thro’ Fear—dine well—retire to the  
 “State-room whilst the Wickedness of Card-playing  
 “goes on—very fervent in Prayer—the *Irish*  
 “Lieutenant desires me to give one Stroke more for  
 “him,—these are his Words—Oh how blasphemous  
 “is the Tongue of Man—drink Tea—sup  
 “well—go to Bed after a very long and very powerful  
 “seeking the Lord in Prayer.”

In this manner the whole Diary was written, filled with the true Ideas of a Saint on Earth amongst the Presbyterians, and we have placed it here, lest in a Voyage of this Length, it might appear as it does in that of a great Commander round the World, whose Historian was so attentive to praise his Hero, that he has forgotten his God ; and thro’ the whole Account ascribed the Effects of that which his Creator could only perform, to the Praise of him that had not been at all the Author of it.

WHICH Thing lest it might appear as impious in us as in him, we have here inserted the Journal of Mrs. *Rachael Stiffump*, to prove that the Lord was not forgotten in this Voyage by those who performed, or those who have written it ; and here we close this Chapter.

## C H A P. XV.

*Introduced by a most magnificent Simile, which is followed by a very learned Debate, which drives two different Stories out of two very indifferent Heads.*

HAVING thus given to our pious Readers the edifying Journal of Mrs. *Rachael Stiffump*, we now proceed to entertain those of a less spiritual Taste in writing, and introduce a Story from the remaining Part of the Company ; and here we confess it gives us much Affliction, that the Nature of Man appears to be so depraved, that we almost fear this pious Episode may be looked upon as something needing

ing an Apology for its Insertion, in these Days of Iniquity.

WE left off, if we remember right, with the Story of Lieutenant *Probit*; and here, tho' Things seemed going on with the utmost Harmony and Good-nature, every one having cough'd and hem'd, blow'd their Noses, and settled themselves to listen to the next Story, a sudden Stop was put to the Proceeding.

So have we seen at some celebrated Concert in *Dean-street*, when all was hush'd as Death, attending some sweet Solo from the skilful Hand of *Digardino*, or other great Master on the Violin, a sudden Snap of one String has instantly suspended the Performance, the Audience was disappointed, and the Fidler, frightened by the Flirt in his Face, was obliged to reinstate his Courage and his maimed Violin with a new Cat-gut; when with string-string—strang-strang—strong-strong—strung-strung, three or four times over, having again put his Instrument in Tune, he seized the Multitude as *English* Mastiffs do wild Boars, by the Ears, and proceeded.

In like manner at the Moment Parson *Pugh* the Chaplain was going to begin his Story, Surgeon *Macpherson*, by a sudden rising up, interrupted him in his Narration.

“ Captain,” says the Surgeon, “ in a’ the Authors  
 “ I have read upon this Subject, I ne’er ken’d that  
 “ the Kirk has taken Precedence of Medicine; and I  
 “ ca’ to Meend, Sir, that Mr. *Maclaurin* on his Treatise  
 “ on Fluxions in a Chapter purposely upon that  
 “ Heed, has deceeded the Case in Preference of Medicine;  
 “ besides Sir, I ken that in a’ Companies ye  
 “ have never heard, the three Professions, otherwise  
 “ pronounced than in this Manner, Law, Physic, and  
 “ Divinity; therefore, as I shall answer, Sir, I can na’  
 “ gie up my Right of Preference as a Physician, to a  
 “ Student in Divinity, and therefore, Sir, I shall take  
 “ the Liberty of beginning my Story.” At these  
 “ Words, the Parson *Pugh* who was a little cholerick by  
 “ Nature, and from the Leek-diet of his Youth, rose  
 “ up, and began, “ Faith, Captain, this wha’ prave  
 “ toings inteed, look you, what is a Surchon that is  
 “ no

“ no more than a Curer of Podies, to tell his Story,  
 “ look you, pefore a Curer of Souls ? his not the Soul  
 “ petter has the Pody, and his not the Soul-Toctor  
 “ petter has the Pody-Toctor ? Codamochee hur tid  
 “ nefer hear fuch Takings in hur Life.

“ If you whas a Captain or a Liffenant, Mr. *Mac-*  
 “ *pherson*, who toes not mind Soul or Pody, hur would  
 “ nock hunder, but as the Soul whas petter as the  
 “ Pody, fo the Soul-Toctor whas pefore as the Pody-  
 “ Toctor. Oh fy for Shame upon you, Mr. *Macpherson*,  
 “ whas not the Church petter has a Polus, and  
 “ Piple petter as the Trifpensatory ? Indeed hur whas  
 “ not hufed tq pe ferfed fo, inteed hur will take hur  
 “ Preheminece.

THIS the Divine pronounced with a Tone of Voice,  
 which favoured much lefs of Non-refiftance, than the  
 Words of a Quaker whose Confcience is unprovoked ;  
 and probably the Arm of Flefh would have fupported  
 that of the Spirit, the Parfon being fully as well quali-  
 fied to enforce his Arguments by his Hands, as by his  
 Eloquence and Underftanding ; indeed he was of the  
 Church-militant, which never leaves the Deck in the  
 Day of Battle to pafs away the Time in Prayer below ;  
 in fact, in all Engagements, the Parfon being bred to  
 killing Game as well as Preaching, and probably a  
 much better Marksman in the firft than the laft, had  
 never quitted the Deck but exercifed his Talent of  
 fhooting by killing his Enemies, to keep his Hand in on  
 the Ocean, againft the Time of his landing to kill  
 Growfe and Woodcocks.

THIS Difpute, however, would probably have ran  
 very high, the Captain tho’ no lover of Fighting him-  
 felf, being very defirous of looking on in Battles by  
 other People ; had not Lieutenant *Probit* decided the  
 Affair, by obferving, that he apprehended this Diffe-  
 rence of Opinion in thefe two Gentlemen, arofe from  
 their different Education ; that the Doctor being bred  
 in *Scotland* where the Church had preferved no Digi-  
 nities belonging to it, muft naturally conclude that the  
 Profeflion of Phyfic ought to precede Divinity ; but  
 that an *Englifhman* or *Welchman* being educated where  
 Honors are ftill belonging to the Church, the Bifhops  
 fitting

sitting in the House of Lords, must of Consequence conceive Divinity above Physic, as it really was in *England*, and therefore the Chaplain ought to have the Preference in this Case.

THE Doctor notwithstanding this, did not readily give up, he talked much upon the Nature of the Union, with Quotations of many Authors Names who never wrote on the Subject, insisting that each Part of *Britain* had an equal Right to their Customs, not forgetting some sarcastic Strokes on the *Welsh* and *St. David*, which the Parson returned with equal Wrath on *Scotland* and *St. Andrew*; neither of them however daring to mention the Itch as an Opprobrium to the other in the whole Dispute. In this imitating Rivals in a contested Return of an Election, who agree to leave out all mention of Bribery, because it belongs equally to each Side.

At length it was decided in favour of the Divine, and the Captain desiring Parson *Pugh* to begin his Story, the Chaplain had so warmed his *Welsh* Blood, that he could not recollect one Word of what he intended to relate, when being in great Wrath, he cried out to the Surgeon, "Codamochee you have spoilt hur Story, tell hur hown in the Naame of Cod, and pe hanged, look you." But alas! such is the Fate of Things, what had dissipated one had dissipated the other Story, so that neither of them being able to proceed, we are obliged to conclude this Chapter for want of Materials, with saying only, that all the other Company laughed excessively at the Accident.

## C H A P. XVI.

*The melancholy Story of Parson Pugh most melancholily related; with a melancholy Song sung with no less melancholy a Tune.*

THE next Evening the Company being seated, the Chaplain was desired to relate his Story; which he did in the following Manner.

“ IN *South Wales*, hur will not tell you the County, pecaufe hur whill not pring Disgrace upon the Families of the Shentilmen, nor pe guilty of Indifcrefhons, look you; there whas two Families as anshent as any in all *South Wales*, which whas a creat teal to say let me tell you; whan was Squire Price of *Llanvhangel*, and the other Squire Lewis of *Llantrifent*, whan whas a tam'd Whig, and the other whas creat Tory.

“ You will pelieve there whas no cood Flood petween this two Shentilmen, faith they did maak creat Oppofishons; whan tid say whan whas a Rogue, and the other tid say the other whas a Rogue, so that no whan tid know which to pelieve look you, nor which whas Rogue, nor which whas not; put there whas creat Cholers, and creat Heart purnings, and creat Indignashons and Quarrels too, against whan another.

“ SQUIRE Price who whas a Tory I tid say, notwithstanding all this hat whan Son, who whas as prafe a young Shentilman as Heart shall wish to see; he was a prave Scholar and very comely in his Person; he hat fery coot Looks, and whas whell mate, and has pold as a Lyon.

“ SQUIRE Lewis who whas a Whig, nefeurtherless faith hat a prafe Tater has ever Heyes did pehold; she whas as hantfomes as *Fenus*, her Heyes did shine like——like——I cannot tell what, they did shine, like, oh 'thwas Timonds, faith her Heyes tid shine like Timonds; hur Cheeks whas has ret has the Rose ——not the White-rose, but the Ret-rose, and hur  
“ Skin

" Skin has white has the Heat of a Leek ; her Cheeks  
 " too whas full of Timples like the Whirlpools in the  
 " River *Tivy*, and she tid smile ant smile like——like  
 " ——Codamochee, she dit smile like a Meadow full  
 " with Primroses, ant Taifies, and Cowslips to poot,  
 " ant she tid sinell has sweet, look you.

" Now faith young Squire *Tavy Price*, tho' his  
 " Father whas a Tefil of a Tory, tid fall in Love with  
 " Miss *Winnifred Lewis*, tho' hur Father whas the  
 " Tefil of a Whig ; Lof is of no Party I to peliefe so,  
 " hur cannot say, I to think so, hur will not sware  
 " to hit inteed, put I peliefe that Lof whas of no  
 " Party.

" *THIS* young Shentilman, as I tid say, tid cast his  
 " Affections upon Miss *Whinny Lewis*, and whas  
 " tredfully smitten inteed with Lof of her fair Person,  
 " and Miss *Whinny* whas has creatly in Lof with  
 " Squire *Tavy Price* ; cot pless her there was sat toings  
 " inteed, and the two Fathers, tho' they whas two  
 " Neighbours not two Miles asunter, (inteed it whas  
 " *Welch* Miles pretty long Miles, but not more has two  
 " *Welch* Miles) tid hate one tother has two Tiffes,  
 " has much has hif they hat peen twenty Miles asunter,  
 " look you.

" *FAITH* I tid pity the poor young Shentilman, he  
 " tid thell me his Woes and his Misfortunes, ant his  
 " Criefs, ant his Calamities, ant his Lofes, ant he tid  
 " say, Parson *Pugb* I shall preak my Heart, I shall  
 " preak my Heart for the Lof of Miss *Whinny Lewis* ;  
 " and faith I tid give him Consolashons and tid preach  
 " Pashence, and repeat the Scriptures, and thell him  
 " of *Jope*, and all whas whan, he tid still teclare he  
 " should tie for Miss *Whinny Lewis*.

" *THEN* I tid learn that the poor young Laty whas  
 " in creat Tiffress for Squire *Tavy Price*, and the  
 " Ret-rose whas con, ant her Cheeks was has pale  
 " has the Leek, ant she tid pine by the Prook ant  
 " sing Madrigals and Melancholies, ant pine ant pine,  
 " and whas in fery fat takings look you, inteed:

" *AN*, says I, Squire *Tavy Price*, this Lof is the  
 " Tefil, for hur whas whilling to comfort him ; hur  
 " was atwise you to trafel to *Lonton* and to see *Tiver-*

" shons,

" shons, and shows, and Stage-plays, to cure you<sup>r</sup>  
 " Melancholies and Fagaries; put it whas all whan,  
 " wherever he tid co Lof tid co with him, and Miss  
 " *Whinny Lewis* whas efer present py Night ant py  
 " Tay, alone ant in Company, in Sickness ant in  
 " Health, so he tid come pack has he went out, most  
 " treadfully in Lof.

" PUT I hat forcot to tell you, that turing this  
 " Time they did write Lof-letters to one another;  
 " young Squire *Tavy Price* to Miss *Whinny Lewis*,  
 " ant Miss *Whinny Lewis* to young *Tavy*.

" ANT when young *Tavy Price* tid receive a Let-  
 " ter, O Codamochee, how he tid kifs her sweet  
 " Naame, ant there he tid reat it, and reat it, ant  
 " reat it all the Day long, a Cod hur whas nefer satis-  
 " fied in reating it, and then he would kifs it acain;  
 " faith hur tid nefer see the like, and I tid say fy for  
 " Shame, Squire *Tavy*, aye faith you play Poys Tricks  
 " in Cot's Name, what the Tefel is in you; but he tid  
 " play the same Tricks and write Lof-letters to her  
 " all the tay long.

" BUT Letters was slender tiet for two Losers, there  
 " whas Kisses and Presses, ant empraces, ant Confer-  
 " sations, ant squeezes, which was more substantial  
 " Tiet".

AT these Words Mrs. *Rachael* desired the Parson  
 to remember the Scriptures, and have a Watch upon  
 his Lips.

" A WATCH upon hur Lips and remember the Scrip-  
 " tures! whas fine takings inteed; who shall teach  
 " hur the Scriptures! E Cot hur whill tefy the best  
 " Teachers of them all to teach hur the Scriptures,  
 " and hur whill teach them, aye Faith, to the Bar-  
 " gain".

THIS Dispute was stopt by Miss *Lydia* and the Cap-  
 tain, and the Parson desired to proceed.

" AYE, says the Divine, where whas hur, oh at  
 " Kisses and Presses, ant Empraces, and Confer-  
 " sations, and squeezes, which whas more substantial Tiet."

AT these Words Mrs. *Rachael* retired to the State-room  
 repeating several Scripture Phrases, and calling loudly  
 on the Name of the Lord.

" THEY

“ THEY tid therefore,” says Parson *Pugh*, “ feel  
 “ great Cravings to pe in each others Company ; there  
 “ whas luckily or unluckily, I cannot say which to call  
 “ it, lucky at that Time, ant unlucky since I think, a  
 “ Woot in the Neighpoorhoo ; I hat forcot to tell  
 “ you they whas both fery young, he whas Eighteen  
 “ and she whas Seventeen, so they could not marry ;  
 “ whell then in this Woot they tid meet together,  
 “ their Parents tid know nothing of it, it whas at a  
 “ poor *Welchman's* House, Cot knows he tid think no  
 “ Harm of the Matter.

“ OH dammochee, Name o Cot if you tid pehold  
 “ how tenter they tid look, and kifs, and hug ; Squire  
 “ *Tavy* tid call her his dear *Whinny*, his lovely *Shewell*,  
 “ his sweet *Sharmer*, and he did swear he should tie if  
 “ he did not marry her, ant the poor Soul tid look as if  
 “ she woult say the same Thing and tie too, put her  
 “ Plushes ant her Modesties woult not let her speak ;  
 “ faith it tid my Heart cood to pehold such faithful  
 “ Losers, it whas a blessed Sight look you, ant I tid  
 “ say, whell Cot pless you, Cot pless you, whas make  
 “ a happy Couple ; and Cot forgive me I tid wish  
 “ in secret, I tid not say it inteed, that their Parents  
 “ whas tead that they might come together they tid  
 “ lof so heartily, for hur whas present at the Meet-  
 “ ing.

“ AN Parson *Pugh*, says Squire *Tavy* sighing, sighing,  
 “ ant looking so wishfully upon Miss *Whinny*, I wish  
 “ you could marry hus two ; ant faith she tid look  
 “ as if she tid wish so too. Faith Squire hur wish so  
 “ too, says I, put it is the Tefil to pe transported as  
 “ a wicked Felon, for marrying two honest losing  
 “ People ; in the Name of the Lort hur cannot do  
 “ that look you, there is hur Wife and hur Shildrens,  
 “ faith hur cannot do that.

“ WHELL then it tid signify nothing for young  
 “ Squire *Price* to speak to old Squire *Price* apout the  
 “ Marrich ; the Elechons whas coming hon, ant the  
 “ two Fathers tid oppose whan tother hall the Tay  
 “ long like two Tefils ; and Squire *Price* tid fware  
 “ that Squire *Lewis* whas a tainn'd whig Rogue, and  
 “ woult ruin his Country ; and Squire *Lewis* did fware  
 “ that



“ that Squire *Price* whas a tamn’d Jacopite Rogue  
 “ and woult ruin his Country ; for the Whigs to call  
 “ all Tories Jacopites to make them otious in the  
 “ Worlt, which is a creat Lie, that I to know myself,  
 “ look you.

“ At last as the Tefil would have hit, their Meet-  
 “ ing whas tiscofered, oh cha vee what tam’d Tistur-  
 “ pances this tid maak ; old Squire *Lewis* tid sware  
 “ that he woult kill his Taughter, if she tid keep  
 “ Company with young Squire *Price* ; ant old Squire  
 “ *Price* tid sware that if young Squire *Price* tid marry  
 “ *Whinny Lewis*, when he whas of Age, he woult  
 “ kill him if there was nefer a Rogue more in the  
 “ Worlt ; but he tid perswate him to tepautch her  
 “ if he coult, for says he, that will pring the Family  
 “ into Tisgrace, ant I shoult pe glad to see the olt  
 “ Rogue in Tisgrace ; oh it was Shame upon him,  
 “ Shame upon him, inteed it whas wicked Atvice from  
 “ a Father to his Son.

“ THIS Conferfation tid pierce the very Heart of  
 “ the young Squire, he could not apide his Father  
 “ for thinking so fillainoufly of him, and that Mifs  
 “ *Whinny* was capable of peing depaunched, for Lof  
 “ is a fertuous Passion ; and he that woult trife Lof  
 “ out of the Worlt, woult trife Firtue out of the  
 “ Worlt, let me tell you.

“ O cha vee, nothing whas so wretched has these  
 “ two Losers ; young Squire *Price* tid weep and  
 “ whail and peat his poor Preadt and lament, and  
 “ cried, oh Parson *Pugh*, Parson *Pugh*, hur whas  
 “ untone, hur whas untone ; I tid say, Name o’ Cot  
 “ ’twas no such matter, taak Courage, Man, taak  
 “ Courage ; put all whas still the same, he cried hur  
 “ whas untone.

“ To maak short Story of it, Mifs *Whinny* too  
 “ whas tredfully tistressed ; she tid lament in prifate,  
 “ and the Ret-rose in her Sheek whas as pale has a  
 “ Leek, ant her Heyes whas has heavy as Leat, ant  
 “ she tid pine, pine, pine, like a sick Turkey ; ant  
 “ she tid frequent the Croves ant purling Streams,  
 “ and whas has solitary and has melancholy, has  
 “ an olt Cat on a rainy Tay ; ant she tid sigh, ant  
 “ sigh.

“ Nails from each Shoe before, py means of which  
 “ hur whas shure that this Horse woul loofe his Shoe  
 “ in a fery little Time also.

“ So you see py this how Providence toes help true  
 “ Losers, and that Honesty is always on Loser's Site,  
 “ as you may peholt in this Instance ; put as there  
 “ whas a tam'd Place callt *Trecastle* on the Mountains  
 “ where Shoes coul't pe put on, ant has the Smith  
 “ at *Llandofery*, coul't not write, e Cot he tid run to  
 “ Mr. *Morgan* the Attorney at *Llandofery*, as honest  
 “ a Man has efer whas porn, ant tesire him to write  
 “ a Letter to his Cofin *Price* the Smith at *Trecastle*,  
 “ ant inform him of the Matter ; this Mrs. *Morgan* was  
 “ clad to do ; and the Smith tesired the Serfant after  
 “ kising him a Mug of Ale, to teliver the Letter at  
 “ *Trecastle* which he promised to do,

“ The Horses peing reaty, ant the two Squires  
 “ having trank a Pottle of Whine at the new plack  
 “ Pear they tid mount again, put has Mr. *Price* hin-  
 “ tented so it came to pals ; whan Horse whas lame,  
 “ and whan Horse lost hur two Shoes in less than two  
 “ Miles. Cot dammochee how the Squires tid sware  
 “ acain, and curse poor honest *Price* to the Tefil ;  
 “ To maak short Story of hit, the Letter peing kisen  
 “ py the Serfant who whas sent before, Mr. *Price*  
 “ of *Trecastle* whas tetermined to pehave like Mr.  
 “ *Price* of *Llandofery*, and not shame hur Relashonship  
 “ for filthy Lucre, look you. The Squires peing ar-  
 “ rived, the first thing they whas to, whas to curse  
 “ Mr. *Price* of *Llandofery* for a tam'd Rogue, upon  
 “ which Mr. *Price* of *Trecastle* tid say, py Cot *Price*  
 “ of *Llandofery* his my near Relashon, look you, ant  
 “ has honest a Man has efer whas porn in South  
 “ *Whales*, ant I to say efery Whig in *England* ought  
 “ to pe hangt who tid say hur whas a Rogue ; and  
 “ faith, says he, I to not care who toes hear me, ant  
 “ py Cot says he, hur wont shoe the Horse of any  
 “ Man who tid apuse hur Cofin *Price*. This whas a  
 “ most terrible Stroke inteed upon the two Squires,  
 “ look you, ant he would not shoe their Horses for  
 “ all they coul't say ; *Price* whas rich and tid not  
 “ salue any Squire of them all. He hat coot Ten

“ Pounds

" Pounds a Yeat in coot Lant, so faith the two  
 " Squires whas oplied to co on fery lamely to *Precon*,  
 " ant has they went on put slowly hur will leaf them  
 " to step pefore, and tell you what has pecome of  
 " Mifs *Whinny* and young Squire *Price*.

" THIS losing Couple whas meet no Accident  
 " from *Llandrisbent* to *Precon*, Lof, to maak all  
 " Things as heasy as possible, hat triven Mischief out  
 " of the Road, but coult not present Mifs *Whinny* from  
 " peing teribly tirred when she arrised at *Precon*;  
 " so they tid alight at the Sign of the colten Lyon,  
 " which was kept py as honest, civil Man has his in  
 " all *Wales*.

" So Squire *Price* tid teclare the whole Story to  
 " *Jack Harper*, ant *Harper* tid say, I whas serf you  
 " with my whole Life, to be sure Squire *Lewis* whill  
 " pursue you; ay says Squire *Price* that his my Fear;  
 " so *Harper* tid say, I will serf you, mint what I say,  
 " I will serf you; ant Mifs *Whinny* tid lie town a  
 " little on the Ped. Now this whas the very Tay  
 " they tid chuse Knights of the Share for *Precon*,  
 " ant Squire *Lewis* hat a little Estate in *Preconshare*.  
 " ant hat resigned to pe there to fote for Squire \* \* \*  
 " put he tid not think to come on this Occasion.

" Now *Jack Harper* whas whilling to serf young  
 " Squire *Tavy Price*, ant his Frient whas put up for  
 " Knight of the Share at the same time, look you, so he  
 " tid co to whan of the opposite Party in the Market-  
 " place, and tid tell him, laughing at the Party, that  
 " young Squire *Price* whas run away with Mifs *Whinny*  
 " *Lewis*, ant hat left his House two Hours a co for  
 " the *Hay* to co the Roat to *Lonton*; and to pe sure  
 " the old Squire whas follow them, and e Cot says lie,  
 " you cannot keep hur to fote for you, hur will follow  
 " hur Taughter to pe sure.

" THIS the Man who whas tolt this News tid pe-  
 " liefe, so he tid co upon the Pridge to stop Squire  
 " *Lewis*, ant to make hur stay to fote for Squire  
 " \* \* \* \* \*. In a little Time the two Squires, and  
 " their lame Horses tid arise at the Pridge, ant so  
 " *Tavy Shones* (that whas the Name of the Man) tid  
 " tell what *Harper* tid say to hur, which instead of

" stopping Squire *Lewis* to fote, he ant Squire *Morgan*  
 " tid taak *Welsh* Post-horfes, and callop like the  
 " Tefel to the *Hay*; so *Harper* tid safe a Fote againft  
 " Squire \* \* \* \* ant ferfe his Frient young  
 " Squire *Price* at the fame time; ant hur will pe  
 " pold to fay, that there is no petter Houfe, nor  
 " cifiler Ufage in all *England*, than at the Colten-Lion  
 " at *Precon*.

" Miss *Whinny* peing refresh'd, ſhe tid mount acain,  
 " and they tid proceed together, young Squire *Price*  
 " and his Serfant for *Abbergavenny*, not thinking them-  
 " ſelves ſafe till they was cot into *England*; at *Ab-*  
 " *bergavenny* they tid ſtop fery little while at the  
 " Sign of the *Anchel* where *Samuel Saunders* whas the  
 " Lantlort; and while theſe two faithful Loſers tid  
 " ket to *Abbergavenny*, Squire *Price* ant Squire *Mor-*  
 " *gan* hat callapt to the *Hay* and pack acain, the  
 " Elecſhon whas finiſht, ant *Harper* tid laugh like the  
 " Tefil at the Joke of ſenting two Squires a Fool's  
 " Arrant out of the Way, ant looſe hur Votes ant  
 " hur Taughter too: However, they whas ſtill te-  
 " termined to purſue Miſs *Whinny Lewis*, and young  
 " Squire *Price*, and catch them at the *Seſern* tead  
 " or alive, and this whas what theſe two Loſers tid  
 " fear.

" WHEN the Squires tid arrife at *Abbergavenny*,  
 " *Samuel Saunders*, who knows as whell as any Man  
 " in *England*, that a Traveller that does not tarry in  
 " a Houſe to eat or to drink, may as well have neſer  
 " come to Town, tid tell theſe Shentilmen, that the  
 " Shentilman ant Laty whas to pe ſure on tother Site  
 " *Seſern* ſafe in *England* before this Time, pat he tid  
 " not know the Occaſhions of the Foyage or the  
 " Shourney, or ſays he, they cannot co theſe fix  
 " Hours for the Tite, therefore you may ſtay ant  
 " tine; I have ſome cood fresh Trout, or Pit of  
 " Mutton, or a Fowl, or whateſer you pleaſe, Shen-  
 " tilmen, and cood Pottle of Whine. Now the two  
 " Squires was teſiſhly tired, and teſiſhly hungry to  
 " poot, ſo they tid tetermine to leaſe a while the  
 " Care of the Taughter for the Care of themſelves,  
 " and taak a Pit of Meat, ant a Pottle of Whine.

" THIS

" THIS peing tone, they tid intend proceeding to  
 " the *Sefern* Site, put has there is two Passages and two  
 " Roats to them, there whas a tamn'd Trepate between  
 " the two Squires which Roat to taak, look you,  
 " till *Samuel Saunders* tid tell them, that they where  
 " cone to the new Passage, ant pelieved they would  
 " do whell to make haste, if they intended ofertaking  
 " them before they were past.

" Now Miss *Whinny* and young Squire *Price* peing  
 " arrifed at *Sefern* Site, they whas hin creat Trepita-  
 " tions, and the Whind whas most tredfully high,  
 " which tid maak Miss *Whinny* tredfully afraid, put  
 " she whas resolved to pass over, whatefer whas the  
 " Consequence.

" HOWEVER, the Whint whas what they tid call  
 " apove: Now in that Country there whas no East  
 " Whint, or Whest Whint, or North Whint, or  
 " South Whint, there whas put two Whints out of  
 " the Heafen, the Whint apove, and the Whint pe-  
 " low, so that they whas oplied to stay till it whas  
 " Haf-tite before they coult set out; now just has  
 " they tid set Sail with a tredful Whint, the two  
 " Squires tid arrife, and tid learn that the Poat,  
 " which whas the only Poat on that Site, hat young  
 " Squire *Price* and Miss *Whinny Lewis* a-board; it  
 " whas a Pig-heard who tid maak this Tiscovery,  
 " who tid pie Pigs of Squire *Lewis*, and whas trife  
 " them from *Whales*, look you, into *Englant*.

" LORT pless me, how the two Squires tid sware  
 " and tam *Samuel Saunders* who tid keep them to tine:  
 " and faith hur tid wish the two Squires whas cone  
 " sooner for the poor Loser's sake.

" To maak short Story of it, the Whint has I tell  
 " you, whas tredfully stormy, hit tid plow ant plow,  
 " ant the Poatman tid say they should pe oferfet; Miss  
 " *Whinny* then tid tremple and scream, young Squire  
 " *Price* tid say, clasping her to his Preat, My tear  
 " *Whinny*, petter for Losers to tie together, than to  
 " life ant see each other miseraple in this Worlt;  
 " and with these Worts the Poat whas oferfet: Young  
 " Squire *Tavy* whaas taak holt of an Hoar, and whot  
 " have sedef hurself fery whell, put when he see his

" losely *Whinny* whas triving with the Tite, Life  
 " whas not worth preserving without his tear Shewel,  
 " he therefore tid leaf his Hoar, and swim like a Duck  
 " to hur Assistance; he tid take hur in one Arm, and  
 " say, my tearest *Whinny*, we will life or tie tokether;  
 " all this the poor tistracted Father tid pehold from  
 " the Shore: At last swimming long while, and peing  
 " tired with supporting his tear *Whinny*, and finding  
 " hur sinking, he said, Heasen hafe Mercy ant receive  
 " two faithful Losers into thy plessed Manshons; then  
 " clasping hur in his Arms, they tid poth sink tokether,  
 " and Cot, I doubt not, will hafe Mercy on their poor  
 " Souls at the Resurrections. This whan of the Post-  
 " men, who whas swimming on the other Hoar, put  
 " coult not assist them, tid relate to me at the Passage-  
 " house.

" HUR shall not tell you how the two Fathers tid  
 " curse Whigs and Tories all the Tays of their Lives,  
 " put hur will repeat a little pallad hur tid maak on  
 " the mournful Occashon."

" No, sing it, Parson," says the Captain.

" FAITH, says the Parson, it toes maak me melan-  
 " cholis, put hur will sing it to plaise you;" which  
 he accordingly did. It is intituled,

## T A V Y and W H I N N Y;

O R,

### The LOSERS LAMENTATION.

I.

*C O M E and listen to my Titty*  
*All ye Maits of Tivy Site;*  
*Lent a Lof-sick Mait your Pitty,*  
*That whas long to be a Prite.*  
*Young Squire Tavy Price tid lof hur*  
*Petter has his Soul ant Life;*  
*Put hur Father woult not suffer*  
*That she shoult become hts Wife.*

Ob

2.

*Oh what Pains and creat Afflicsbons  
This young Tamsel she tid know,  
When bur Father carve Tirecsbons  
To the Woot she shoul not co,  
For to meet her losely Showel,  
And to kiss the Time away;  
Put, alas! it whas too cruel,  
Yet the Maiten must opey.*

3.

*All pefite the falling Fountain  
Whinny fair tid maak her moan;  
The Coats tid listen on the Mountain,  
The Fish whas tumb to hear her croun.  
She tid waste py Lof with weeping,  
Like a Cantle py its Wick;  
This tid keep ber Eyes from sleeping,  
And tid maak ber Pody sick.*

4.

*Then to save her Health and Peauty,  
And the Man she lofed to have,  
She tid leaf ber Friends and Tuty,  
And tid seek a watery Crave.  
In the Seferen's Stormy Water,  
There these faithful Losers tied;  
There Squire Lewis lost his Taughtter,  
And Squire Price his Son pefite.*

5.

*Parents then, poth Whig and Tory,  
Mint what Parson Pugh relates,  
Learn, alas! from this sat Story,  
Whig and Tory maketh Hates.  
That no Party e'er supsisted,  
Losely Whinny bat been plest;  
Ant Squire Tavy Price bat rested,  
Ob cha wee on her peauteous Preass.*

PARSON Pugh having finish'd his Song, the whole Company applauded the Manner and Composition, Mrs. Rachael excepted; who said, "she was convinced  
" Mr. Maulstext, a Presbyterian Divine, would not

“ have made or sung a Heathen Song for the World,  
 “ but that he made the best spiritual Songs, and sung  
 “ them the best of all she had ever heard ;” this she  
 spoke from the State-room, beginning a Prayer for the  
 Company, when Parson *Pugh* not being able to bear  
 this Rebuke, cried out, “ Tam your Presbyterian  
 “ Teacher ant your spiritual Songs to poot ; hur will  
 “ sing with hur for hur pest Coat, py Cot, and play  
 “ the Harp pestes, look you.”

THEN turning to the Company, he said, “ This  
 “ whas the Fesfes hur tid maak, and there whaas  
 “ many Shentilmen tid say, there whas coot Ex-  
 “ presshons, and poetic Thoughts, ant fine Tiscrip-  
 “ shons ; hur cannot say, Cot knows, put hur tid  
 “ pelieve there whas something of these Matters in  
 “ the Fesfes ;” which all agreeing to, *Macpherson*  
 excepted, the Chaplain was extremely pleased, and  
 as gay as a Bird all the Evening after. This Account  
 being pretty long, the Story of the Surgeon was de-  
 ferred till the next Day ; for which Reason also we  
 shall defer the Account, and conclude this Chap-  
 ter.

## C H A P. XVII.

*Indian and European Sentiments on the foregoing Story.  
 One smart Observation of Lieutenant Macvalor.  
 A Comparison between Wind and Wind. An un-  
 lucky Discovery for a Saint, set to rights by the Art of  
 Canting.*

OF all those who were present at this Story, none  
 was so much affected with it as *Cannassatego* ;  
 he applauded with silent Tears the Resolution of  
 young *Price* giving up Life to die with her he loved.  
 Lieutenant *Probst* looking tenderly to Miss *Lydia*,  
 who regarded him with equal Sweetness, agreed, that  
 their Death was to be lamented ; and that every Law  
 must be cruel, which tends to separate Hearts so truly  
 made for one another.

THE



THE Captain swore he would have enjoyed her at *Brecon*, and then given her back again to her Father, to make the most of her; at which Words all exprest their Detestation of the Expression; and Lieutenant *Macvalor* cried out, "By *Jesus*, and there's more "Cofin *Pbelims* than one in the World." Miss *Lydia* in particular looked on him with great Contempt, which perceiving, he doubled his Careffes and fond Expressions, protesting he adored her, and left no Art untried to win her Affections, and seduce her to Ruin; this however he found impossible, her own original Virtue, fortified with the Passion which she had conceived for Lieutenant *Probit*, was an insurmountable Obstruction.

NOTWITHSTANDING this, tho' he despaired of obtaining his Desires by fair Means, he was determined to obtain them by Force; but in the Execution of this Design, he saw it was necessary to prevall on Mrs. *Rachael* to be an Assistant, for as they slept in one Bed, it was impossible to be perfected.

HOWEVER, being misled by the external Holiness of Mrs. *Rachael*, he was much embarrassed in what Manner to open the Affair to her; this Pain he was soon eased of by the following Circumstance. It seems the Captain had observed, that Mrs. *Rachael* answered exactly the Idea which *Dean Swift* has given us, in his *Tale of a Tub*, of the Saints of *Jack Calvin*, in being extremely windy, besides which, he had made this farther Remark, that Mrs. *Rachael*, in Consequence of this Affinity between herself and the Wind, was always loudest in Prayer, when the Storm was loudest in blowing; and thus as it increased or decreased, she kept it gradually company with her Prayers and Ejaculations; by means of which, she never desisted from reminding the Lord of her Godness when the Wind blew high, and relaxed into a dead Calm of Prayer when the Weather was free from Storms, the customary Times excepted.

AT this Time the Weather being extremely moderate, the Captain and Mrs. *Rachael* being together in the Cabin, the others all upon Deck, he cast his Eye undiscovered on the Book which she was reading, and there

there he saw a Title of a Poem, which he had remembered to have studied with some Attention, when he was somewhat younger; in fact, he perceived that tho' *Watts's* Hymns might be *Mrs. Rachael's* Study during a Storm, and those which she sung aloud at that Time, that the Earl of *Rochester's* Poems were her secret Amusement and Delight, when there was no Danger.

THIS Discovery gave him as much Pleasure for the present, as a Prize of twenty thousand Pounds.

He therefore slyly snatched the Book from her Hands, and found that what he had suggested was true, that these Poems, which *Mrs. Rachael* had called divine, were of no less a Hand than that great Divine, the Earl of *Rochester*.

HAVING thus secured the Book, he threatened immediately to discover the Affair to the Company, to all of whom she was become extremely disagreeable: She with the stubborn Air of true Presbyterian Saintship, replied, 'he might, if he pleased; that she had been reading a Poem on the Day of Judgment, which is bound up in this Volume, and preparing her Soul for another World; she called God to witness she did not know another Poem in the Book.'

THIS however, the Captain putting the Book on its Back on the Table, had great Reason to believe was not strictly true, for it open'd upon repeated Trials, at two Poems, of quite a different and less spiritual Nature than that of the Last-day; and it seemed likely to continue proceeding in that Way till the Day arrived, which *Mrs. Rachael* avered she had been reading the Description of.

'WHAT think you of this, *Mrs. Rachael*, says the Captain; see how the Book opens at quite another Place than what you mention; and how dirty the Leaves are, in this Poem, whereas the Leaves in the Poem on the Day of Judgment are clean and untouched?'

*Mrs. Rachael* replied, 'that she never defiled any thing she read; and I do not wonder at all, that the Devil is always ready to assist the Wicked, and over-power the Righteous; and I do not doubt but he  
' has

“ has often blackened the Leaves, and opened other Books in wicked Places, on purpose to vilify Saints on Earth, before now; but thank the Lord, I have never seen the Righteous forsaken, nor their Seed begging Bread; I have fought the good Fight, and shall put my Trust in the Lord, and not fear what Man can do unto me.”

“ Mrs. *Rachael*, says the Captain, you cannot any longer deceive me by this Manner of Canting; but as you may serve me; and not injure yourself, I will keep the Secret, if you incline so to do.”

AT these Words, Mrs. *Rachael* said, “ She thanked the Lord, that no Body could say that she was of an ungrateful Mind; that she would certainly do any thing in her Power to please Captain *Bounte*, from whom she had received such Civilities; but at the same time begged he would not imagine any thing of this proceeded from Fear of Discovery, for she thanked the Lord, her Heart was innocent, and her Eyes were guiltless of all profane Reading; however, that she was willing to oblige him in all honest Endeavours.” At which Time, the Captain, in Return for this civil Speech, gave her the Book again.

THE Company coming into the Cabin, put an End to the Conversation; and the Tea being ready, they all sat down to it; when having finished that Regale, the Captain desired Surgeon *Macpherson* to entertain the Company with a Story;

Which Story shall be found in the next Chapter.

## C H A P. XVIII.

*Surgeon Macpherson's Story, with an Introduction of the excellent School of Physic at Edinburgh; with Mrs. Rachael's Remark at the End of it.*

**S**URGEON *Macpherson* being now in turn to speak, rose up, and began thus: “ During the time; Sirs, I was at my Studies at the College of *Edinburgh*, there was a singular Accedent that happen'd in the Country, which I shall relate in the following Manner;

' Manner; but I must first tak Notice in this Place, that *Edinburgh* is the first School for Medicine i' the Woorld. The Lectures, Sirs, are a' gi'en in a vary masterly Manner; which maks me oobserve to yee, that unless a Physician be bred at that College, I wou'd na gee yee a Bawbee for a' he knows i' the Woorld.'

' But to your Story, Doctor, says Lieutenant *Probit*, and sing the Praises of *Edinburgh* Physicians when you come into a Country where there are Doctors of more than one Nation; you are sure of all the Practice here.'

' FAITH, Sir, says the Doctor, yee are i' the right of that; and so I proceed: Well then, i' the North o' *Scotland*, Sir, the Hay does na grow as it does in *England*; the Meadows are a' Covert woth Water; and when the Mowers have cut it doown, the Lassies with their little Coatlds kelted up about their Medles, gang into th' Water with their Rakes, to draw the Hay ashore, and sa dry it on the upper Groounds.

' Now, Sir, it happen'd that there was ane Lassie amongst the rest, that was as fairly foorm'd as Een of Man e'er ken'd; and as the Deel command'd, the young Laird *Sandy Macdubhsan*, for he was of our Clan, as bony a Lad as e'er the Sun shent upon, ganging to see them at work, cast his Een upon the twa bony Legs of this Lassie; and as I shall answer, a bonnier Lassie was na in a' the Highlands; her Complaxion was as good as Heart could wish to see; her twa pawky Een blink'd like the Sun o' the May Morning; her winsome Moouth was as inviting as the ripen'd Bogberry; e god, Sirs, she was a' over Charms.

' This Lassie was na mair than the Chiel of a poor Highlander; but sicken another was na to be seen amongst a' the *Scotch* Ladies at that Time.

' WELL, Sirs, I ken ye wo na woonder, that young *Sandy*, who was blithe and braw, should na resist the Temptation of this bony Lassie, with the twa wheet Legs.

' E Cod,

‘ E Cod, Sirs, he tak an Occasion to begin some  
 ‘ flattering Speeches, and gangs to her Father’s Hoofie,  
 ‘ and gi’es her the De’el and a’ fond o’ Woords and  
 ‘ brave Promises, and the like o’ that; and as *Allan*  
 ‘ *Ramsay* sweetly sings,

‘ *He clasp’d her fast, and ga’e her many Tug,*  
 ‘ *And kiss’d my Lassie there from Lug to Lug;*

‘ sa that in a Month’s Time, the Lassie was wrapt  
 ‘ i’ the same Plaidy with *Sandy Macpherson* on the  
 ‘ Heath, and Love stood laughing at the Spoort they  
 ‘ were about.

‘ SOWS after this, as I shall answer, *Fenny* was  
 ‘ touch’d a little with Remorse about what she had  
 ‘ been doing, and tells her Mother the hail Story, the  
 ‘ Mother quite daft at the Thing, consults Mels *John*,  
 ‘ the Parson, upon the Affair: Now, Mels *John*, did na  
 ‘ forget to tell her the Sin she had been gelty of, and  
 ‘ charge her to repent o’ the heinous Crime of loosing  
 ‘ her Maidenhead; but, he let her know, that there  
 ‘ was yet open to her a saying Grace, if that she should  
 ‘ desert the same *Sandy Macpherson*.

‘ HOWEVER, the poor Lassie was resolved to up-  
 ‘ braid young *Sandy* with having stolen her Maiden-  
 ‘ heed; sa one Day she mets him on the Hills, and  
 ‘ upbraids him with great Wrath, and told him, Ah  
 ‘ *Sandy*, ye are a pimple Loon to have stolen a poor  
 ‘ Lassie’s Maidenhead at this Manner. Ah, quoth he,  
 ‘ my dear *Fenny*, na Man upon the Earth is less likely  
 ‘ to commit a Theft, the lick o’ that, than I am; an  
 ‘ ye sh’a na say that *Sandy* has rob’d you of your  
 ‘ Maidenhead, Lassie, I’ll gie it ye again wi a’ my  
 ‘ Heart, so the Lassie consented to take it again; he  
 ‘ then wrapt her up in the same tartan Plaidy, and  
 ‘ laying her in it on the Heathle, as I shall answer it,  
 ‘ he gaave her her Maidenhead again, in the Manner he  
 ‘ took it awa; when the Lassie making a Curtesie,  
 ‘ gang’d awa contented.

‘ BUT, Sirs, let me tell ye, the thing did na end  
 ‘ here: Mels *John*, the Parson, had twa likerish Ben,  
 ‘ and

‘ and his Heed was as ruddy as Carrot; sa when this  
 ‘ Lassie had tauld the Parson that *Sandy Macpherson*  
 ‘ had ge’en her Maidenheed again, he told poor *Jenny*;  
 ‘ that the Sin was now greeter than befoore, and that  
 ‘ unless she would consent to be set to Rights by his  
 ‘ saving Grace, her Saul was in a State o’ Damnation;  
 ‘ but, says he, *Jenny*, da na say any thing o’ this to  
 ‘ your Mother, for I shall have the auld Woman’s  
 ‘ Saul to save i’ the lick way, and I da na care for the  
 ‘ saving auld Women’s Sauls i’ sicken a Fashion.

‘ SA, Sirs, Mels *John* set about saving *Jenny*’s  
 ‘ Saul i’ the Maner that *Sandy Macpherson* had de-  
 ‘ stroy’d it; and e god, Sirs, betwixt these twain, the  
 ‘ Lassie was with Bairn: Now, the Action of saving  
 ‘ her Saul being oftener repeated by Mels *John*, than  
 ‘ the damming it was by young *Sandy*, the Parson was  
 ‘ accused by the Lassie as the Father of the Bairn, and  
 ‘ was obliged to mount the Stool o’ Repentance in the  
 ‘ Kirk.

‘ AFTER this, Sirs, he left *Scotland*, and came in-  
 ‘ to *England*, where he would have begun as an Apo-  
 ‘ thecary; but not knowing one Drug from another;  
 ‘ which is necessary for an Apothecary, he turn’d  
 ‘ Doctor, learnt to prescribe, practises Phesick with  
 ‘ greet Success, and an honest prettier Fellow, and  
 ‘ better Phesician, is na to be found this Day in a  
 ‘ *Britain*. And thus ends my Story.

THIS Story the Captain liked the best of all, and  
 swore *Sandy* was a damn’d clever Fellow; Miss *Lydia*  
 and Lieutenant *Probit* disapproved of it entirely; *Mac-*  
*valor* laughed very innocently at it; Parson *Pugh* said;  
 ‘ It was the Test of a Teacher; and in teet, Mis-  
 ‘ tress *Rachael*, says he, tho’ the Presbyterian Parsons  
 ‘ will not tell such Stories as her sic, they will to  
 ‘ them, I too, see;’ Mrs. *Rachael* privately asked *Mac-*  
*pherson*, how he came to betray his Fellow-Brethren  
 in the Lord; says she, ‘ The wicked Church-people  
 ‘ will expose us Saints fast enough; we make it a Rule  
 ‘ never to betray each other, whenever we are over-  
 ‘ taken by the wicked Spirit.’

It was now the Captain’s Turn to entertain his  
 Company, being Master of the whole, and therefore  
 Manners

Manners had withheld him till the last ; which Idea of Manners also, shall oblige us to give the Honourable Captain *Charles Bounce*, Commander of the \*\*\*\*\* , a separate Chapter ; this, as it cannot be done otherwise, we here conclude what we have in Hand.

C H A P, XIX.

*A Scene of Altercation between the Captain and Mrs. Rachael Stiffump. The Author makes a sbrewder Remark than Machiavel. Mrs. Rachael's pious Disposition appears in a true Light.. The Captain begins and ends his Story in a very short Space, and shews his Courage, his Cunning, and another Thing beginning with a C. to the End of the Chapter. Surgeon Macpherson appears like Honour in Falstaff's Opinion, with no great Skill in Surgery.*

THE Evening being past in the common way, next Morning the Captain put Mrs. *Rachael* in mind of her Promise, ' Or damme, says he, but I will blow you.' ' Blow me, says she ; pray, Captain, have a little Care of your poor immortal Soul, and don't swear so ; don't you know that there will be a Day of Reckoning, when you will be brought to an Account for every idle Expression ?'

' DAMME, says the Captain, no canting, Madam ; did not I catch you with *Rochester's* bawdy Poems Yesterday in your Hand, thumb'd all over.' ' Me with that Heathen's Poems in my Hand, says Mrs. *Rachael* ; I am sure I never saw any such profane Book in my Life, and I defy you to prove it ; I never read any but the divine Hymns of the Reverend Mr. *Watts* ; I read such Books which lead to Damnation ! I call the Lord to witness I never saw them in my Life, and I defy you to prove it.'

AND here the Captain first perceived his Error, in having given up the Prize which he had seized the Day before. It seems Mrs. *Rachael*, though she loved a lascivious Tale, had yet a greater Love for her Reputation, and had therefore given the Cause of this Storm  
of

of the Captain's, as *Jonah* was given of Old to the Waves and the Whale's Belly, if Whales delight in eating Poetry as well as Prophets; thus there being no Proof but the Captain's Word against Mrs. *Rachael's*, the first of which she found that all the Ship's Crew had no great Opinion of, she rested safely on her Lye cover'd by Hypocrisy, yet undiscovered, against the Captain's true Story, who was suspected of sometimes deviating from the strait Line; and this shews something more than *Machiavel* has advanced in his Prince, that private People as well as Potentates, if they intend to gain Credit and Character amongst Men, must pretend, at least, to believe in the Objects of Religion.

' HOWEVER, says Mrs. *Rachael*, if you will tell me what I am to do for you, Captain, if there be nothing sinful in the Affair, I shall not refuse to serve you, where I can.'

THE Captain then told her he wanted her Assistance in accomplishing his Design on Miss *Lydia*; and without it, says he, damme, it cannot be done.'

' LORD, look down upon me,' says Mrs. *Rachael*, turning up her Eyes, and lifting up her Hands, ' can Men be so wicked: Shall I damn my precious Soul to satisfy your wicked Will? O Captain! Captain! I wonder the Sea does not swallow us up!'

' WELL, says the Captain, here is this Diamond-ring, which cost me two hundred Guineas, I will give you this; and damme, says he, but I will throw myself over-board, or shoot myself thro' the Head, if you do not assist me.'

' OH Captain! Captain! let not the Devil take possession of you so; call upon the Name of the Lord, he will be your Friend in the Day of Temptation.'

' WELL, says the Captain, damme, but I will shoot myself; and thus you will be answerable for my Death, and the Sin lie at your Door.'

Mrs. *Rachael* then asked him what was to be done; says she, ' I would not have you kill yourself, all covered with Sin and Wickedness, and go directly into Hell-fire: I think all good Christians should endeavour to save a Soul alive for Repentance, therefore give



‘ give me the Ring, and if I can save your poor precious Soul, I shall do my best Endeavours; the Lord forbid I should not do my best Endeavours to prevent the eternal Destruction of an immortal Soul, even of my Enemies, much more of my Friends.’

THE Captain then gave her the Ring, and the Conversation being interrupted, Mrs. *Rachael* agreed to assist in saving the Captain’s Soul, by ruining Miss *Lydia Fairchild’s*.

Now, tho’ many People may conceive that a Present of two hundred Guineas in a Diamond-ring, is a sufficient Temptation, and thorough Justification, to ruin an innocent Beauty, yet Mrs. *Rachael* had another Incentive, which frequently operates very strongly in some Female Bosoms; this was the different Respect and Attention that Miss *Lydia’s* Beauty, Innocence, Truth, and good Nature, had drawn from the Company, in Preference to the Uglinefs, Affectations, Hypocrisy, and ill Nature, in herself, and the Thoughts of her being yet chaste, which Mrs. *Rachael* was not; this had determined her to exert every Effort in favour of the Captain’s Designs.

THE Afternoon advancing on, the Company was summoned to attend the Captain’s Story, which was begun and ended in the following Manner.

‘ WHEN I was a Boy, says he, damme, if I believe there ever was such an unlucky Dog in the World; I lost my Maidenhead before I was sixteen, and I’ll tell you how.’

AT which Words, Lieutenant *Probit* desired the Captain to consider there were Ladies in Company; his Heart, which knew the Captain’s Gothic Taste, trembled for the Insult which this Story might make on the chaste Ears of Miss *Lydia*; so delicate and refined true Passion makes every Heart.

PARSON *Pugh* said, ‘ I desire you, Captain, look you, that you whill consider that my Gown whill not permit such Conferfations, Name o’ Cot;’ and Mrs. *Rachael* declared, she would leave the Cabin and the Company.

AT

AT these words, the Captain swore that he would not utter an indecent Word, and continued, ' well ' then, at sixteen Years old, my Mother, Lady *Bounce's* ' Maid, being handsome enough, I had a devilish ' Mind to.'

HERE *Probit* trembled like the Needle in a Compass when 'tis shaken, pointing still to Miss *Lydia*; when she desired the Captain to desist from his Account, for that she had heard Love-stories enough: At the same time, a Sailor cried, ' a Sail;' and as it came nearer, they saw a *French* Ensign; this stopt the Conversation effectually.

UPON this, the Captain hoisted the *English* Ensign, and expected the *French* would pay them the Compliment of the Flag, as is usual in Times of Peace; each Ship was of the same Size, carrying sixty Guns.

BEING disappointed in this Expectation, the Captain was for continuing his Course; when *Mac Valor* swore by God he would die, or support the Honour of *England*; *Probit* said the same, forgetting one Minute his lovely *Lydia's* Affright and Danger.

' BEAR down upon her, says *Mac Valor*, my Lads, ' what say you for the Honour of old *England*?' which was answered chearfully in a Huzza, ' for the ' Honour of old *England*,' by the Crew. Parson *Pugh* cried, ' Aye faith, for the Honour of old *England*, including *Wales*, look you;' and Surgeon *Macpherson* acquiesced, not a little pleased by the Hopes of seeing the Nature of Gun-shot Wounds, ' Now, ' says he, I shall begin collecting Histories for a Treatise on that Subject, which is much wanted in *Scotland*.'

THE Honourable Captain *Charles Bounce*, seeing Things proceed in this Manner, pretended to laugh at the Words, ' the Honour of old *England*,' as if there is any Honour in hindering another Ship from carrying an Ensign; says he, ' Is not the Sea as much belonging to the *French* as to us? and have not they an equal ' right to carry a flag, if they please?' ' No, says *Mac Valor*, they have not, nor shall they whilst I have the ' Honour of the King's Commission.'

' A WISE

‘ A wise thing indeed, says the Honourable Captain *Bounce*, to murder three or four hundred human Creatures in a Dispute, whether a *French Ship* shall carry a white Ensign, a Piece of white Linen, in the Presence of an *English*! this is Honour! this is a reasonable Thing! If it were a Prize of ten or twenty thousand Pounds, something might be said for it: but to kill each other for the Word *Honour*, and a white Flag, a reasonable Thing truly.’

‘ *DAMME*, says *Mac Valor*, but in my Opinion, the Honour of a Nation is the only Reason which can be given for a War at all; and he that does not feel and fight for that, will not serve his Country, upon my Shalvashion. By *Jesus*, I love Money as much as another, and more too, and yet I would see my Children starve alive, before I would refuse to do justice to the Honour of the Nation that gives them Bread. My Lads, stand by me, and I’ll fetch down her Flag, or fall myself.’ Which Words the Sailors received with a Huzza of Approbation.

AND here it may not be amiss to say, the World is generally mistaken in their Opinions of the Understanding of common Men. In all Regiments, the Officers true Characters are soon understood in the Field; the Contempt or Regard is visible in every common Soldier, according to the true Desert of every one of them; and the Execution of each Regiment in the Day of Battle, is in Proportion to the Opinions which they entertain of their Officers: The same happens on board Ships of War; and not a Sailor on board the \* \* \* \* \* believed, but that the Honourable Captain *Bounce* was a Coward, and therefore despised him; and that the Lieutenants were Men of Courage, and therefore loved them.

*Mac Valor*, *Probit*, and other Officers, being all preparing to attack this *French Ship*, the Captain tried another Expedient; he took *Mac Valor* aside, says he, ‘ *Mac Valor*, you know not what a damned Scrape you are going to run into; hark’ye, you’ll be broke by ———— We have private Orders from the Duke of \* \* \* \* \* not to offend the *French* on any Account; we are in no Condition to go to War; phaw,

‘ pshaw, damme, do you imagine that I would not have been Yard-arm and Yard-arm before now with her? What a damned Scrape the brave Colonel *Wasb—ton*, the Attorney formerly at *Whitehaven*, who was so delighted with the whistling of Bullets, has brought upon the M——y; he has signed a Paper, in which, I am told, it is said, that he has been guilty of an Assassination of the *French* in *Virginia*; and should we kill any of them, we shall be considered in the same Light: Do you imagine the M——y would say that we are the Aggressors, if they did not intend to yield to the *French*, or that we were in a Condition to go to War.’

‘ THAT may be,’ says *MacValor*, ‘ but by *Jesus* I will have my Reputation to keep, and will sink this Ship, and go after her myself, but I will be after having that white Flag down.’ However, Night coming on, and the Captain dissuading *MacValor* from irritating the M——y, (who certainly knew their Reasons for giving such Orders, he said) by his mad Behaviour: The Ships lost Sight of each other during the Night.

THIS was a devilish Disappointment to *Macpherson*, who had been in high Spirits about beginning his Treatise on the Nature of Gun-shot Wounds, from the Hopes of an Engagement.

HOWEVER, during this Preparation for a Battle, a Sailor had fallen from the Masthead and broke his Thigh, which the Surgeon’s Mate (a Person we have not yet spoken of, bred in the Country, and had finished his Studies by a Year’s Attendance at one of the Hospitals in *London*) had declared must be amputated. This being the Case, the Doctor whose great Skill lay all in his two Years pounding at *Edinburgh*, said he was of the same Opinion; but here, alas, for the first Time, it came into his Head, that he did not well understand what was to be done in this Case; he therefore said, ‘ Mate, prepare the Dressings, and as I love to encourage young Men under my Direction, and there’s na mare Operations to be done, I’ll e’en let you amputate this Limb your self; and tell you when you’re reight; I can but tak the Knife out  
‘ of

‘ of your Haund, Sir, if I see you do na perform as you ought :’ The Mate knew the Bottom of all this Kindness perfectly well ; but as Surgery and Physic are only understood by Physicians and Surgeons, it is not the true Merit of any one, but that which the World entertains of him, that gives a Man Business and Reputation ; and as Nonsense and medicinal Knowledge are equally intelligible to most People, he of these Professions who talks the first fluently, is as much caressed, as he who knows the second, and talks with less Ease ; for this Reason it was that the Surgeon was supposed a more expert Man than his Mate.

SURGEON *Macpherson* being well learnt in Northern Knowledge, and having thus spliced the Fox’s Tail to the little Skill he had in Surgery, saw the Mate perform the Operation of amputating the Thigh extremely well, which was the first *Macpherson* had ever seen, and which he protested he believed he would not have done better himself, ‘ and the De’el tak me,’ quoth he, ‘ but *Jammy English* is the prattiest Surgeon I have ever seen, that had not his Education at the College of *Edinburgh* ; and if my good Word can get him a Ship, he sha na want a long.’ This Operation succeeding, the Surgeon got a great Character by the Good-nature of permitting his Mate to perform it, and the Mate in having finished it so well. And here we finish this Chapter, which perhaps from being already too long, and one other Reason, Surgeon *Macpherson* would be glad to amputate without the Assistance of his Mate.

## C H A P. XX.

*A Dissertation upon the Honour of old England, to the Honour of Miss Fanny M \* \* \*.*

**I**N all the Difficulties which attend an Historian, there seems to be none, as it is agreed by all Authors, which is greater than that of steering free from Offence ; People in general are extremely apt to conceive every

every thing to be Satire, which is only simple Advice, and apply that Character which fits many Hundreds, to some single Person whom they do not like : Hence Authors are condemned in a thousand Places, and for a thousand Things which never entered their Heads: In the same manner, I doubt not but there would have been many Men who in the preceding Chapter, perceiving that I seemed to have painted the Idea of *Old England*, as a visionary and vague Notion in the Head of the Honourable Captain *Charles Bounce*, that would imagine I included in it that Honour which Titles impart to Blood also, than which, nothing is farther from my Intention.

INDEED we shall venture to affirm, that we ourselves have known many an Honourable Peer, descended from a long Train of equally Honourable Ancestors, who for some Generations, as History delivers, have not entertained one Thought of the Honour of *Old England* in their Heads.

THIS, I hope, will secure us from that Imputation, of having debased the noble Blood of *Britain*, with Imaginations so depreciating and vulgar, as that it must always be united with the Honour of its Country.

WHEN we here speak of the Honour of *England*, we would be understood to mean that warm, enthusiastic, and august Sensation, which every Man feels for the Welfare of that Country which gave him Breath, mixt with the Idea of Probity in its Proceeding, and Valour in its Inhabitants.

AND when we speak of Honour as relative to Nobility, we mean Titles, Ribbands, Posts, and such Things which Kings can give ; that the Honour of *Old England* is not necessarily united with this Honour : How many Titles, Ribbands, Stars, Garters and *Georges*, in former Times, can be named, where it was never suspected to reside ; and tho' all that wear Titles and Strings at present, add Honour to, and not receive any from them ; yet a single Reign is not to be quoted as an universal Proof.

THE Fountain of Honour, then, is twofold ; one which Kings can give, and another which they cannot.

THAT

THAT which they can impart, is confined to Blood; and, if we suppose it bestowed in the Time of *Edward the Confessor*, it can never be effaced in any succeeding Generations, provided there be no Breach of the seventh Commandment which intervenes; and, as Chastity is a Virtue that never was known to desert the Heart of a Lady of *Great-Britain* in one Instance, this Objection may be looked upon as nothing.

LET us imagine that the Person who is created a Peer of this Kingdom, has one Drop of his Blood changed from Plebeian to Noble, by Virtue of that great Vicegerent of Heaven, a King, who generally resembles his Original in all his high Attributes too much, to admit any Doubt relating to the possessing such a Power.

THIS being granted, there remains to all Posterity, a certain Quantity of noble Blood in every Descendant of every noble Family; and thus we prove it: Matter is divisible *in infinitum*, and every Son is contained in the Loins of his Father; wherefore, notwithstanding the minute and disproportionate Size of the Animalcule to the Man, perhaps Ten Million to One, we do insist, that, from this infinite Divisibility which there exists in Matter, this Son must contain one ten-millionth Part of that one Drop of noble Blood, which was contained in his Sire, and so on for ever, the Son containing the ten millionth Part of the ten millionth Part of that Drop of original truly noble Blood; and thus, in Pursuit of this Argument *in infinitum*, every Lord must contain a certain Portion of noble Blood which nothing can efface; or Matter is not endowed with infinite Divisibility: and upon this we rest our Argument.

THIS, however, is not that Kind of Honour, which is visible in the Face, in a Character of superior Sense, in the Heart, in noble and generous Actions, but sticks in the Blood, and is ever rambling about the Body, sometimes in the Heels dancing a Minuet, or kicking a Race-horse at *New-market*, sometimes, in the Fingers laying Wagers, packing Cards, palming Dice, and other honourable Employments.

THIS then is not the Honour of Old *England*.

BESIDES

BESIDES this Source of Honour, there is yet another, which, as far as we have taken Notice, has never yet been considered by any Antiquarian.

THIS is what is bestowed on Gentlemen by Chairmen, 'a Chair your Honour,' by Coachmen, 'a Coach your Honour,' by Black-shoe-boys, 'black your Honour,' by Beggars, 'God bless your Honour,' by Duns softly, 'damn your Honour,' and lastly, by Tavern-boys, Post-boys, Coffee-boys, and many others, who have all the Power of communicating Honour, to Gentlemen, tho' not Nobility.

WHENCE this Power was derived we cannot well assert, unless that from the Times of the immortal King *William*, to the last Day of the last Reign, a few Years excepted, the Power of Administration and Government being bequeathed to the most corrupted Hearts and pernicious Heads of the Kingdom; the Potentates who then ruled, thought it would be right to give the Power of communicating Honours to the meanest and basest born of the Nation; that the Care of public Welfare and Disposal of Honours, might be equally in the Hands of Men of the same laudable Dispositions.

THIS, however, at present, is not the Case, Honours and Administration being in equally honourable Hands, and equally well distributed and conducted; notwithstanding this, we conceive that neither of these is truly the Honour of Old *England*; therefore, as every Thing is very difficult to explain by Definition, and, as without much Circumspection, one or more Circumstances may be omitted, we chuse to shew what it is, by an Exhibition of it, as it appeared in the Behaviour of a certain Lady, not a little renowned in the great City of *London*; and here we cannot help observing, that, tho' Chastity has been imagined the Characteristic Virtue of Women, and Honour of Men, in this Instance that Remark is not verified.

IN the Year 17—, the Date is lost, Miss *Fanny* ——— having a great Desire to complete her Education by a Trip to *France*, did really visit the City of *Paris*.

BEAUTY.



BEAUTY is never long concealed, and such as this Female possess was soon inquired after ; to this Qualification was added, in her Bosom, almost infinite Mercy, united with Honour.

THIS humane Attribute being publicly known by the Nobility of *France*, Monsieur, the Duke of \* \* \* \*, requested that she would condescend to grant him that Favour, which she had before granted to the Nobility of her own Nation.

To this, indeed, she prudently and ministerially suspended her Answer, till she had inquired what had been the Custom in former Precedents ; she knew her illustrious Predecessor, *Con. Phillips*, had been before in these Circumstances, she therefore searched the Records and Treaties upon this Subject, and having found the Terms, agreed to yield on the same.

THESE being thought too high, this Prince declined, and would have entered into farther Treaty ; on which this honourable Female answered with the true Spirit of a *Briton*, that she scorned to treat with a *Frenchman*, tho' a Prince of the Blood ; and that, unless he acceded to her Demands, he should never approach her Person, or enter into an Alliance with her ; ' for to the last Drop of Blood in my Veins,' says she, ' I am determined to support the Honour of my Country, and never relax from the Terms which my Predecessors have had granted them ; and I doubt not,' says she, ' to bring down the Pride of the grand Monarch himself, if he dares to meet me in open Arms.'

THIS is true *English* Spirit ; and from this Story, and from this Lady, let Ministers, Generals, Admirals, Sailors, Soldiers, and *Englishmen*, learn to defy the *French*, and nobly sustain the Honour of Old *England*.

## C H A P. XXI.

*A most pious Agreement between Mrs. Rachael and the Captain. Mr. Probit grows more in Love with Miss Lydia. The Effects of good Disposition in a Woman, an Indian and Christian. A wicked Attempt on Miss Lydia Fairchild, with a short Observation of the Boatswain's Mate. The Chapter ended with a Curse.*

**I**T was now agreed between the pious Mrs. Rachael Stiffump, and the Honourable Captain Charles Bounce, in what Manner this lovely and innocent Maid, Lydia Fairchild, should be given a Prey to the Designs of this more than Brute, in the Shape of Man.

Miss Lydia was become ten Times dearer to Lieutenant Probit, by the sweet Disposition, Sense, and Innocence, which appeared in all her Conversation; he loved her to Distraction, tho' his Lips had never uttered a Word which might declare it, beyond the Complaisance with which Love graces and sweetens every Expression that his Votaries pronounced.

Cannassutego, the Indian Chief, entertained the most exalted Friendship for her, from that pathetic Indulgence with which she listened to, and pitied his Distress on account of his amiable Yarico.

LIEUTENANT Mac Valor esteemed her much, and often gave her some of his good-natured Jokes; Macpherson stuck to the Presbyterian Interest, which always prefers the Devil on their Side to an Angel on the other, and from this Principle he adhered to Mrs. Rachael.

Mrs. Rachael, as her Dropsy was of the self-curing Kind, and might probably take a Turn towards it before the Ship arrived in England, was much pleased with the Thoughts of debauching Lydia, that she might not be upbraided with the Idea and Sight of perfect Chastity, when her Blot was discovered; which is, of all Things, the most detestable of a fallen Saint.

THIS Night, then, the Affair was conducted in the following Manner: It seems it was Lieutenant *Probit's* Turn to watch; the Captain, after Supper, pushed about the Bottle briskly, this being done, *Cannassatego*, who drank nothing but Water, and the Company, withdrew; Miss *Lydia* went to sleep with Mrs. *Rachael* in the State-room; but, as Mrs. *Rachael* always staid some time after the other was in Bed, to serve (as she called it) the Lord; therefore, as she was now determined to serve him in a very particular Manner, she was longer in Prayer than usual, during which Time Miss *Lydia* fell into a sweet Sleep.

LIEUTENANT *Probit*, in walking the Deck, felt a Disquietude about his Heart, which he could not account for, a certain Anxiety he had never known till then; and, as his Mind was infinitely more engaged about Miss *Lydia* than himself, he could not persuade himself but that some Mischief was befalling that lovely Creature; this made him frequently listen to the Cabin-door, to hear if she made any Noise, being in eternal Suspicion of the Captain.

Miss *Lydia Fairchild* being now in that Sleep, which only attends Innocence and Truth, Mrs. *Rachael* undrest herself to her Under-petticoat, and then opening the State-room Door very softly, gave the Captain Notice of Miss *Lydia Fairchild's* being asleep.

He therefore left his Hammock instantly, came softly to the State-room Bed, and went into it with as little Disturbance as possible; Mrs. *Rachael* conceiving that this Attempt would not be perfected without some Noise, began to serve the Lord extremely loud, to drown the Cries which she expected Miss *Lydia* would make; she had undrest herself, that, if the Design was discovered, she might pretend to be innocent, and sleeping in Bed with Miss *Lydia* at the first Attempt.

MRS. *Rachael* then beginning to praise the Lord extremely loud, awakened Miss *Lydia* before the Captain had been guilty of any Indecency; affrighted then at finding a Person in her Bed, whose Hand at that Moment had just touched her Bosom, and hearing Mrs. *Rachael* at the same Time praying in the State-

room, she screeched out with great Vehemence; this the Captain endeavoured to stop with his Hand upon her Mouth, crying, 'My dear *Lydia*, my lovely Girl, 'I will marry you To-morrow, my heavenly Creature 'be silent;' at the same Time stopping her Mouth and her Struggling as much as possible, yet not in such a Manner (tho' Mrs. *Rachael* continued her Prayers very fervently) but that *Cannassatego*, the Head of whose Cabin joined the State-room, heard the lovely Maid cry, 'Villain! help me, Heaven!—Lieutenant *Probit*'—as she found a Moment's Power of Expression.

At this, the brave *Indian*, suggesting the true Cause, flew from his own Cabin, and running with Violence to the Great-cabin Door, entered it, by bursting it open, and by a Light which was burning, saw the poor young Lady just worn out in struggling with this detested Ravisher.

As the Lion seizes the inferior Animals, the brave *Onondagan* seized the Captain by the Neck, crying, 'detested Villain!' and immediately dragged him from the Bed into the great Cabin on the Floor, at which Moment Mrs. *Rachael*, dropping her Under-petticoat, whipt into the Place in Bed which he had left, and fell into a voluntary Swoon; the lovely *Lydia* was, to Appearance; dead and breathless.

The Captain being a Coward at Heart, the Moment he found that *Cannassatego* had seized him, and would probably put him to Death, cried, 'Murder, 'Murder,' which Sound being heard above, Lieutenant *Probit* rushed down, followed by the Master and some other Officers, who found the *Indian* seized of the Throat of the Captain, determined to sacrifice him on the Floor.

HAVING instantly parted them, they asked the Reason of this Quarrel? When *Cannassatego* said, 'I have 'found this Villain in Bed, with Intent to ravish the 'lovely *Lydia*, who, perhaps, is now dead, and therefore I have thus treated him.'

At which Words, Lieutenant *Probit* ran to the State-room to assist this lovely Maid; and the Captain recovering, cried, 'this *Indian* Dog was at-  
'tempting

‘ tempting to ravish the Girl, and has thus treated me because I prohibited him ; throw the Villain overboard.’

UPON which the Sailors, who were entered into the Cabin, took out *Cannassatego*, the Captain putting on his Night-gown and Slippers, followed : Lieutenant *Mac Valor* and the other Officers, the Parson and Surgeon, being at this Time all present.

*Cannassatego* being brought upon Deck, the Sailors, cried, ‘ over with him, damn him the Indian Dog,’ ‘ over with him ;’ ‘ stop a little,’ says *Mac Valor*, ‘ by *Jesus* I will be after hearing the Story first, my dear,’ ‘ aye faith,’ says Parson *Pugh*, ‘ if the poor Man was trowned, hur will not be aple to tell hur Stories, look you ;’ ‘ as I shall answer, Parson,’ says the Surgeon, ‘ I ken that is a reight Observation.’

‘ WELL,’ says *Mac Valor*, ‘ Captain, the Devil burn me, what’s after being the Reason of this Disturbance now ?’

To this Question, the Captain, in Answer, swore, that *Cannassatego* had stölen secretly to-bed to Miss *Lydia* and Mrs. *Rachael*, with an Intent to ravish Miss *Lydia* ; and that on their screaming out he was awaked, and had saved her from Violation, but being overpowered, he was obliged to cry Murder.

DURING these Words, *Cannassatego* looked on the Captain, with that Contempt and Steadiness which Truth only can impart to Human Nature under false Accusation ; this was visible to all, the Moon being at the Full.

‘ VILLAIN,’ says the Indian Chief, ‘ the Man who dares to violate a Virgin’s Chastity, will never hesitate to swear the greatest Falsehood against her Defender, look in this Face,’ which the Captain did with a kind of Self-condemnation ; ‘ did not that infernal Hag, that *Rachael*, cover your Designs by her loud Prayers ? Did not I hear the violated Victim imploring Aid and rush to her Assistance ? If she recovers, she will tell the Truth.’

THE Captain denied, the *Indian* continued to assert, and the Company, particularly *Macvalor*, leaned to believe the *Onnondagan*.

‘BRING me Coals of Fire,’ says *Cannassatego*, ‘let me prove the Truth of what I here utter;’ on which one of the Sailors brought a Pan of Coals from the Cook-room, ‘here,’ cries the *Onnondagan*, ‘detested Liar, put here your Hand, and see from whom the Truth can be first extorted,’ holding his Right-hand steadily, unflinching, in the Fire till *Macvalor* pulled him away;’ this convinced the Sailors of the Truth of what *Cannassatego* had said.

DURING this Time, *Probit* had been endeavouring to recover Miss *Lydia*, whom he found as pale and cold as *Parian* Marble, ‘my lovely *Lydia*, my dear Maid!’ he cried, ‘must these Eyes never behold thee more in Life?’ the Tears streaming from them at the same Time. ‘Oh wake to tell me who has dared to injure all my Soul holds dear, wake but to tell me, my Hands shall execute due Vengeance on the Villain; then Life has no longer Charms for me, I’ll follow thee, my lovely Maid.’

AFTER some time she recovered and seeing Lieutenant *Probit*, said with a Sigh, ‘is it you, my dear Mr. *Probit*? Is it to you I owe this Rescue from this villainous Captain *Bounce*, I thought it was the *Indian* Chief?’ At which Words *Probit* forgetting all Distinction between Commanders and inferior Officers, rushed on Deck like a Lion, and seizing the Captain, cried, ‘Villain, give me Satisfaction;’ the Company were astonished at the Suddenness of this Action, as they stood round him and the *Indian* Chief. ‘Coward as you are, detested Violator of Innocence and Youth, give me Satisfaction for the Injury you have offered to all my Soul holds dear.’

‘It is not I, it is this *Indian* which has done what you tax me with,’ says the Captain.

‘VILLAIN you lye,’ says *Probit* in Rage, ‘the Lips of her my Soul adores, which never yet have pronounced one Falshood, has said ’twas you;’ then quitting the Captain he rushed into *Cannassatego*’s Arms, and cried, ‘thou dear Deliverer of all my Soul holds

‘ holds dear, take all the Thanks an honest Heart can give, thou brave and generous Prince.’

‘ UPON my Shoul, says *Macvalor*, but I whas after thinking so myself: Ah! Cosin *Pbelim*, are you there?’

‘ OH *Dammochee*,’ says *Parson Pugh*, ‘ this whas prave toings inteed. Shame upon you, Shame upon you inteed.’

AT this the Captain said, ‘ let Mrs. *Rachael* decide the Affair, I am innocent by ———’ a Word we shall not name.

Now we had either forgotten, or could not find a Place to tell our Readers, that Mrs. *Rachael* had continued in a Swoon from the Moment she went into Bed, till after Miss *Lydia* was recovered.

ONLY it may be necessary to remark, that as Miss *Lydia* was as pale and cold as Death during her fainting, Mrs. *Rachael* was as warm and as red as a Brick-kiln; and that as Miss *Lydia* was under the Influence of her Fright, and obliged to recover with returning Life; so Mrs. *Rachael*, not being actuated by much Terror, and her Fit in subjection to her Will, was determined to continue her Swoon longer than Miss *Lydia*’s; during the time Lieutenant *Probit* had been attempting to recover Miss *Fairchild*, Surgeon *Macpherson* had been applying his Smelling-bottle to Mrs. *Rachael*, who wanted no Sign of Life but that of opening her Eyes, continually turning her Head from the volatile Spirits; upon which *Macpherson*, cried, ‘ as I shall answer, I shall take Minutes of this Case for the medical Essays at *Edinburgh*; the Pulse beats as well as mine, the Breeth is as regular, the Heat as moderate, and a’ the Symptoms of Life as weel as at any other time, only she can na open her Eyes; the De’el tak me if ever I ken’d sicken a Case in a’ my Practice, or a’ the College of *Edinburgh*, I believe.’

HOWEVER, Miss *Lydia* recovering, Mrs. *Rachael* opened her Eyes with a ‘ Where am I? ‘ Detested Woman, bafe Hypocrite, leave me this Moment,’ says *Lydia* with her Eyes streaming with Tears, ‘ ’tis to you I owe my Ruin. Am I ruined? says she to poor *Probit* who supported her. ‘ No, my Soul, my

'*Lydia*,' cries the Lieutenant, 'thou art Virtue and Innocence itself.' However she could not be restrained from Tears, which she said gave Ease to her oppressed Heart.

Mrs. *Rachael* dressed herself, and being sent for by the Captain, protested 'she believed that it was the Pagan *Indian* which came first to their Bed; she was sure that it was him she saw first; that the Captain she believed came to their Rescue, God knows I soon fainted away, yet this if she was called upon she would swear, and that she would not damn her Soul for the World.' However, Miss *Fairchild* continuing to declare the contrary, and telling the Story in all its Circumstances, with that pathetic Persuasion which ever attends Truth, the Captain was condemned, and Mrs. *Rachael* damned for a B—— by the whole Ship's Company.

'DAMME, *Jam*,' says the Boatswain's Mate to the next Sailor, 'if ever I knew a Presbyterian that was not a B—— and a Coward that was not a Rogue, and I'll rather cry Brooms in *London*, than sail with such a Spoon-metal Son of a Whore; he has no more Heart than my Grandmother's Gander, all Hissing and no Blows; he a Captain, he be damn'd.'

AND with this Curse, like *Teague* in the Committee, tho' without paying for swearing, we conclude this Chapter and retire from our Readers.

## C H A P. XXII.

*A Quarrel between the Captain and second Lieutenant, which ends to the Honour of the latter. Miss Lydia's Tendernefs. Macvalor's Honesty. The Sailors Contempt of a Coward. Probit's Friendship for the Indian Chief. Mrs. Rachael and the Captain's Designs; with a Remark of deep Penetration; all in one Chapter.*

MISS *Lydia* having just Reason to detest Mrs. *Rachael*, determined never to sleep in the same Bed with her again. *Probit* offered her his Cabin and



to watch her safe from Injury ; the *Indian* Chief said she should have his, that to sleep on Deck was no Hardship to him, to please her who was all Virtue and Goodness : However, *Probit* said to the Captain, ‘ you don’t intend turning her out of the State-room to-night, as she is so extremely ill ? let that Hypocrite turn into what Place she can find,’ meaning Mrs. *Rachael* : ‘ She may sleep there to-night,’ says the honourable Captain *Bounce*, ‘ if she will ; but if she does not retract to-morrow Morning, she shall turn in with the common Men.’

‘ RETRACT ! and amongst the common Men !’ says *Probit*, ‘ *Lydia Fairchild* amongst the common Men, who dares pronounce that ?’

‘ I do,’ says the Captain.

‘ You do, you paltry Coward,’ says *Probit*, ‘ Disgrace to your Country.’ ‘ Holloe, upon Deck there,’ says the Captain, for they were in the Cabin ; at which Words *Macvalor* and some other inferior Officers entered the Cabin.

‘ TAKE this Fellow (meaning Lieutenant *Probit*) and put him in Irons, he intends breeding a Mutiny.’

AT which Words Miss *Lydia* slipping on a Nightgown, her Heart all trembling for the Man she loved, leaped from her Bed, and rushing from the State-room fell on her knees to *Macvalor*, crying, ‘ if ever Virtue was dear to Man, do not listen to that inhuman Monster : Oh Mr. *Macvalor*, shall my Defender, shall the Protector of Innocence be confined in ignominious Irons ? Take me, let the galling Chains surround these Limbs, let me that have been the Cause, if there be any Cause, suffer ; let him be free, who has only erred by assisting Innocence in Distress.’

AT which Words *Probit* catching *Lydia* in his Arms, and lifting her from her Knees, ‘ thee in Chains, who dares that Sacrilege ? that very Villain,’ pointing to the Captain, ‘ dares not think of it ; there is but one Way which leads to that, which is thro’ this Heart.’

‘ FAITH, my Dear,’ says Lieutenant *Macvalor*, ‘ you’re after being mistaken ; there is another Way

‘ thro’ mine too, and he that shall put either you or she in Irons, shall go there himself in your Place. What say you, my Lads?’ to some of the Sailors, ‘ will you be after putting Lieutenant *Probit* and Miss *Lydia* in Irons or the Captain?’

‘ Here hand him forward,’ said the Sailors, ‘ we’ll put Captain *Coward* in Irons, what let a *French* Ship pass by with Colours flying; he a Captain; he command the \* \* \* \* \*; let’s keel-haul him, hand him forward, Lieutenant.’

THE Captain at these Words found his Interest on board quite lost; he therefore said, that To-morrow the Thing should be heard over from all Parties, till when Miss *Lydia* might sleep in the State-room, and Mrs. *Rachael* in his Hammock, for himself he did not chuse to go Bed any more that Night.

THIS, Miss *Fairchild* at first refused; but *Probit* saying he would watch her till the Morning, she retired.

THINGS being thus settled, Lieutenant *Probit* staid all Night just without the Cabin-door, *Cannassatego* never closing his Eyes. Indeed he tarried with Lieutenant *Probit*, who loved him with most sincere Affection for his generous Behaviour to Miss *Lydia*: ‘ My dearest Friend,’ he often repeated, ‘ to thee I owe the Protection of my lovely *Lydia*,’ taking the *Indian* in his Arms.

DURING the Night, the Captain and Mrs. *Rachael* agreed to swear positively, that *Cannassatego* was the Person who had committed this Outrage on Miss *Lydia*.

THE Day-light being come, the Captain appeared with that Kind of Humour, which I have more than once seen mistaken for Gaiety and Courage, and which indeed was put on to give that Air to his Actions; he sung to himself as he walked the Quarter-Deck, as if he feared nothing; which being remarked, says Lieutenant *Probit* to *Macvalor*, ‘ the Captain puts me in mind of my being a Boy, when I sung thro’ the Church-yard, to tell the Ghosts which I fear’d, that I was not afraid of them.’

‘ FAITH,

' FAITH, my dear *Probit*, and you are right there,' says *Macvalor*.

Miss *Lydia* being drest, Lieutenant *Probit* entered the Cabin, and with all possible Sweetness asked his lovely *Lydia* how she did? she answered, better than she expected; ' how are you, Mr. *Probit*?' ' Well, Madam; since you are: but, says he, will you pardon me? You took no Notice of the generous *Cannassatego*, when you came from your Cabin to rescue me from Irons; it was he that saved you last Night from Violation.'

' I DID not see him,' says the lovely Maid.

' I AM amazed at that, says Lieutenant *Probit*, where were your Eyes.'

' I COULD not take them,' says she; ' from the Man, who said the only Road which led to my Prison was thro' his Heart.'

' LOVELY Maid,' replied *Probit*; and then with Tears of Joy, he for the first Moment claspt her to his Bosom, and took no unwilling Kifs from her dewy rosey Lips.

Mr. *Probit* then led her upon Deck, where the Captain seeing her unexpectedly, turned away; he could not bear the Sight of her, from infelt conscious Guilt: She ran into *Cannassatego's* Arms, and thanked her dear Deliverer, whilst *Probit* stood by, looking on with Pleasure; *Macvalor* whispering aloud, ' The Devil burn me, *Probit* but I am afraid you'll be after being in Love with that Girl, one Day or another.' Faith, says Parson *Pugh*, ' I to pelieve he is already, look you.'

It was now that the Captain insisted on the hearing over the Story again; in which, Mrs. *Rachael* offered to swear, that *Cannassatego* was the Violator: At these Words the gallant *Indian* taking his Mother of Pearl Shell that hung on his Bosom, on which the Face of *Yarico* was graven by her own Hands, ' Perfidious Woman! know the *Onondagan* Race is incapable of such Actions; these alone become your faithless Nation in *America*. Can *Cannassatego* dare to violate a Virgin's Bed, the Image of his lovely *Yarico*, Beating on his Bosom? it is impossible: Know, I detest

‘ detest thy Race, and thee.’ Then turning to Miss *Fairchild*, he drew his Poinard from his Side, and presenting it to her Hand, ‘ take this, lovely Maid, ‘ if you believe me the Perpetrator of this horrid Deed ; ‘ strike it deep into my Bosom, and take an ample Vengeance on my Guilt.’

‘ To you, to you, I owe my whole Deliverance,’ replied Miss *Lydia* ; ‘ detested, perjured Woman, ‘ you know it.’

THE Affair then ended with Mrs. *Rachael* and the Captain ; he swearing, she offering to swear, that *Cannassatego* was criminal, no one on board believing one Word of what they uttered ; and with this ended the Chapter.

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#### C H A P. XXIII.

*A Dissertation on Chastity, in which, after a candid Examination, that Virtue is decided in favour of the Male Sex ; and then fixt to the Honour of England, on a British Hero.*

THERE is nothing more frequent amongst Readers, than to carry on the Sarcaſm of a ſingle Character, to all thoſe of the ſame Nation ; this, in my Opinion appears extremely abſurd. If one *Iriſhman* be a Rogue, does it follow, that he that has ſpoken or written in that Manner of him, means a Reflection on the whole Nation ; or becauſe one *Scotchman* is an Impoſtor, is it thence a Conſequence that all *Scotchmen* are of that Stamp ? This I am convinced every Individual will agree is abſurd ; he then who condemns an Author as having ſatyriſed a whole Nation, for touching one ſingle Character, ſtands ſelf-convicted of an Error, and finds in himſelf that which is delineated in another, and concludes all alike.

In like manner, Captains of Men of War may fancy themſelves ill treated, in being thus drawn as Violators of Female Chastity ; this however, ſhould it happen, would be vaſtly unjuſt ; we ſhall therefore, in delivering  
a few

a few Words about Chastity, endeavour to shew that our Intent is by no means of that kind.

CHASTITY then has been always represented as a Female Figure by Painters and Statuaries; by that meaning we presume, that that Virtue was more natural to the Feminine Part of our Species, than to the Male; this, with all humble Submission, we beg leave to dissent from; we presume also, that we shall find some Reason on our Side for thus dissenting in our Opinion; however, we shall examine it with all that Candour which Historians ever profess in their Writings, and keep to it as steadily as the best of them.

IN this Case we are determined also to introduce no speculative or metaphysical Research on the Nature of the mental Attributes and Virtues; we pretend first, like the natural Philosopher, to give the Experiment, and then draw the Inferences fairly from the Fact; yet with all due Politeness, as Gentlemen, giving the Ladies the Preference.

IN all Antiquity, (for Chastity has not reached down on the Female Side to modern Times, at least any Histories of it, except in Romances) there are but three celebrated Stories which do Honour to the Female Sex, these are the Stories of *Susanna*, *Penelope*, and *Lucretia*; let us see if some other Motives might not club to produce these Phænomena of Female Chastity.

AND here we shall lay it down as an absolute Rule, that the Virtue of resisting Temptation, in Man or Woman, is always in Proportion to the Strength and Invitingness of the Object.

*Susanna* then being young and beautiful, could never be much tempted by two old Fellows, with Beards like the Stuffing of an old Arm-chair, as shaggy as *Abasuerus* in the Tapestry, or *Liotard* in Life.

THIS Piece of Continence then, might arise from Aversion, and not from Virtue; and as it might so arise, it takes off very much from the self-denying Spirit in this Instance, or it throws a most unjust Sarcasm on the Ladies, by supposing that their Constitutions are so formed, that a Self-denial of that Nature is always a rare Phænomenon in that Sex, even when it refuses

refuses old Age ; which Insinuation, as we know it to be false, we shall adhere to the first, that the Temptation was of no Force.

THE next to this is the Account of the famous *Penelope*, who unravelled the Stocking by Night, which she knit by Day, to keep herself from being married ; but here again it must be remembered, that a Mind divided by many Objects is determined on taking one, with great Difficulty.

To instance, suppose some Lady desires a Mercer on *Ludgate-hill* to wait upon her with his Patterns to chuse a Suit of Cloaths, and he comes with them.

How will her pretty little Heart flutter and hesitate, and then like this, and then like that, and then fancy a third, and then reject them all three, and fall in love with a fourth ; which fourth is rivalled by a fifth, and that by a sixth, till having liked all, she likes none ; when instantly she desires Mr. *Tasta* to leave his Patterns, for positively she is so distracted by so many pretty Things, that she knows not which to chuse.

THIS Disposition in Woman, it may be imagined, might possibly be a Motive to *Penelope* to unravel by Night her former Day's Work, till, from the Multitude of Suitors, her unsettled Mind, now liking this, now that, might decide of one, and make him her Husband ; this, it is possible, we say, might have been partly the Cause of that eminent Self-denying, which was so much celebrated in that Widow bewitched.

THE third is the chaste *Lucretia* ; this Lady indeed stabbed herself, after she had been ravished ; this, as Sir *John Falstaff* tells Prince *Hal*, was no Boys Play ; yet we only hint, that the Murder being committed after the Rape, it might be Priderather than Chastity ; but however, we will allow this to be Chastity in full Perfection, and for this Reason, because we humbly conceive that we have a Male Story to match this Female.

So much for the Ladies.

WE now proceed to examine the three Heroes who have been mostly celebrated in Story ; and here we beg leave as an Historian of strict Truth, impartially to observe,

observe, that tho' neither of these Relations of Female Chastity has happened within these two thousand and almost five hundred Years, that two of these on our Side of the Question have happened within that Time, and the most celebrated within these ten or fifteen Years last past; this shews how much Men were at that Time nearer the original Simplicity of human Virtue than Women; and that as the first Revolt from Heaven began in the Female Line, it still kept a-head, and exhausted that Virtue two thousand Years before the Male.

HOWEVER, if the Chastity of the Female Sex was first worn out, it is a Pleasure to us to remark with equal Impartiality, that like Lands which have been too frequently till'd, and become barren, which recover Fertility again by lying fallow, so that in this Manner we presume Chastity, in Miss *Lydia Fairchild*, has recovered the Reputation of the Sex, by being the most remarkably chaste Lady for these two thousand five hundred Years past. And from this Instance, and our Writings, so manifestly calculated for the public Good, Propagation of Virtue and Religion, we dare pronounce, that a hundred Incidents of the like Nature will arrive as soon as my Lady \* \* \* \*, Miss \* \* \* \*, and Mrs. \* \* \* \*, shall support the Fashion.

BUT to return to our Narrative; the Heroes the most celebrated for Chastity, are these, *Cyrus Scipio*, and a certain ———, whose Voyage is written with such remarkable Modesty and unassuming Air, that we are convinced from that very Circumstance, that even the mentioning his Name would be an Offence to him, for which Reason we avoid it; but of these in their Order, as the Divines express it in their three Divisions of a Sermon.

*Cyrus* then with all his Greatness, in this Part of it however, was more indebted to his Fears than his Courage; he knew his Heart too well to trust it with a beautiful Female, and therefore refused seeing her; his Knowledge of human Nature was such, that he was intimidated, lest the Power of Beauty might prevail over his Principle of Honour, and therefore he refused

refused to behold so many Charms in one Woman, trembling from internal Consciouſness, that his Chastity would not be Proof against such Attacks. Here we admire the Discretion of the Conqueror, more than the Chastity of the Prince, tho' both are very remarkable and great.

*Scipio*, we are acquainted from History, made *Xenophon* on the Education of *Cyrus*, in which this Story is told, his chief Study, and set him as the living Example of his Manners.

In the Story of the *Spanish* Princess, whose Beauty and Charms he gave back unviolated to her Lover, it was the Vanity of doing something more than *Cyrus*, which assisted him much in this generous Action; this Behaviour, however, heightened by the Circumstance of beholding the Object, is lessened also by the interfering of the Passion of Pride, and in a great measure diminishes the Glory which is to be attributed to Chastity.

THE last Instance to our immortal Honour, is a Native of this Island, a Circumstance which has been too much neglected in the Life of that illustrious Hero who performed it; and notwithstanding which, we are bold to assert, gives him as much true Glory, tho' it did not give him as much Riches, as burning of Towns, or any Part of the Voyage.

BUT before we proceed to the Story, we cannot avoid shewing how much this Hero was esteemed by this Nation, since a Fleet of five Men of War, and three other Ships was fitted out at a great Expence by a Nation up to the Shoulders in Debt, (since up to the Eyes) which had at that Time no other Prospect than that of enriching the Commander, and increasing the national Expence; an Honour and Profit not easily paralleled in antient or modern Story.

THIS Gentleman then in the Year which we shall decline mentioning, for the same Reason which we did his Name, after having been withheld by Winds, Seas, and other Accidents, a whole Year from the Sight of a Woman, did take a young Lady, with her Mother, Sister, and three Female Blackmoors, all Prisoners.

AND



AND here we observe, and must observe, how superior this Behaviour in the *British* Commander was to that of *Cyrus* the *Persian*, and *Scipio* the *Roman*; who knows what either of the two last had been doing the Night before either of the Ladies happened to be taken Prisoners? their Appetites might be damp'd, at least a Female was no new Sight, they had each Numbers of Women to visit and enjoy; whereas the *British* Hero had been withheld from the delicious Sight of Woman for a whole Year, and must be on Fire with Desire, and yet tho' he had now Variety of Females, white and black, Bondswomen and Free, Maids, and Widows, he never violated his Chastity, either with black or white, or indeed once beheld either of them, tho' 'tis more than probable the old Lady would not have taken it amiss, and was disappointed as it pass.

AND here I know that a certain noble Lady, as much celebrated for Wit as Grace, would annihilate all his Merit, by ascribing his Behaviour to a Coldness of Constitution in him, which she asserts he still preserves; but we beg Leave with all due Submission to differ from this noble Person in her Opinion, for tho' the Face of this Hero may indicate something of that Nature, yet let her remember *Socrates* was asserted to be very libidiously inclined by a Physiognomist, notwithstanding he looked to common Eyes so different from it; and even in this Instance we presume, the same Judgment would follow the Examination of a perfect Sagacity in the Science of Physiognomy.

WE therefore pronounce, that this Behaviour arose from two the most noble Motives that exalt the Heart of Man; a true Regard and attention to the Author of all Things, and a generous Behaviour to his Fellow-creatures, which carries a great Soul above all paulty Attachment to mere legal Justice.

THE first of these two Attributes we boldly say is undoubtedly to be allowed him, from that marvellous Modesty, and Spirit of Piety, with which all his Actions and Success are attributed to that Great Being which directs and governs all Things, in the History of his Voyage,

Voyage, written by his own Direction, and under his Inspection, by one who was not of the Company.

AND the second, to that generous Behaviour which he shewed to the Officers, who, strictly speaking, were not of the Ship, when the Prize was taken. and to whom, notwithstanding this, and that his Share was but little more than half a Million Sterling, he generously waved the Law, which was in his Favour, and gave them the full Share of all they were intitled to, as common Men.

THUS then, all things being stated, we presume that Chastity was a Male Virtue, till Miss *Lydia Fairchild* had reclaimed that Honour to her Sex, and that the Proof of it is fairly infer'd from a Comparison of these six recited Stories, and at last ends, to our immortal Honour, in a *British* Commander.

AND here we cannot avoid observing, that it may possibly be said by Foreigners, that we have gone out of our way, to lug in this Story to the Honour of Captains of *English* Men of War, and our Country; but Justice is our Motto, Honour to whom Honour is due, our Country above all Things; and with that Resolution we conclude this Chapter.

#### C H A P. XXIV.

*Macvalor, the Parson, and Lieutenant Probit, differ from Macpherson in Opinion, with Respect to their Behaviour to the Captain. A very subtle Debate on the Nature of a Rape, which ends with a gentle Rebuke to the Scotch Nation.*

WE now return to Affairs on board the \*\*\*\*\* the Honourable Captain *Charles Bounce*, Commander. *Macvalor*, it seems, with *Probit*, the Chaplain and other Officers, were determined to impeach the Captain with Cowardice, as soon as he got home; and all agreed that his Behaviour was infamous.

*SURGEON, Macpherson*, who was accustomed to a certain Cast of thinking, peculiar to the North, did not

not behold Things in the same Light with these Gentlemen : It seems *Macvalor* and the rest of his Party, only considered the Right and Wrong in the Captain's Behaviour, as it really existed in Fact, without Reference to themselves, or his great Interest ; and *Macpherson* surveyed the Affair, only as it might influence him.

THE Surgeon therefore knowing that Earl *Braggard* had several Boroughs under his Command, concluded that the Honourable *Charles Bounce* would surely be discharged with Honour, if he was try'd by a Court-Martial ; and that *Macvalor*, and the rest, would certainly be discarded, for attempting to impeach his Behaviour ; on this he formed his Conduct.

THIS however he kept to himself, because he saw no *Scotchman* to whom it would be serviceable ; and defended the Captain and Mrs. *Rachael* in all his Conversation.

MISS *Lydia* then, not chusing to sit in Company with the Captain, *Macvalor* gave her his Cabin ; and he, *Probit* and *Cannassatego*, were no longer Favourites of the Captain ; Parson *Pugh*, from the old Custom of being of both Sides with the Justice and Exciseman, was looked upon a little more favourably by him : The great Cabin and Captain's Company, were chiefly given to Mrs. *Rachael* and the Surgeon.

ONE Day however, *Macpherson* who was not so vehemently attached to the Captain, but that he sometimes sat with the other Company, declared, he did not see how this Affair could be positively decided against the Captain ; the *Indian* Chief was then walking upon Deck. ' Are ye certain, Mefs,' says *Macpherson* to Miss *Fairchild*, ' that it was the Captain who was i' the Bed with you ; as I shall answer Mrs. *Rachael*, who's a very godly Body, soolemnly declares, it was the *Indian* who offered the Insult ; now, as I shall answer, there seems to be mare Likelihood that a Pagan would be guelty of a Theng the like o' that, than a Chrestian ; and the De'el si my Wemb fu o' sma' Stanes, but Mrs. *Rachael* and I believe the same Theng.'

' Sir,

‘SIR,’ says Miss *Lydia*, ‘will you and Mrs. *Rachael* persuade me, that the Man who offered to stop my Breath, who spoke to me during that Time, was not that despicable Creature the Captain. Sir, permit me to say, you slander the best of Creatures, the *Indian* Chief who rescued me from Violation, Pray, say no more in Defence of what no Words can palliate; I am convinced of Mrs. *Rachael*’s Perfidy, and have no good Opinion of those who defend her.’

‘NAY, Mefs,’ says *Macpherson*, ‘I did na ken that what I ooffer’d would be taken as an Offence; I shall say na mare o’that.’

AT this Time in came Parson *Pugh*, who was by no means a Friend of *Macpherson*’s; he had over-heard the Discourse, and then cried, ‘O fy for shame, fy for shame, Toctor, look you; what, whas the Tefil in you, to tiscourse in Tefence of a Rape? By Cot, it whas a Rape, I to tell you that; and there was creat Laws for a Rape, look you, ant hur whill proof it to her Face inteed.’

MATTERS, therefore, seeming to incline to Altercation on a Subject she did not chuse to hear, Miss *Lydia* desired that she might walk on Deck to talk with the *Indian* Chief, *Mac Valor* at that Time coming into the Cabin.

Now, tho’ *Macpherson* was determined to take the Captain’s Side in this Affair, there was yet another Motive, to which some Part of the present Vehemence might be attributed; he had not forgot the Preference which was given to the Parson in telling their Stories; and Parson *Pugh* had never been cordially united with the Surgeon, because he did not testify the least Approbation of the Story which he told.

Miss *Lydia* being gone, and Lieutenant *Mac Valor* added to the Company, the Dispute was to be decided by him, whether it was a Rape or not, which the Captain had committed on Miss *Lydia*.

‘Now, faith,’ says Parson *Pugh* to the Doctor, ‘hur whill whage you a Powl of Punch; you tid not know what the Whord *Rape* tid sicnify, look you, there

‘ there is for you ; answer hur, if hur tare ; I do say  
 ‘ the Whord *Rape*.’

‘ WHAT i’ the De’el’s Name, d’ye emagine that a  
 ‘ *Scotchman*, educated at *Edinburgh*, Sir, does na ken  
 ‘ the Languages as weel as the brawest Chiel in a’  
 ‘ *England* ? What, Sirs, d’ye ken I’ll be catechised  
 ‘ lick a School-boy, by a *Welch* Parson ?’ says *Mac-*  
*pherson*.

‘ A *Welch* Parson, Cotdamochée, a *Welch* Parson  
 ‘ is as coot a Scholar as a *Scotch* Surgeon, and perter  
 ‘ too, I to tell you so ; what is the Meaning of the  
 ‘ Whord *Rape* ? tell me that, tell me, I do say.’

SAYS *Mac Valor*, ‘ Doctor, if you are after know-  
 ‘ ing what it means, by my Shoul you will do well  
 ‘ to tell directly, lest, when you tell by and by, no  
 ‘ Body will believe you know, because you are so  
 ‘ long about it.’

‘ THE De’el ha my Saul, Sir,’ says the Doctor, I  
 ‘ sh’ na answer sicken a Question to a Chiel, the lick  
 ‘ o’ that.’

‘ AYE, faith,’ says the Parson, ‘ you tid not know,  
 ‘ I’ll tell you, that is the Reasons, and the Causes, and  
 ‘ the Telay, which you tid maak ; put hur whill tell  
 ‘ you, it whas terised from *Rapio*, the *Latin* Whord,  
 ‘ which being interpreted, is *Llwthawrr* in *Welch*, and  
 ‘ to take py Force in *Englisb* ; and there was the Teri-  
 ‘ fation in three Languishes for you, and hur whill tis-  
 ‘ pute in all three for a Powl of Punch tirectly, look  
 ‘ you.’

‘ ARRAH,’ says *Mac Valor*, ‘ Doctor, now you  
 ‘ can’t tell it at all, because the Parson has told you  
 ‘ before.

Upon this, *Macpherson*, sily dropping the learned  
 Part of the Subject, said to the Parson, ‘ And wha  
 ‘ the De’el tauld you thes was a Raap, was Mefs *Leddy*  
 ‘ taken by Force at a’ by the Captain ?’

‘ ARRAH,’ says *Mac Valor*, ‘ she was not taken by  
 ‘ Force, by my Shoul, because she struggled and saved  
 ‘ hershef ; yet, the Devil burn me, but she would have  
 ‘ been taken by Force, if she had lain still ; therefore  
 ‘ it was a Rap, as the Parson says.’

‘ AYE,

‘ AYE, Faith,’ says *Pugh*, ‘ what whas hur say to that; answer that if you can, look you.’

‘ THERE needs na mare be said on the Subject, if she saved herself from a Raap by struggling, then the Captain did na commet it; wha the De’el can commet a Theng that is na commetted at a’, Sirs? and therefore I ken there was na Raap at a’ commetted on Mefs *Leddy*.’

AT this Answer the Parson and Lieutenant being a little disconcerted, and looking with a Kind of Phiz, which exprest that Displeasure, the Chaplain said, ‘ You whas a prave Tisputant, inteed; you dispute apout what is a Rape, ant not to understand the Terification; how can that pe, look you? how can a Man tispute ’pout what he does not unterstand?’

‘ By *Jesus*,’ says *Mac Valor*, ‘ Parson, you are after giving him a Broadside there now, my Dear.’

‘ AYE, faith,’ says Parson *Pugh*, ‘ taak of a Raap, look you, ant not to know the Terification, that was prave Toings, inteed.’

‘ As I shall answer,’ says *Macpherson*, ‘ I ken the Thing as well as any of you a’, Sirs, it is from *rapio*, to take by Force.’

‘ AND the Devil burn me, but I was after believing, that he did not understand one Word of *Latin*,’ says *Mac Valor*.

‘ FAITH,’ says Parson *Pugh*, ‘ hur tid remempet what hur tid say, and whas not understand a Woord of *Latin*; tell me, Mr. *Macpherson*, what is the *Englisb* of this?’

‘ *As in præsentia format perfectum in avi, as amo amas amavi*. What is the *Englisb* of that, look you?’

THIS being a Piece of Learning not to be answered, the Doctor slipt off very discreetly, by asserting, that the *Scotch* Nation had produced more Men of Genius than *England*, *Ireland*, and *Wales*.

JUST as these Words were uttered, Lieutenant *Probit* entered the Cabin, with saying, ‘ I believe you are mistaken there, Doctor.’ Now this Gentleman was the only Man in the Ship, who knew that the Surgeon’s Mate was a more intelligent Man than the Surgeon,

Surgeon, and the Force of all the Disputants. ' Well, ' pray, Doctor,' says he, ' who are the Men of Genius ' of your Country ?'

' WHY, Sir, there's *Buchannan*, as pretty a Fellow ' as ever writ in any Language,' says the Doctor.

' PRAY, what Language did he write in ?' says the Lieutenant.

' IN *Scotch*, what the De'el d'ye imagine I do na ken ' in what Language he wrote, Sirs ?'

' ANT there is the Ficar of *Llandofery* tid write in ' *Welch*, look you ; e Cod hur will put her acainst the ' pest *Scotchman* of them all, for Ferses, and Tiscrip- ' tions, and Poetries, and Madrigals.'

' ARRAH, by my Shoul,' says *Mac Valor*, ' and ' there's the little Dean of St. *Patrick's*; is he not a ' Devil for Shenfe too, my Dear ? and he was after ' playing the Devil with the Hâpence of old *Ireland* ' that were made of *Wood*, and, by my Shoul, by his ' Writings, they are as good Copper as any in *England* ' now, and better too.'

IN this Manner each of these three Gentlemen, was very ready to defend his Country in Things which neither of them understood, when Lieutenant *Probit* said,

' GENTLEMEN, there is nothing so reasonable ' amongst Men, nor so valuable, as a Love of our ' Country ; but then it should be considered, that ' other Nations produce great Men, as well as those ' we are born in : and give me Leave to tell you, ' Doctor, that nothing is more frequent in the Speech ' and Behaviour of your Countrymen, than a Contempt ' for all other People.

' BECAUSE some Men in *Scotland* have been Men ' of Sense and Learning, does it follow that every one ' of that Nation must be so ? You have given an In- ' stance, that you do not know in what Language your ' own Countryman wrote, and yet, you have asserted, ' that *England*, *Ireland*, and *Wales*, have produced ' less Genius all together than *Scotland*; as to the ' Vicar of *Llandofery*, whatever may be his Merit, ' it is concealed from me in a Language which I do not ' understand, so I cannot vindicate him.'

' OH

‘ OH cha vee! that whas great Pities inteed, he whas petter as *Homer* ant *Fergil* to poot; I’ll tell you that inteed,’ says the Chaplain.

‘ BUT, as Mr. *Mac Valor* has said, there is Dean *Swift*, and let me add the Bishop of *Cloyne*, who have possessed as much Genius as any Men, perhaps, of any Nation, and many others of less Eminence, whom I could name; and probably you will be greatly puzzled to find any Man of equal Genius in polite Literature, of all the Writers you have produced, at least I remember none.

‘ To put *Scotland* on a Level with *England*, as productive of Men of Learning or Genius, in Arts, Sciences, polite Literature, or any other Part of Knowledge, would be to know nothing of what you are saying.

‘ THEREFORE, Doctor, permit me to give a gentle Hint to you and your Countrymen, that assuming always too much, has diminished the Value of what you possess; and preferring yourselves to all *Englishmen*, even in *England* itself, is the Reason why we have taken some little Care to examine and expose in many Cases, the singular Methods by which you have attempted to advance yourselves in the Opinion of the World, with no greater Foundation for it, than is to be seen in other Men.’

THIS Speech putting an End to the Dispute, puts an End to the Chapter.

# C H A P. XXV.

*Parson Pugh* appears in his true Light, as well as *Surgeon Macpherison*, the Captain, and Mrs. *Rachael*. *The Parson* quits the Company in some Wrath.

**M**ACPHERSON being by no means pleased with this Rebuke, and looking on *Parson Pugh* as the Cause of it, was determined to recount the Conversation to the Captain, in which he conceived all the Merit of the Defence consisted.

THIS



THAT Evening the Chaplain was invited to pass with the Captain, and the Surgeon, who by this Time had acquainted the Captain with the Conversation.

As they were then over a Glass in the Evening—But first we will just recollect that the Parson, from his former Manner of living, divided in Sentiment between the Justice of Peace and Exciseman, had always continued an habitual Inclination to be of that Side in a Question, which was espoused by the most leading Person, unless greatly stimulated to declare his real Sentiments by any imaginary or real Opposition, from a Quarter he did not like.

As they were then together, (the Commander, Mrs. *Rachael*, the Surgeon, and the Divine) the honourable Captain *Bounce* asked Parson *Pugh* how he came to say, that he had committed a Rape on Miss *Lydia Fairchild*.

'DAMOCHEE, Captain,' says the Parson, 'you whas mistaken, hur did not say you whas commit a Raap, I can tell you that.'

'WHAT,' says the Surgeon, 'did na you dispute wi me for an oor, that the Captain had committed a Raap on Mese *Leddy*?'

'No,' says the Parson, 'hur tid not say that the Captain hat committed a Raap on the young Tam-sel, hur tid say, that if what Miss *Litty* tid say was true, that the Captain hat mate a Raap upon her, that is what hur tid say, look you.'

THIS Answer putting the Question upon quite another Point, Mrs. *Rachael*, who had entertained a most vehement and inveterate Hatred against the Chaplain, said, 'she was amazed how a Man, who ministered in holy Things, could take the Word of a young Girl, who, she believed, was no better than she should be; and of an heathenish *Indian*, who had never heard the Name of the Lord; in Opposition to one, tho' she must say it, who revered his holy Name, and had walked stedfastly in his Ways all the Days of her Life, and the Commander of his own Ship, a Nobleman's Son; for my Part I am convinced,' says she, 'that Mr. *Maultext* would not have been of that Opinion.'

‘ A YOUNG Girl no petter than hur shoul’t be, py  
 ‘ Cot her whas petter as all the Presbyterians in the  
 ‘ Worlt, look you, ant hur whill pelieve her too.’  
 ‘ WHY then I ken,’ says *Macpherson*, ‘ if you be-  
 ‘ lieve the Laffie tells the Truth, it is an the same  
 ‘ Thing as if ye said the Captain commetted the  
 ‘ Raap.’

‘ To be sure,’ says the Captain.

‘ WHAT think you o’ that, Doctor?’ says *Macpherson*.

‘ YES,’ says Mrs. *Rachael*, ‘ if she speaks true and  
 ‘ I false, is not that the same as to say that the Captain  
 ‘ (who says as I do) tells a Lye, who, I am sure, ab-  
 ‘ hors the Thought of a Lye as much as I do.’

HERE the poor Parson was dreadfully beset, when  
 recollecting, he replied, ‘ hur tid not say, that hur  
 ‘ woul’t not pelieve the Captain, look you, put that  
 ‘ hur woul’t pelieve Miss *Litty*; to believe Miss *Litty*  
 ‘ is not the same Thing as to tispelieve the Captain:  
 ‘ Pelieve and tispelieve cannot be the same Thing, Name  
 ‘ o’ Cot, therefore hur tid not contradict the Captain,  
 ‘ I say.’

‘ As I shall answer, Parson, that wunna do; as  
 ‘ Mrs. *Rachael* and the Captain have agreed i’ the same  
 ‘ Story, and as ye declare that ye believe Miss *Liddy*  
 ‘ and not Mrs. *Rachael*, it follows, Sir, that ye say the  
 ‘ Captain commetted the Raap.’

It was now the Parson had gone to the End of his  
 Tether, when Habit and Nature began to prevail; he  
 therefore declared, ‘ that he tid pelieve that the Cap-  
 ‘ tain was guilty;’ and looking *Macpherson* full in the  
 Face, cried:

‘ PY St. *Tavild*, hur tid pelieve the Captain whas  
 ‘ kilty, and py Cot hur whill say it in hall Com-  
 ‘ panies; for the young Tamfel was soper, as  
 ‘ virtuous young Oman, as Heart shall wish to pe-  
 ‘ hold; and this hur whill teclare to the whole  
 ‘ Worlt, look you.’

‘ AND I declare that you leave the Company  
 ‘ and the Cabin immediately,’ says the Captain.

‘ ANT

‘ANT I to say, that a Captain who is frait of a French Ensign, is not fit to commant a *British* Man of War, ant toes petray his Majesty’s Honour and Glory, and Renown, and his Nathon to poot, look you, ant so the Tefil and hur Tam keep you Company, for Parson *Pugh*; or, which is the same Thing, look you, your two Prespyterians.’ Saying this, he left the Cabin in great Wrath, and we close the Chapter.

## C H A P. XXVI.

*Mrs. Rachael cured of her Dropsy, by an Operation more common, more certain, more safe, and more natural than Tapping. Macpherson’s Advice followed, and Miss Lydia’s Humanity exhibited.*

**M**R. Rachael, at his leaving the Place, expatiated much upon the Wickedness of the Clergy of the Church of *England*; extolling at the same Time the pious Lives of the dissenting Teachers in *America*, whose Conversation was in Heaven.

THE Evening being past, Mrs. Rachael retired to the State-room, in great Hopes that her Dropsy, which had manifestly increased during the Voyage, would hold out till she came to *England*; to this Intent she prayed most sincerely to the Lord, hoping, she said, ‘that if the Ship should not arrive, that the Lord would delay the Hour of her Delivery beyond the usual Time on her Account, and not stand out for a Week or a Fortnight, to save the Reputation of so pious a Soul.’ Yet, alas! such is the Effect of Nature, or the Abhorrence of Hypocrisy in the Eyes of the Creator, that this very Night Mrs. Rachael was seized with Pains unknown before.

WHEREFORE, fearing for her Life more than her Reputation, she spoke aloud to the Captain, who was in the great Cabin, and desired him to call the Doctor because she was very ill; this, indeed, she deferred, till it was too late for one Purpose. The Dropsy was come to Town in the Shape of a Boy, who was squawling to

declare his Arrival, like a Post winding his Horn, to tell the People that he was arrived.

THIS Voice, Mr. *Macpherson*, from much natural Sagacity, soon found to be that of a Child; he therefore took it, and, with his best Care, did what was necessary, Mrs. *Rachael* asking him, if he could not convey it to Miss *Lydia*'s Bed in Secresy, by which Means it might pass for hers, and the Righteous be unblamed? 'Do, Doctor,' says the Captain, 'to humble the little ——.'

'No,' says the Doctor, 'as I shall answer, I have done more than my Conscience will answer reeght well for ye bath a'ready, and I sha certainly be taken in the Fact; I can na do a Thing the lik a that.'

MRS. *Rachael* then began wondering how she came pregnant; she vowed, 'that she had never known Man, and that she was still a spotless Virgin.' 'Haud your Tongue,' says the Doctor, 'na more o' that, say you are married, the De'el wunna believe the first, and wha shall deny the second?' This Advice she followed.

THIS Affair was soon discovered, when Parson *Pugh* exulted much, and said Abundance of sarcastic Things on the Presbyterians, and triumphed over the Doctor, who answered, by affirming the Marriage; he had determined to take his Revenge on Mrs. *Rachael*, but, Miss *Lydia*, forgetting all the cruel Treatment of Mrs. *Rachael*, prevented him; she could not avoid asking how she did, and, with all the Tenderness of true Humanity, performed the Part of a Nurse to the Child; 'poor Babe,' says she, 'thou art innocent, whatever may be the Case of thy Mother; whilst I am with you, my little Care shall not be wanting to give thee Ease and Conveniency.'

AND indeed she behaved with singular Humanity, during the remaining Days of the Voyage; when the Captain making *Milford* Harbour, and the Wind blowing contrary to come up the Channel, he entered that *Haven*; and here we leave him, and conclude this Chapter.

LYDIA,  
OR  
FILIAL PIETY.  
A  
NOVEL.

---

By the AUTHOR of the MARRIAGE ACT a Novel;  
and LETTERS on the *English* Nation.

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*Virtutis est domare, quæ cuncti pavent.*

SENEC.

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V O L. II.

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# L Y D I A.

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## C H A P. XXVII.

*A new Comparison between Army-Tailors, and Authors of true History.*

**T**HE many Comparisons which Authors have already drawn of themselves, one would imagine, should have utterly exhausted all Similies on that Subject; and, yet it appears to us that there remains one behind, which, with respect to the Similitude between Writers of true History, such as this we are inditing for Posterity, is more apt, than any that has hitherto been thought of.

WE believe also, that the Resemblance may be rendered yet more striking, by certain Methods which have been pursued by some late Historians in this Way.

IN this Place, however, we do not mean to speak of any Thing but Likeness in one particular Circumstance, which is in Relation to the Characters in our Works.

IN short, we cannot help observing, that there is a very strict Analogy between an Army-Taylor and a Writer of true History. First then, in setting out as a Taylor to clothe a Regiment, every one knows he makes his Cloaths of almost all Sizes without measuring one Man, still with the Idea of Man in the Abstract in his Head, according to the Metaphysici-

ans Phrase ; which said Suits of Cloaths are displayed on the Ground, to be taken by *Tom*, *Dick*, and *Harry* ; and here by *Tom's* being too tall, and *Dick's* being too short, the Cloaths are all out of fitting at first, till changing round, every Man in the Regiment settles into the Coat that suits him.

In this place, we cannot avoid observing, notwithstanding it may seem somewhat paradoxical, that tho' the Taylor makes the Cloaths and fits the whole Regiment, yet, he does not make any single Suit for any one Man, or fit on any one of them : The fitting then arises from those who chuse and put on the Suits, and that makes each Man's his own. In like Manner in writing true History, when we have gotten together our Materials, and like the aforesaid Army-Tailors, we have cut them out into Characters, and spread them upon the Ground, we let People chuse for themselves till they are fitted.

HOWEVER, in this Instance of Authority, as in the other of tailoring, we neither make or adapt Characters to any one Person ; we have taken Measure of no Individual, but have cut out according to certain Proportions in the Human Being ; and therefore it must be remembered, if the Characters happen to be well cut, fit free and easy on the Wearers, that it is really no Merit in us, but in the Persons or their Friends who have chosen from the Heap ; and we here very modestly resign all Pretensions to that Applause, being in Fact an Historian of a superior Nature to those who paint particular Characters, draw Plans of Battles, cite and explain Things as they think they have past ; we choose the Principles in Nature which are eternally existing, and combining them and their Consequences, form Characters and Events, which are for ever true.

THUS, then as an Historian resembles an Army-Taylor, so are his Characters like Suits of Cloaths for a Regiment, which tho' he cuts them out, the Men that put them on adapt to themselves, and make their own.

FOR this Reason, the Character of the Honourable Captain *Charles Bounce*, whoever sees it in the Parcel,



cel, and taking it up amongst the rest, should first put in one Arm and then another, and buttoning it fast, find it fit him exactly, we confess that we have no particular Merit in this fitting, we made it for the Legion.

IN like Manner, if one Friend puts a Suit of Character on the Back of another, the fitting is to him also, and not to us.

WHENEVER then, the Character which belongs to the Captain is put on, or *MacValor's*, or his Cousin *Phelim's*, Lieutenant *Probit's*, Miss *Lydia's*, Mrs. *Rachael's*, or any other respectable Character of this true History, is placed on the Person whom it fits, let it be remembered, that as Misers heap up Riches, and cannot tell who shall gather them; so the Army-Taylor cutteth out Cloaths, and cannot tell who shall wear them, and the Author of true History maketh Characters and knoweth not whom they will fit; wherefore, here we renounce all kind of Reputation, which may be obtained by that particular Circumstance of fitting.

ONLY, indeed, we reserve one Thing to ourselves; which is, that after our Work shall be large enough to collect from them Similies, Apophthegms, moral Sentences, Proverbs, Maxims, and choice Sayings, sufficient for a whole Suit, that then we may be allowed to rip these Parts like Lace from an old Garment, and make one Vestment which is to be all pure Gold, and which we modestly suppose, from the small Opinion we have of our own Capacity, and the great one of those of other People, were originally overlooked in the whole Suits; these therefore shall be united together, with public Assurance that it is designed to mend the Morals, and correct the Vices of Mankind: With a Preface by a Friend, hinting, that we rather exceed *Socrates* in Wisdom and Writing; and yet, that Men are wickedder at present than in his Time, notwithstanding our Works and the Christian Religion; which last Sentence, perhaps, may be imagined to convey something not very full of Honour to the present Age, present Writers, and present Divines; but this is Imitation of our Betters.

## C H A P. XXVIII.

*Indian Observations on a certain Species of free Britons. Parson Pugh and Popkins the Exciseman's friendly Rencontre. Cannassatego, the Indian Chief, taken for the Pretender's Son. Mr. Popkina disposes of the Reward for apprehending him before he receives it. The Cause of Loyalty in the Exciseman and most Whigs. The Welch Way of nursing Children, and the Beginning of Mr. Popkins's Journey to London.*

THE Ship \* \* \* \* being arrived in *Milford Haven*, *Cannassatego* was very impatient to see the Country which he had heard so much of, and that People so brave and valiant, such strict Observers of Truth and Justice.

THE Man of War being moored, the Chaplain was to go on Shore with *Cannassatego*: At landing, the Indian was terribly disappointed; instead of Pomp and Splendor, vast Palaces and magnificent Temples, which he had before heard of, he saw Dwellings little better than the Huts of *Indians*, and a Parcel of People with their Faces blacker than his own; these were the Colliers just come from the Mines: He could not reconcile what kind of Beings they were, till having their Employment described, as being engaged in digging that which was burning in the Chimney, many Fathom under-ground; he was astonished, and asked if all the *English* dug Coals, then says he, I can account for their leaving this Country in search of ours.

It being then explained to him that only the Poor were employed in this Occupation, he asked if *England* was not a free Country, where all were destined to the same Employment, or if the great Spirit had made two Species of Men, one inferior to another, and the lesser destined to the Service of the greater, without this, says he, how is this a Land of Freedom, or how is it reconcilable in Justice, that Creatures born in the same Land, of the same Form, and endowed with

with the same Faculties, should be doomed to this inhuman Labour, whilst others live at Ease?

ON this Occasion Parson *Pugh* endeavoured to explain to him the Use and Influence of Money; but as he still entertained his heathenish Notions of Liberty, and did not understand the Virtues of Gold, the Divine did not make any great Impression upon him; and indeed he almost repented his Voyage, concluding that the Town of *Pembroke* in *Wales* was a just Representation of *London*; and the Mayor and Corporation, of the great \* \* \* and the Ministry.

THIS Notion we have known entertained by more than one *English* Traveller, as well as the *Indian* Chief; and a whole Nation, in Manners, Splendor, Arts and Sciences, taken from a Town much farther from the Capital, than *Pembroke* from *London*; and this by the Writer of a late Voyage round the World, who concludes on what is to be seen at *Pekin*, from what he saw at *Canton*.

AND here, as this Observation in the *Indian* shews that it is natural for Men to make such Remarks, it excuses the Writer of that History, as it does the *Indian* also.

As these two, the *Indian* Chief and the Chaplain, were one Day on Shore, whom should Parson *Pugh* meet but his old Acquaintance Mr. *Popkins*, the Exciseman, with whom he had formerly taken many a Tankard of Ale, and lived in great Intimacy, as we have already related.

THIS accidental Meeting was the Cause of no small Joy to this Pair of old Friends; the Parson shook the Exciseman by the Hand, and the diligent Surveyor of the King's Revenue returned the Compliment with no less Energy; but yet the Divine felt some Touches of Sorrow at hearing his old Friend the Justice, of whom we have made Honourable Mention, was no more; however, much alleviated by his Family being in good Health. Compliments being past, the King's Officer asked what that Stranger was, which was with him clad in Furs? The Parson answered, 'A Prince, aye in *Wales* too by Cot.' He then introduced him to the

the Acquaintance of Mr. *Popkins*, hoping that he would be civil, and assist to make his Voyage agreeable to him. After having taken a Tankard together, the *Indian* Chief refusing to participate of their Potation, these two old Acquaintances parted; the Chief and Chaplain went on-board the Ship, and the Exciseman to his Dwelling.

THIS accidental Meeting, and the Words, *Prince in Wales*, ran very strongly in the Head of the Exciseman; he knew his old Friend, the Parson, was at his Heart a Jacobite, and therefore, concluded, this Prince could be no less than the Son of the Pretender come to raise another Rebellion, and that the Parson had made him this Discovery to gain his Interest: Indeed there was one Thing which seemed to contradict this Appearance, this was the Copper-colour Complexion which the *Indian* was of.

HOWEVER, as the Exciseman inclined much to wish that it might be the Chevalier de St. *George's* Son, there needed but very little Argument to make him believe it; and, as of all the Animals of God's Creation, Man is the most expert at deceiving itself, and as a Hen brooding on Duck-eggs, always expects a Chicken of her own Kind, till the Hatching discovers the contrary; so, before the next Morning, the Exciseman brooding over his Inclinations, believed that it was no other than the very Person who was in *Scotland* in the Year 1745.

NOTWITHSTANDING this Belief in himself, he determined to consult his Wife on so important an Occasion; having told her the Story, and that there was a Reward of Thirty Thousand Pounds for apprehending him; they both agreed that it must be the young Chevalier in Disguise, and that he had imitated the Gypsies, and discolour'd his Skin to keep himself from being discovered.

IN Consequence of this Conclusion, the Exciseman was determined to go cunningly to work, and by inquiring if he knew Sir *Watkin*, by that Means discover his Intentions, and who he was.

Two Days after this *Cannassatego* came on-shore again with the Chaplain, Lieutenants, Surgeon, and  
Miss

Miss *Lydia Fairechild*; to which Company the Exciseman was admitted by means of the Divine.

Now, it seems, the Exciseman and his Wife had agreed, if the Prince should appear to know Sir *Watkin*, that then he must be the Person they meant; and if he pretended not to know him, that then it must be him, because he disguised that Knowledge to conceal himself.

THE Exciseman therefore, in Company with the above-mentioned People, took an Opportunity to ask the *Indian* if he knew Sir *Watkin*? To which *Cannasatego* answering in the Negative, the Gauger concluded that this was the Man; and farther, that Miss *Lydia* was no other than Miss *Jenny Cameron*.

To this, indeed, he was much induced to give Credit, on account of the *Scotch* Surgeon and *Irish* Lieutenant, whom he considered as *Scotch* also, not knowing the different Manners of their pronouncing, and his old Friend *Parson Pugh*.

THE following Night, therefore, he debated with his Wife, whether he should take him dead or alive; 'If I cut off hur Heat, by Cot hur shall hafe all the Money hurself, ant if hur taak hur alive, the Shufftice whill come in for hur Share, look you, or those who are incaged with hur in the Oork.'

HE then told his Wife, that he was determined to get the Money himself, 'Part of which,' says he, 'hur whill lay out in an Estate in hur own Country, ant pe Memper of Parliament, when hur whill play the Tefil with the Superfiser who tid ill use hur; then hur whill kive little *Tavy*, and little *Morgan*, ant little *Rice*, Fife Thousand Pounds a-piece, ant *Whinny* ant *Peggy* Four Thousand, that his when hur tid tie, look you: by this Means, look you, Wife, young Squire *Powel* and young Squire *Price* whill marry the Wenches to pe sure: for hur whas porm of has cood Plood as the pest of them,' scratching his right Wrist with his left Hand, and his right Hamstring with his right Hand, at the same Time, as a Proof of it; an Art unknown to the *English*.

IN this Place, perhaps, by many People it may be thought, that the Exciseman was rather too bloodily inclined, and a Man of a bad Heart; and by others, a great Friend to the present happy Establishment; both which we beg Leave to obviate, by assuring our Readers, that it was no more than the Effect of a true Whig Principle, which believes that no Man will serve his Country, without a Power of plundering it, or being purchased; it was the Money therefore which had prevailed on Mr. *Popkins*; without this Article, the Pretender's Son might have lived for ever for him: It was not from any Idea of Dislike to the *Stuarts*, or Desire of serving his Country, and the present Family, but himself, that the King's Officer had in view; and this we presume to assert has been the undeviating Principle of that Party, ever since the Arrival of the immortal King *William*.

BUT we beg our Reader's Pardon for having so long said nothing of Mrs. *Rachael Stiffcrump*, and her Babe. During this Time, Mrs. *Rachael* had enquired; and found that it was the usual Custom amongst the *Welch* poor People, to take a Child for so much Money in Hand, to bring it up to Manhood, and then over-lay it in a Month, by way of making it a good Bargain.

THIS Kind of Nursing Mrs. *Rachael* thought would be the fittest in the World for her Infant-progeny; she therefore made a Bargain to give ten Guineas with it to a *Welch* Farmer, and thus got rid of her Dropsy and its Effects, in a very cheap Manner; still protesting, in the Name of the Lord, that she would call and carry it with her to *New York*, in her Return to that Country, for her Husband would be charmed to see his Son and Heir.

IT was now that the Exciseman had brought his Scheme to Perfection in his Imagination; he had determined to invite the *Indian* Chief and the Parson to dine with him, and as he knew his old Friend would tipple heartily, he had resolved to intoxicate him, and then to cut off the Pretender's Son's Head, and riding Post with it to *London*, receive the offer'd Reward: With this Intent he took his Horse, and rode  
first

first to the Place where the Man of War had ridden at Anchor, when to his great Amazement the Ship was sailed.

THIS Accident he attributed entirely to the Discovery of his Design, he was convinced, he said, it had taken Air; however, it made him much more persuaded, that this could be no other Person than the Chevalier's Son; and he remember'd that the Parson said they were bound for *Portsmouth*.

THIS determin'd him to ride with all convenient Speed to *London*, to give Intelligence of this Affair to the M——y; he therefore neglected the King's Revenue entirely to preserve his sacred Person; and mounting his Horse, proceeded with this Account to the great City.

DURING the Journey, this loyal Officer riding from Town to Town, amused his Imagination with the pleasant Seats which he saw on the Road, determining to purchase them all with that Money, which he now counted as good as in his Possession.

PROCEEDING in this Manner, his Mind entirely taken up with his great Riches, he found that, on his coming into *England*, more Money was required for a Day's Provision, than had served him a Week in *Wales*: This Accident, tho' it disturbed him a little for a Moment, was entirely forgotten in that immense Wealth which he was convinced he should possess, as soon as he arrived at *London*.

AT *Bristol*, however, such is the cruel Fate of Things, this Friend to his Country was reduced, on the Evening of his Arrival at the Inn, to two Shillings; and notwithstanding the Exciseman supp'd on a *Welsh* Rabbit and a Tankard of Ale, the Bill the next Morning amounted to five Shillings. For it is a standing Rule with all Landlords, that every Traveller that comes into an Inn at an Evening ought to sup in it; and if he does not, that they ought to charge him as much as if he did, because the Affair is left to the Choice of the Traveller, and Landlords must live well; for this Reason, the Expence is pretty much the same, whether you eat nothing at all, Bread and Cheese, or more delicate Fare.

THIS

THIS Bill being survey'd by the Officer, as he was a great Arithmetician, and expert at Figures, he soon perceived that it was not possible to pay five Shillings with two, he therefore began to expostulate on the Unreasonableness of the Charge, but to no Purpose ; the Landlord was resolute, as not being much afraid of losing his Customer, and the Conclusion was, that his little *Welch* Horse must be sold ; the Question then was, who should determine the Price. The Landlord, after having secretly sent to the Sadler, who was much employed by him, to walk that Way, without taking Notice of the Message when he came, began with saying to Mr. *Popkins*, ' God knows, I scorn ' to impose on a Gentleman in Distress ; I will ' not fix a Price on your Horse, Sir ; I have always behaved as a Gentleman to Strangers, and always will.'

AT this Time, the Sadler appearing, as by Accident, ' if you please,' continued the Landlord, ' we ' will leave the Price to this Gentleman, who, I am ' sure, is a very honest Man, and can have no Interest on either Side ; what say you, Sir ?' With half a bur Heart,' says *Popkins*.

THE Sadler then declined the Affair, saying, ' he ' had often fixed Prices for Horses ; but,' turning to the Landlord, ' you have always grumbled as if they ' were too dear, and said publicly, that I was more ' a Friend to Strangers than to you ; and therefore,' says he, ' I am determined never to have any Thing ' more to do in such Matters.'

MR. *Popkins*, then, being encouraged by this Speech, requested of the Gentleman-Sadler, that he would fix a Price, ' for hur shall be much obliged to you indeed.'

THE Sadler, then had the little Horse walk'd, trotted, and gallop'd, and pretended to examine him with great Scrutiny, taking up his Feet to look at them ; at which Time, the Landlord stooping, pretended to look at the Feet also, whispered the Sadler, ' two Guineas.'

' WELL, Sir,' says the Sadler to *Popkins*, ' I think ' I have now seen enough of him ; but I am afraid ' that



‘ that I shall displease you, and therefore desire to be  
 ‘ excused from fixing the Price.’ At last by much  
 Intreaty, he said, ‘ tho’ I am convinced that no Man  
 ‘ would give so much in any Market or Fair, as the  
 ‘ Gentleman is a Stranger, you must give him two  
 ‘ Guineas; this, I think, between Man and Man, is just  
 ‘ the thing,’ says he to the Landlord.

THE Price being fixed, and the Money received,  
 Mr. *Popkins* paid his Reckoning, and proceeded on  
 his Journey with one Pound nineteen Shillings in his  
 Pocket.

Now it never came into this Man’s Head that there  
 were more than two Ways of Travelling, on Horseback  
 and on Foot, Stage-coaches being unheard of in the  
 Country from whence he came.

## C H A P. XXIX.

*Mr. Popkins continues his Journey on Foot. Many Ad-  
 ventures on the Road, religious, amorous, theatrical,  
 political, and friendly.*

THIS Morning therefore he began his Journey,  
 regretting the Loss of his little Horse, yet  
 rinking the Fatigue of walking a hundred and twenty  
 Miles, a Consideration not worth the Attention of a  
 Man, who was to get so much Money by serving his  
 Country, for indeed the Idea of the Riches was the  
 most consoling Circumstance: During the whole  
 Journey, whatever Crosses he met on the Road, in less  
 than five Minutes all was forgotten, by the strong Belief  
 of that immense Sum, which he concluded he should  
 soon enjoy.

BEING in good Spirits, and an able Walker, he cou-  
 rageously proceeded on his Journey for two Days,  
 when advancing nearer to *London*, he frequently met  
 Travellers on the Road, who kept him Company;  
 this was no great Consolation to Mr. *Popkins*, all Con-  
 versation depriving him of ruminating on his immense  
 Wealth, and the Way he should bestow it, which as  
 yet he did not chuse to mention to any one, lest the  
 Person

Person should forestall him in the Discovery, and get the whole Sum to himself.

IN this Manner he proceeded, entertaining his Imagination with his immense Riches, only sometimes he was visited with Fears lest Parson *Pugh*, incited by the same Love of Money, should betray the Prince before he could arrive; this indeed gave him some Twitches of Anxiety, and made him put the best Leg foremost.

THE Evening was now at Hand, and the Exciseman began to be Leg-weary; he therefore entered into a little Inn on the Road, in a Village between *Newberry* and *Reading*, in which a *Jew* Pedlar according to the *Israelite* Phrase, had pitched his Tent for the Night, and a Gentleman of another Cast, who had begun his first Struttings on the Stage as an Actor at *Barnstable* in *Devonshire*, with no small Applause, particularly in his own Opinion, where he found much Approbation in all he said and acted.

THIS young Man had been bred a Wig-maker; but from dressing the Perriwigs of a Company of Strollers, and being free of the House, he had conceived such an ardent Desire of appearing in the first Characters as a Player, that Mr. *Archer*, the Master of the Company, for, and in Consideration of dressing the whole Company for nothing, during their Stay at *Barnstable*, had permitted him to play the Part of *Othello*, inserting it in the Bills, 'the Part of *Othello* by a Gentleman who never appeared on any Stage before,' at the same time favouring him with some of his peculiar Strokes of Instruction.

THIS then, tho' his Friends were of another Opinion, had determined him to follow the Stage; Mr. *Archer* and his Troop, who continually honoured him with their Company to dine and sup, assuring him that they had never seen a young Gentleman come off so well at the first Time, as Mr. *Cook* had done, since they were upon the Stage.

UPON this Encouragement, he proposed listing in the Troop: they told him he was welcome to play what Parts he pleased, during their Residence at *Barnstable*; but as his peculiar Friends, they would not advise

advise him to engage with them, for Reasons which they would tell him hereafter.

He then played more Parts, and every Character he played filled the House thro' Curiosity: Indeed he had one singular Talent, which was that of transposing an Author's Intention, by making the Audience weep at Comedy, and laugh at Tragedy, in which no Man excelled him. When his Townsmen ridiculed him the next Day for his Absurdities, he always believed these Reflections arose from Envy; and indeed, the best Judges, the Players, assured him, it all took its Rise from that Source.

THE Time was now come, that the Cloud-clapt Towers and gorgeous Palaces, the Kings and Queens, were to remove to *Biddeford*; when Mr. *Cook* expressing great Inclination to follow them, Mr. *Archer*, in a sly Speech, told him, 'that to be sure nothing could so much improve their Company, or be so advantageous to it, as the Playing of Mr. *Cook*; but,' says he, 'as a Man of Honour, I think myself obliged to renounce that Advantage, and to tell you, Sir, that I really think it a vast Pity so accomplish'd an Actor should be lost in the Country; and therefore I sincerely advise you to make the best Haste you can to *Bath*, there Play the first Characters for one Season; after which,' says he, 'I doubt not but Mr. *R—b*, of *Covent Garden* Theatre, who is a great Encourager of Merit in Players, will gladly give you five Hundred a Year Salary to begin with, besides a Benefit: As to Mr. *Garrick* indeed, I am afraid if you should go to him, he may be a little shy of encouraging you; great Players are apt to be jealous of rising Merit, like yours; therefore, remember Mr. *R—b* is your Man.' It seems Mr. *Cook* had taken this Advice, and having fail'd at *Bath*, was proceeding to *London*, being convinced it was all Envy, and that *London* was the only Place for Merit to thrive in.

THESE three Gentlemen being at one Inn, agreed to spend the Evening together; the *Jew* excepted against eating with them, being extremely scrupulous in Non-essentials of Morality and Religion; and, as the Ale was good, after their Meal the Tankard was push'd about

about with Vigour; the Exciseman finding his Spirits and Strength much recruited by the Quintessence of the Malt, as did the *Jew* and Mr. *Cook*.

As these Gentlemen grew warmer with Liquor, they grew more intimate; when Mr. *Cook* told them he would, if they pleased, entertain them with a Speech in *Otello*, which he had studied, and take their Opinion upon it.

UPON this the Landlady, who was a Widow, was admitted of the Company; and Mr. *Cook* put out the Light, and then put out the Light, to the great Surprise of the Audience, and Applause to himself, I mean the greatest Part, the Landlady and the Exciseman; the *Jew* having seen Plays in *London*, was not so much struck with the Excellency of the Performance.

THE Exciseman protested, 'hur tid pelief the Shen-tilman whas maak as pretty a Player as any in *England*.' 'And so do I too, I protest,' says Mrs. *Swaddle* the Landlady, a Woman a little inclining to Fat, but a buxom Widow still. Indeed Mr. *Cook* was a handsome Person, which sometimes, in the Opinion of Females, outweighs many other Excellencies, and particularly has no small Influence on a Widow in its Favour, and it seems did not operate a little in his, in this Instance.

Now it seems that of the three, *Levi* the Pedlar, was the first that had arrived at this Inn: This *Jew* had, from his first coming, surveyed the Landlady with an Inclination diametrically opposite to that with which that Nation beholds a good Piece of Pork; indeed he had a great Appetite to have a Slice of her that Evening.

WITH this Intent he had made Love to her, beginning with the Offer of a Gold-Ring, which in these hard Times, when Taxes are high, and Money scarce, as the Landlady expressed herself, she had agreed to accept: On this Account Mr. *Levi* was to have the special Favour of sleeping in the same Bed with Mrs. *Swaddle* that Evening.

AFTER the speaking this Speech, the Exciseman could not avoid applauding Mr. *Cook*, and *Levi* disagreed

greed with him in his Opinion. Words soon grew high ; from disputing about Playing, they fell to that of the *Jewish* and Christian Religion ; on which the Exciseman observed, it was no Wonder that a *Jew* did not like a Player who was a Christian.

*Levi* to this answered, that he believed the Christian Religion did not say any thing in Relation to Players ; and that Christ was never an Actor. This warm'd the Blood of the Exciseman to that Degree, that he was resolved to make the *Jew* renounce his Faith, or that he would convert him by no very gentle Beating ; he declared also, it was a Shame that these Fellows were not banished from all Christian Countries, that they were a Set of Cheats and deserved Hanging.

To this the *Jew* answered, he believed he could buy twenty such Fellows as he or the Player, pointing to his Box ; ' Tradesmen,' says he, ' are of more use ' than *Welchmen* or Strollers to a Nation.

At which Words Mr. Cook seized *Levi* by the Collar, and rapped out,

*Villain, be sure you prove my Love a Whore,  
Be sure of it ; give me ocular Proof,  
Or by the Worth of mine eternal Soul,  
Thou hadst better have been born a Dog,  
Than answer my waked Wrath.*

Which Words tho' not very applicable to the Subject, nor well understood by the Audience, had yet a very great Influence on the Exciseman and *Jew*, and brought the Landlady into the Room ; when *Poppins* taking the Word began, ' Damochee, toes hur know ' to whom hur whas taaking, look you ; py Cot, hur ' tid pelief hur whas the richest Man in all South *Wales*, ' and in *Englant* to poot, tho' inteed hur whas not ' maak that Appearance, put hur whas come pack in ' hur Coach, tho' hur tid co up a Foot ; it whas hur ' Fancy to walk a Foot, hur Father ant Grandfather ' hat the same Fancies ant Fagaries pefore hur. Put, ' look you, hur whas determined to maak a Confert ' of a *Shew* ; aye, ant that presently.

This Resolution was not at all relish'd by the *Israelite* ; he survey'd the Exciseman, and found him  
a well

a well made Fellow, who had great Powers of Conversion about him; he therefore feeling Mr. *Pophins's* Left-hand at his Collar, seeing the Right directed to his Face, and considering it as an *English Auto de Fe*, cried out he was ready to renounce his Faith, if they would get a Parson to whom it might be acknowledged. This suspended the Exciseman's Powers of Conversion; but as there was no Parson in the Neighbourhood, the Widow, who had as much Waggishness as a Merry Andrew, proposed another Expedient, that Mr. *Levi*, to convince the Company of his Conversion to Christianity, should eat a Yard of Hog's Pudding, which she would broil for him: This was agreed to by the Exciseman; Mr. *Levi* accordingly devoured this Christian Morfel, and proved himself a Convert to the Satisfaction of all present, Mr. *Pophins* valuing himself not a little on thus having saved a Jew from the Torments of the other World.

DURING this Dispute, the Maid of the House (for permit me to say this Inn was not quite so large as the Castle at *Marlborough*, the *King's-Arms* at *Spinbamlands*, the *Crown* at *Reading*, or the *Castle* at *Salibil*) took the Liberty to participate the Conversation with her Mistress, a Liberty which Maids will sometimes take, from the Palace to the Cottage, who are too much familiarized with their Mistress's Manners and Secrets: Indeed, as these last are not sworn to Secrecy, like Members of a Privy-council, it is no wonder their Superiors are a little suspicious of their Blabbing; a thing which is always effectually prevented by an Oath by Potentates all over *Europe*, one only excepted, which is the King of *Prussia*; he indeed has another way almost as effectual, which is that of not letting his Ministers know what he intends doing.

*Molly* then had made herself of the Party during this Dispute, and to her Mr. *Cook* being warmed with Ale, made Love from the tenderest Parts of all the most pathetic Tragedies; this being quoted from the Language of Princes, was a Strain beyond the Resistance of any Servant-maid's Chastity. Indeed this Virtue in *Molly*, though it had never been absolutely broken by a Lying-in, yet like a Cable in a Storm, it had

had been stretched; she had therefore frequently veered out more Rope, according to Occasion, before she parted from her Anchor, and was determined to put the same Expedient again in Practice for the sake of Mr. Cook, who was a Lover of quite another kind from any she had ever received,

It was then agreed that *Molly* should act a Part in *All for Love* that Night with Mr. Cook; and play it, not as on the Stage in London, with Alterations by *Dryden*, but according to the Original, as it was exactly performed by *Antony* and *Cleopatra* in *Egypt*, almost two thousand Years ago.

THIS Bargain however, was not so secretly made, but the Widow *Swaddle* overheard the Resolution; and as she had a much greater Mind, to speak in the theatrical Phrase, to *Mark Antony* than *Shylock*, she was devising how to change Parts with her Maid, and act *Cleopatra* for that Night at least; the Ring she was in Possession of, as hath been already said.

THESE two Amours were to be begun by the two Females seeking their Knights in the Dark, according to the Laws in which they are generally transacted in Castles of this kind.

MRS. *Swaddle* therefore taking Occasion to tell *Molly*, that Mr. *Levi* should sleep in the Lion, and Mr. *Cook* in the Tyger, (which not to frighten young travelling Squires, we must assure them are not the Bellies of two wild Beasts, but two Chambers christened in this manner in an Inn) desiring her to tun up the Ale, and she would put the Gentlemen to Bed herself, in the mean while.

THIS *Molly* agreeing to the good Woman of the House alter'd her Intentions, and put Mr. *Levi* in the Tyger, and Mr. *Cook* in the Lion, and never mentioned one Word of this Alteration to her Maid *Mary*. Indeed, the Landlady had since been heard to say, that she thought she had trusted her Servant with Secrets enough before that Time, and chuse to keep this one to herself, at least till the Morning.

AFFAIRS being settled, the Mistress and the Maid, took Leave of each other with a Good-night, very cordially pronounced.

Now

Now as it had been observ'd by those who look deep into human Nature, that Joy and Sorrow in Excess will produce Tears; so we observe, that each of these Passions has great Power to keep People waking.

On the Approach of one of which Passions, perhaps both, the Player expecting his *Cleopatra* with unsleeping Eyes, gently spouting tender Tragedy, like a *jet d'eau* at half Play, and *Levi* in the same Situation, silent, expecting Mrs. *Swaddle* with more Earnestness than *G——d——n* does the coming of the Messiah, and *Le H——e* his Trial for Breach of Law at the King's-bench.

THE Ladies also continued till all was quiet: Indeed the Time was not long, for as every one in the House was to perform a Vigil that Night, the Exciseman excepted, he, as if conscious of his sleeping for all the rest, began to imitate the Sound of Hogs in a calm Night; these Animals being observed by the most shrewd and learned Naturalists, to sleep quietest in a Storm.

It will be remembered by the Wags amongst our Readers, that Mrs. *Swaddle*, in Imitation of great Ministers, had given out one Design, and followed another; that is, she altered the first Intention of lodging her Guests, by which Means it came to pass, that *Molly* not being acquainted with the Alteration, walk'd away to the Bed of *Levi*, and instead of acting, as she had intended, the Part of *Cleopatra* in the Arms of *Mark Antony*, was reduced to be the Female Companion of *Shylock*.

At length the rosy-fisted Morning having drawn the Curtains of the Night, which envelop'd the Bed in which she had slept with *Phœbus*, perceiving that it was time to get up, leapt from her Master's Side, and ordering the Grooms to put the Horses to, waked the young Gentleman, and set out, scattering rosy Water in Dew-drops to refresh him as he pass'd along; in plain English, it was Day.

THIS discovered that Mrs. *Molly* had been mistaken, as well as Mr. *Cook*, tho' all Parties were tolerably well satisfied: As the Maid suspected the Mistake was  
in



in her Memory, and did not imagine how Things had gone with her Mistress, they did not chuse to mention the Thing to each other.

THE *Jew* however finding the Bargain uncomplied with on the Side of Mrs. *Swadle*, who refused to refund the Ring, threatened to swear a Robbery against her; on which Mrs. *Swadle* speaking to *Molly*, without discovering she was in the other Bed, told her the whole Affair of the Agreement with the *Jew*.

THIS good Girl having a great Love for her Mistress, a rare Instance in Servants now a-days! immediately threaten'd to swear a Rape against *Lewi*, unless he made her a Present also.

THIS being obliged to do in a Pair of Silver Buckles, he quitted the House before the Player and Exciseman were stirring, and proceeded to *Newbury* Market.

THE Exciseman and Tragedian being both awaked, came down, and breakfasted on some cold Meat, and a Tankard of Ale; when each intending to go the same Road, they paid their Reckoning, and set out for the great City of *London*; Mr. *Cook* taking Leave of Mrs. *Swadle* in tender Tragedy, the good Woman wishing to have the same Play given out for the next Night.

## C H A P. XXX.

*More Adventures on the Road; together with a Scene of the Humbug; which thro' Variety of Fortunes, bring a Player and an Exciseman a great Way on the Road to London.*

AS these two Gentlemen walked the Road together, inattentive of one another, each deeply amused with his coining Grandeur; the Exciseman lost in that Pomp which he intended to appear in when he returned, and amaze the Landlady; and Mr. *Cook* ruminating on the Princes and Potentates which he should represent, and the vast Applause that he must gain in acting Parts that require the greatest Talents to perform

form well; as they thus walked together, the Tragedian, lost in Attention to the Part of *Othello*, stopt short, and taking hold of the Exciseman, cried,

*Soft you, a Word or two, before you go.  
I've done the State some Service, and they know't :  
No more of that ; I pray you in your Letters,  
When you shall these unlucky Deeds relate,  
Speak of me as I am.*

THIS Speech the Exciseman interrupted in this Place, by saying, he did not intend writing to the State about it, but was carrying the Message himself by Word of Mouth, and if he could serve him in any thing, he should be glad to do it with all his Heart.

Mr. *Cook* thanked him very profoundly, when re-collecting himself and his Pockets that were then empty, Mr. *Popkins's* saying last Night that he was extremely rich, and now that he was going to the State himself, he concluded that his Companion was some great *Welch* Squire in Disguise going to Parliament.

THE Tragedian therefore, seemed inclined to know why a Man of Riches chose to travel on Foot; Mr. *Popkins* answered as before, that it was his Fancy, and in fact that he was rather going to receive that Fortune which he had last Night mentioned, than actually in Possession of it.

TIME passing on and the Road together, the Appetites of these two Travellers began to strike the Hour of Dining, when Mr. *Popkins* proposed that Inclination to Mr. *Cook*, who had no Objection to it at all, only like a young Player who is deeper tinctured with the Probity of the Parts he plays, than the Politicks of the Stage, first telling Mr. *Popkins*, that he was a Man of too much Honour to pretend to dine with him without first acquainting him, that he had no more Money remaining.

THIS the Exciseman told him was no Matter between Friends, that he had sufficient for both, and was determined he should participate; I am within three Days of receiving Thirty thousand Pounds, says he, and I, says *Cook*, of Five hundred a Year and a Benefit.

BEING

BEING then both of one Mind, with respect to the Inclination of dining, they entered a little Inn on the Road, and finding that a good Piece of Beef would be ready in Half an Hour, well garnished with Greens and other Garden-stuff, they determined to refresh themselves with a Slice or two of that Viand, and then proceed to that great City where each longed to arrive; the Exciseman to receive Thirty thousand Pounds, and the Player to begin upon his Five hundred a Year, on which Sum he said, that a young Gentleman with Care, he believed, might live very handsomely.

HAVING dined, they determined to take one Tankard of Ale, and proceed: Now as Illustrations of the Minds of Men, have been always well received by every Reader of Penetration; we beg Leave by an apt Similitude to illustrate the present Situation of these two Gentlemen.

It is scarce to be imagined, but that all our Readers have some time or other in their Lives, beheld that expressive Symbol of Justice, a Pair of Scales: It must have been remarked also by many of them, Philosophers, for example, who weigh Air, Poets who weigh Words, Tradersmen who weigh Sugar, Plumbs and Tobacco, Statesmen who weigh Kingdoms, and even *Europe*, in a Ballance, that when one Scale contains a greater Weight than the other, it immediately becomes Important, and, as the Poets express it, makes the other kick the Beam.

In this manner it happened between the Player and the Exciseman; this latter perceiving his Importance become greater, by being the Person destined to pay the Reckoning, desired Mr. *Cook* to entertain him with a Speech out of some Play; a Liberty he would otherwise scarce have asked; and the Tragedian also perceiving that it was his Fate to be obliged for his Shot, found that his Importance grew less, and his Situation such, that Mr. *Popkins* must be complied with: Thus each Person like each Scale grew more or less Important, from more Weight being in one than the other; and yet we would not have our Readers conceive that this arose from deep Penetration or Design, but from the

natural Dispositions of common Minds and common Scales.

IN this Manner we have seen the learned Head and light Pocket play the Fool to entertain the Title and great Estate.

THE Speech which was pronounced, was 'To be, or not to be,' in *Hamlet*; in which Mr. *Cook* acquitted himself with great Applause: The Landlord and Landlady, Maid, Drawer, Hostler, Boot-catcher, and one or two Postillions straggled from the great Inn, as well as Mr. *Popkins*, agreeing that they never had seen any thing so well performed, and pronouncing positively that Mr. *Cook* would make a great Man.

THE Tankard being finished, and the Reckoning paid, those two Companions set out together, each being more pleased with the other than before, the whole Family looking after them, admiring *Cook* for his theatrical Talents, and because he was handsome.

DURING the latter Part of the March, the Excise-man was so absolutely absorbed in thinking of his immense Riches and how to employ them, that he never cast a Thought on what was his present Situation; the Ocean of Wealth flowed so fast and so largely into his Head, he could not attend to the little Brook which ran out of his Pocket.

MR. *Cook* was at ease about the Affair of Money, concluding that a Gentleman who was to possess Thirty thousand Pounds in three Days, could never want Money sufficient to carry them to *London*, where he was sure that Five hundred a Year stood waiting for him, as a Porter does for the Arrival of a Stage Coach.

FILLED with these exalted Thoughts they marched on together, till the closing Day, twelve Miles, and a weary pair of Legs brought them to an Inn, where they intended to rest for that Night.

THE Master of this House was what is called a damn'd comical Dog, a funny Fellow, a Man of Humour, a good Companion, a dry Rascal; in short, he could drink a great deal, crack a Joke, humbug, and distinguish the various Capacities of his Guests.

IN Truth, like *Mahomet*, tho' he had never travelled as a Carrier with Pack-horses or Camels, into various Countries

Countries to attain the Knowledge of Mankind, yet he had acquired a tolerable share of worldly Wisdom, by Carriers and other Travellers coming to his Inn from all Parts, which is much the same Thing at the End; Men coming to you, or you going to them, *Mahomet* to the Mountain, or the Mountain to *Mahomet*.

THIS Pair then entering the Rose and Crown asked the Landlord to shew them a Room, and what he had in the House; the first of which being shewn, the Exciseman decided in favour of a Shoulder of Mutton and Potatoes; Mr. *Cook* agreeing nothing, in his Opinion, could be a more proper Supper-joint; his Complaisance being vastly improved by his Necessities.

MR. *Popkins*, as being now within one Day's Journey, or at most one and a half from the great City, grew more sanguine in his Behaviour, as he concluded the Time approached that would put him in Possession of his Thirty thousand Pounds; Mr. *Cook* was equally exhilarated with the majestic Idea of soon appearing to the greatest Advantage, as a Prince or Hero on the Stage of *Covent-garden*.

SUPPER being prepared and well eaten, the Landlord, who had by this Time, from a full Survey of his Guests, and a small overhearing of their Conversation, truly penetrated their Characters and Capacities, desired to make one of the Company, expressing great Pleasure in the Conversation of Men of Learning and Ingenuity, as he perceived they were.

THIS was accepted of with much good-nature by the two Travellers; my Landlord cocking his Pipe, and beginning with a hearty Pull at the Tankard, and his Service to Mr. *Popkins*, asked if the Gentlemen had heard any News?

THIS Question being answered in the Negative; 'he wondered,' he said, 'they had not heard of the Election at \* \* \* where,' says he, 'every thing is carried without Opposition; the Liberty of an *Englishman* is not worth Six-pence; what is become of Liberty and Property, Roast-beef and the Lord's Prayer? Who stands up for the Good of his Country now? Damme if I believe there will be

‘ Ten Pounds spent in the Town; what is your Liberty,’ says he, ‘ when the Voters can get nothing by it ?’

‘ Was I an Innkeeper there, I would get some one to oppose them, if I gave all the Liquor in my Cellar ; I believe in my Conscience I could carry two Members in that Borough, for any two honest Gentlemen, at a small Expence. ‘ Pray,’ added Mr. *Coaxum*, which was the Landlord’s Name, ‘ Do you know of any one who would willingly serve his Country, or will either of you, Gentlemen ? I am persuaded I, could carry it for you at a very small Expence.’

To this Mr. *Popkins* answered, by asking when the Election came on, ‘ not these three Weeks,’ replied *Coaxum* ; then, says *Popkins*, ‘ Py Cot hur will serve hur Country, hur while to it. At which Words, Mr. *Cook* took the Opportunity to whisper so loud to the Landlord that the Exciseman heard, ‘ Mr. *Popkins*, says he, tho’ he takes a Pleasure in going a-foot, is worth ‘ Thirty thousand Pounds ;’ for, says he, ‘ I am sure it is true, having heard it from his own Mouth.’

This *Popkins* confirmed, by saying, ‘ Py Cot hit was true, though hur toes say it, that should not say it.’

Now it had been agreed before the Landlord’s Introduction, that when he was become a little intimate with his Guests, Attorney *Snap* should send for him, and then Mr. *Coaxum* should take Occasion to introduce the Lawyer to the Company.

A MESSAGE being now brought, that Lawyer *Snap* was waiting for the Landlord; Mr. *Coaxum* desired Liberty of introducing him to the Company, at the same time assuring Mr. *Popkins*, that this Gentleman had the greatest Influence on the Borough which he had mentioned, and that this was the most lucky and favourable Opportunity of beginning and clinching an Interest with him.

LAWYER *Snap* was introduced to the Company, particularly to Mr. *Popkins*, by the Landlord, who said, ‘ here is the Gentleman who can most effectually serve you, Sir, in the Borough \* \* \* then adding, the Borough was happy in having found a Gentleman who

‘ who had still the Love of his Country at Heart, he desired Lawyer *Snap* would exert himself in favour of so worthy a Representative as Mr. *Popkins* promised to be, a true Briton, a lover of old England, a Friend to his Country.’

‘ AYE faith, that hur whas inteed,’ says the Excise-man.

Mr. *Snap* then taking Mr. *Popkins* by the Hand, gave him a hearty Squeeze, accompanied with a Shake, assuring him, ‘ on Mr. *Coaxum*’s Recommendation he would exert all his Endeavours in his Interest,’ adding withal, ‘ that no Man could do the Thing so easily as himself, as he was convinced Mr. *Coaxum* would allow,’ which was accordingly very readily allowed by Mr. *Coaxum*.

Mr. *Snap* then inquired what they were drinking, which being answered by the Landlord, ‘ Ale,’ the Lawyer replied, ‘ he seldom drank that Liquor,’ the Landlord whispering to Mr. *Cook* loud enough for Mr. *Popkins* to hear, ‘ that the Gentleman never drank any thing but Wine,’ ‘ indeed,’ says he, ‘ it is not my Business, but I presume, that it would not be right to entertain Mr. *Snap* with any thing but Wine, at so critical a Time.’

AT these Words, Mr. *Popkins*, who now began to wax warm, cried; ‘ bring a Pottle of Whine, look you.’ ‘ Yes, Sir,’ answered *Coaxum*, rising himself, *Snap* ordering him ‘ to bring a Bottle of old red Port,’ ‘ you know my Taste.’ ‘ Yes, Sir,’ cries *Coaxum*; in the mean while Lawyer *Snap* took Occasion to extol his Landlord’s Honesty, and to assure them that he had great Interest in the Borough; ‘ but,’ says he, ‘ he is a modest Fellow, and will not tell you one half he intends doing for you.’

Mr. *Cook* agreed, that Mr. *Popkins* could not do a better Thing, than to serve his Country in Parliament.

THE Bottle being brought, another, and another after that, each welcome as the former; the Lawyer and Landlord tipping Winks and humbuging their Companions: *Snap* asked, ‘ how much Money the Gentleman was willing to spend in procuring a Seat?

Mr. *Popkins* answered, 'Faith, hur tid not know what whas the Price, hur whill kive as much has anothet Shentilman, look you, has much has the peft Shentilman in *Englant*.'

LAWYER *Snap* then told him, 'if he would deposite a thousand Guineas in his Hand, and Five Hundred in Mr. *Coaxum*'s, he would engage him a Seat, and that no other Man should have it under a Thousand more.'

THIS, then, the Exciseman agreed to, Mr. *Snap* then asked him, if he could draw for that Sum at that Time? Mr. *Popkins* said, no, but that in four Days he would put every Farthing of the Money into his Hands, for that he was going to *London* to transact a certain Thing, which would bring him that Money on the Nail.

'To sell an Estate, I presume,' says the Landlord. 'No, faith,' says *Popkins*, 'to make a Tiscofery for which there is Thirty Thousand Pounds Rewart offered by the Government.'

'THEN,' says *Snap*, 'you may count the Money as surely in your Pocket now, as in ten Days hence, the Government is extremely liberal in rewarding meritorious Discoveries, as we see every Day.'

*Snap* then asked Mr. *Popkins*, on what his Studies had chiefly turned? which was answered by *Popkins*, 'O cha vee hur hat studiet the King's Tuties, look you.'

'A verry necessary Thing, I assure you,' says *Snap*, 'there seem but very few about his Majesty, who pay much Attention to that Part of Government.'

'PROBABLY,' says *Snap*, 'you could give us a small Specimen on that Head, in a Speech now; it will be very recommendatory Consideration to your Electors, when I give them an account of your Manner of Speaking; they are extremely ambitious of having a great Orator for their Representative.'

*Popkins*



*Popkins* then said, ' he peliefed he coul't speak has  
' whell has another, hur tid think so, hur woul't not  
' swear to it inteet, but hur tid peliefe so.'

THIS *Snap* and *Coaxum* agreed in, adding, that if  
he did not choose to speak on the Head of the King's  
Duties, 'he might harangue either for, or against  
standing Armies, for or against Subsidies, *Hanoverian*  
Troops, or any Thing according to the Side he in-  
tended to choose: ' For, says *Snap*, you may begin  
' on which Party you will; it is universally allowed  
' a Man has a right to change Sentiments for his  
' own and his Country's Good, or for his own in  
' Opposition to his Country's; so, Sir, take which  
' Side you will.'

MR. *Popkins* now rose up, and putting himself in  
order, began.

' Shentilmen,

' HUR shall speak to you on the Nature of King's  
' Tuties, look you. Shentilmen, the Nature of Tu-  
' ties of the King whas two fold; there his the  
' Hexcise Tuties, and the Custom-house Tuties,  
' that whas collected in very tifferent Manners,  
' look you; whan py the Collector of Hexcise, ant  
' the other py the Collector of Customs; now the  
' Money peing collected, the King knows his Tuties;  
' wherefore, I say, King *George* for eser, and no Sha-  
' cobites.'

' VERY well spoken, upon my Word,' said the  
Landlord and Lawyer; ' this Speech, as I shall repre-  
' sent it, will go a great Way in your Favour.'

DURING this Time, Mr. *Cook* had been very little  
taken Notice of, till Mr. *Snap* and the Landlord having  
eaten enough of one Course, had now an Inclination  
to taste the second; they therefore proposed that  
Mr. *Cook* should be joint Representative with Mr.  
*Popkins*; but this Mr. *Cook* declined, assuring them,  
' that his Genius led him a different Way, and that he  
' was going to get Five Hundred a Year on the  
' Stage.'

' HAVE you made an Agreement,' says Lawyer  
*Snap*? ' Because I know Mr. *R——h*, and will give  
I 5 ' you

‘ you a recommendatory Letter to that Gentleman ;  
 ‘ and as I am a Judge of Acting, I should be extreme-  
 ‘ ly glad to hear you speak a Speech, in any favourite  
 ‘ Part you have studied.’

Mr. *Cook* said, *Othello* was his first and most favourite Part, and if he pleased, he would give him a Speech or two from that Play.

‘ WITH all my Heart,’ says *Snap* ; ‘ but give me  
 ‘ Leave to tell you, Sir, that unless your Face is  
 ‘ blacked, I would not give Six-pence for what you  
 ‘ can play ; it is impossible for me to judge of what  
 ‘ a Man can say in a black-Face, from what he may  
 ‘ deliver in a White ; Sir, I only mention this for your  
 ‘ Sake, that I may the more effectually recommend you  
 ‘ to Mr. *R*——b from my own Judgment.’

THIS the Landlord and Mr. *Popkins* agreed was right, from two very different Reasons ; one for the Sake of more Laughing, and the other seduced by the false reasoning.

Mr. *Coaxum* then was to prepare the Blacking, whilst Mr. *Cook* recollected the Speech ; my Landlord then, whose Head was very fertile in Expedients, applied to the Bucket, which held the Waggon-wheel Grease, thence taking a sufficient Quantity, he entered to Mr. *Cook*, who like a Pair of Boots stood ready for blacking, and beginning the Speech ; the Grease having been warmed to thin it a little, was speedily applied by my Landlord ; the Chairs being then removed, Mr. *Cook* was to begin his Speeches in *Othello*. Mr. *Popkins* assuring the Company, ‘ that  
 ‘ he believed that there was not a better Player, look  
 ‘ you, in all *England*,’ which these Gentlemen very politely agreed to acquiesce in.

Mr. *Cook* repeated a Speech or two, bounding in his Voice, now high, now low, now one Hand up, and then the other, now the right Foot foremost, and then the Left, splitting Sentences, and annihilating the Sense ; the Spectators standing in great Amazement and Applause, till proceeding to the last Speech, and coming to these Words,

*Set you down this,  
And say besides, that in Aleppo once,  
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk  
Beat a Venetian, and traduced the State;  
I took by the Throat the circumcised Dog,  
And smote him thus.*

AT this, striking his Breast with much Vehemence, and being a little Top-heavy; he tumbled back over the little Table which held the Wine, Ale, and Glasses, and fell on the Floor, to the great Admiration of the whole Company; Mr. *Popkins* crying, 'O cha vee, O cha vee, hur whas a little too much in Cholers, look you, put hur whas a prafe Player inteed;' this, Mr. *Snap* and the Landlord agreed was true, the Lawyer adding, 'that he had never seen a young Player play the stabbing Part so well, promising him a commendatory Letter the next Day to Mr. *R——b*; who, he did not doubt, would employ him immediately,' he said; Mr. *Cook* rising with his black Face and daub'd Garments, thanked him very profoundly.

He was then advised to get the Blacking from his Face, which tho' the expeditious Landlord was not more than a Minute in putting on, Mr. *Cook* was an Hour in getting off, and at last ended in resembling a Chimney-sweeper with his *Sunday's* Face on; this, however, he did not regard, being so much applauded by Mr. *Snap*, and exalted with the Hopes of the Letter.

*Snap* then took his Leave of Mr. *Popkins* with a hearty Shake by the Hand, assuring him of his sincere Attachment to his Service, and that he would attend him at a Moment's Warning, whenever he was ready to deposite the Thousand Guineas for the Borough in his Hands; adding, that he was under no Doubt of securing his Election.

THUS parted this Company, the Lawyer to his House, the Travellers to their Beds, and we to conclude this Chapter.

## C H A P. XXXI.

*A Dispute between a Landlord and an Exciseman about a Piece of bad Money. Reasons for naturalizing the Jews infer'd from that Dispute. And an Argument in Favour of the present M——y.*

THE Morning being advanced, the two Travellers awaked and drest themselves; the first Thing Mr. Cook inquired after, was the Letter which Mr. Snap had promised to leave for him; this the Landlord said, 'Mr. Snap, being obliged to go out of Town in a great Hurry, was not able to execute as he wished at that Time, but that Mr. Cook would certainly find it at Mr. R——b's at his Arrival in London, with very strong Recommendation and Description of him;' this Favour Cook gratefully acknowledged, and was perfectly contented with.

BREAKFAST being ended, the Bill was brought, which amounted to eighteen Shillings out of the Exciseman's last Guinea; this Diminution however, he did not value as they were both determined to reach London that Night, where the Player was to begin on a Salary of Five Hundred a Year, and Mr. Popkins to receive Thirty Thousand Pounds.

THE Exciseman then taking out his only Guinea, desired the Change; this Piece of Money being accurately surveyed by the Landlord, was found to be a Shilling gilt.

FOR which Reason, being returned to Mr. Popkins as not good, Amazement seized upon that Gentleman, for tho' he had Thirty Thousand Pounds as good ideal Money as any in Britain, he had not one Farthing more in Possession that was coined; now Landlords are a Race of Beings not very apt to take ideal Money in Exchange for material Substances, their Motto being, *Pay to-day and Trust to-morrow.*

MR. Popkins then taking the Landlord on one Side, told him that he really knew nothing of its not being a good Guinea, and that he had no more Money about him

him at that Time, but as he should return in a few Days, and make his House his Home till he was chosen Member of Parliament, he imagined so small a Sum would not break Squares.

' You a Member of Parliament,' says *Coaxum*, ' that intend to palm a bad Guinea upon me ; zounds, Sir, I will have my Money before you leave this House : you are a likely Man to come back to set up for a Parliament Man, who cannot pay eighteen Shillings ; Sir, you have abused Mr. *Snap* and myself, in endeavouring to make us believe that you were a rich Man, and intended to represent the Borough of \* \* \* \* ; I would not have had such a Thing happen in my House for a Hundred Pounds ; it is a Thousand to One but as I introduced you to Mr. *Snap*, he will think I imposed upon him, I have lost his Interest and his Custom for ever.'

*Popkins* then told his Distress to *Cook*, who being left alone in the Parlour, was gently playing off a Speech in *Othello*, adding, that the Guinea was certainly good which he received at *Bristol*, and he could not conceive how it came to be altered.

' If thou doest slander me,' says *Cook* in *Othello's* Strain. ' You my Friend, no, py Côt, hur peliefe hur whas an honest Fellow.'

Now it seems there was one Part of the Conversation between the *Jew* and these two Christians, which we had forgotten to mention to our Readers ; this was, that during the Time the *Jew* pronounced himself richer than them both, Mr. *Popkins* offered to lay a Wager of a Guinea, that he was ten Times as rich as any *Jew*, and threw the Guinea on the Table.

THIS Opportunity *Lewi* took of pretending to see if it was a Guinea, and by a Legerdemain natural to that People, put the gilt Shilling in its Place.

Now, as doing Justice to all Mankind is the most amiable Character amongst Men, we here take upon us to vindicate the M——r, who undoubtedly seeing deeper into Things than common Eyes, must have had his Reasons for endeavouring to naturalize the *Jews*.

THIS,

THIS, we presume, may be explained in the following Manner ; as our Gold is continually travelling into *Germany* in Subsidies, it will probably not be long till there shall not remain in one Man's Possession, enough to gild a Lord Mayor's Coach ; on which account, he conceives this skilful moral Race ought to be introduced amongst us, to communicate the Art of passing Silver for Gold, and preserve the Appearance of Specie in this Kingdom, almost half eaten up already with Paper ; this Invention has one farther Advantage, which is, that by only enacting it to be of equal Value with Gold, there is immediately Two Thousand *per Cent.* gained to the Nation, and the public Debts may be easily discharged during that Valuation, which, perhaps, if this Method is not taken, may be paid in the *Irish* Way of speaking, by not being paid at all.

To return to our History. This Action of the *Jew* was remembered by Mr. Cook, who recollecting the *Jew's* looking upon the Guinea, thence suggested the Change was made by that itinerant Trader, which Thought was firmly believed by Mr. Popkins.

THIS Surmise however probable, was yet but a very small Assistance to the paying the Reckoning ; the Landlord insisted on being paid, and asked if they had either Watches or Silver Buckles ? neither of which being to be found upon them, Limbo was the Word.

MR. Popkins expostulated with the Landlord, on his and Mr. Snap's having drank their Share of the Wine, which they ought to pay for ; and mine Host of the *Rose and Crown*, in return asserted, that they were his Guests, and the whole Reckoning ought to lye at his Door.

DURING this Dispute, the *Newbury* Stage-coach stopt at the Inn to suffer the Passengers to breakfast, and who should fall from the Coach but *Levi the Jew*, returning to *London*, him Popkins seized instantly, and vowed he would carry him before a Justice of the Peace and swear a Theft against him, if he did not immediately restore him his Guinea which he had changed.

THIS

THIS Accusation, the *Jew*, for a long while, asserted to be false, but Mr. *Popkins* persisting, and Mr. *Cook* abetting the Charge, the *Israelite*, indeed, in whom there was Guile, refunded the Guinea and took back the gilt Shilling.

THIS Exchange being made, Mr. *Popkins* told the Landlord, ' he whas a scurvy Knafe, look you; and ' hur shall see that hur whill rite py in hur Coach, ' and pe a Parliament Man has whell as the pest of ' them.'

' A VERY pretty Fellow to sit in Parliament, *Shenkin* ' *ap Shone* in Parliament ! who would have cheated me ' with a false Guinea,' says Mr. *Coaxum* ; when Mr. *Cook* cried,

*Peace, Caitiff,  
An honest Man he is, and hates the Slime  
That sticks on filthy Deeds.*

SAYING this, they both quitted the Inn, the Exciseman to take Possession of Thirty Thousand Pounds, and Mr. *Cook* an Income of Five Hundred Pounds a Year.

AND here as we have freed them from Durance, we intend freeing ourselves from continuing this Chapter.

## C H A P. XXXII.

*The Journey continued. A sudden Thought of Mr. Cook's rather prematurely conceived. The Manner of Londoners to Strangers ; and a most sorrowful, theatrical, pathetic Parting, taken by Mr. Cook of Mr. Popkins.*

THE Sense of this Injury was soon dissipated, each being entirely lost in the Happiness of the coming Moment ; when Mr. *Cook* starting from a deep Reverie, said, he thought Blue laced with Gold, and a Scarlet Waistcoat and Breeches, was a genteel Dress, and

and that, with a Bag-wig and Sword, should be his first Suit. Mr. *Popkins* approved of this Manner of Dressing, and said he would have something of that Kind also.

It was remarkable in this Pair, that as Ships sail best with only Ballast, when the Cargo is discharged; so the Exciseman and Tragedian, being much lighten'd of their Treasure, advanced a greater Pace upon the Road: Each of them had a Friend to go to in Town; Mr. *Popkins* to his Cousin, who kept an Ale-house in *Westminster*; and Mr. *Cook* to a Fellow-prentice, who was settled in *Covent-garden*.

It has been observed also, by most excellent Grooms, that great Feeding has much ill Influence on the Wind of a Horse in Running, for which Reason your Racers are kept upon spare Diet. In like Manner, these Gentlemen, as their Course was pretty long that Day, kept their Bodies in good Order for the Race: Perhaps there was yet another Reason, which a shrewd ministerial Capacity might discover from their having but three Shifts between them.

THE Evening brought them with weary Legs to *London*; but as they came through *Hounslow*, *Brantford*, *Hammersmith*, and *Kensington*, like a Horse which has been accustomed to carry a tippling Country Squire, they had a great Mind to call at every Ale-house; but then the Vacuum in the Pocket amounting to their Heads, like the Dove returning to the Ark, told them there was no Rest for the Soles of their Feet, till they arrived at *London*; which contains as great Variety of all God's Creation, as the Building of *Noah*, besides innumerable Mules and Mungrils of a mix'd Breed, generated since that Time.

WHEN they arrived at *Hyde-Park Corner*, Mr. *Popkins* ask'd the first Man he saw, if he knew his Cousin, *Griffey Popkins*? 'Where does he live,' says the Fellow; 'In *Lenton*,' says the Exciseman. 'What Part,' ask'd the other; 'O Lort! hur cannot tell' that, inteed; put hit whas the Sign of the *Welch Harp*, look you,' says Mr. *Popkins*. 'Sblood,' says the Fellow, 'London is seven Miles long, and holds a Million of Souls; and there are more *Welch Harps* in it



‘ it than *St. David* ever play’d upon. How the Devil  
 ‘ do you imagine your Cousin can be found out, unless  
 ‘ you can tell in what Street he lives?’ *Mr. Cook*, in-  
 deed, had Directions to his Friend.

‘ O CHA vee,’ says *Popkins* to *Cook*, ‘ he whas fery  
 ‘ apusive Fellow on *St. Tavid*; inteed, hur whas told  
 ‘ that no pody in *Lonten* woud tell hur something for  
 ‘ nothing; to pe sure he toes know where hur Cousin  
 ‘ toes life; there whas no Man more famous for fel-  
 ‘ ling Peer in all *Lonten*; in *Carmarthen*, which whas  
 ‘ pig Town too, all the Worlt toes know the *Pumper*  
 ‘ and the *Red Lion*, to pe sure they must know the  
 ‘ saame in *Lonten*; efery Pody must know hur Cou-  
 ‘ sin, *Griffey Popkins*, at the Sign of the *Welch*  
 ‘ *Harp*.’

WHILST these two Gentlemen were thus talking,  
 and walking on, who should meet *Mr. Popkins*, but  
 the Servant of a *Welch* Member of Parliament; who,  
 after welcoming him to Town, which Welcome was  
 well receiv’d, propos’d to conduct him to his Cousin  
*Popkins*’s, near *Westminster-Abbey*.

*Mr. Cook* took Leave of *Mr. Popkins* with Ex-  
 pressions of much Tendernefs and Gratitude, closing  
 with,

*Oh insupportable ! Oh heavy Hour !*  
*Metbinks, it should be now a huge Eclipse*  
*Of Sun and Moon; and that th’ affrighted Globe*  
*Should yawn at Separation.*

Having pronounced these Words, these Companions  
 parted, with a Resolution to see one another, as soon  
 as possible.

*Mr. Popkins* therefore, with his *Welch* Friend, went  
 directly to his Cousin’s; for which Reason, as being  
 prodigiously well-bred, we shall conduct *Mr. Cook*,  
 who was left alone in a strange Place, to *Covent-Gar-*  
*den*; where having shewed him his Friend’s House,  
 and knocked at the Door, we shall take our Leave of  
 him, and this Chapter.

## C H A P. XXXIII.

*The old Story of the As and the two Bundles of Hay, newly applied to the Author. The different Ways of Starving in Wits and Misers; and the Opinion of the People consulted, in Imitation of our Betters, and followed; which is not in Imitation of them.*

EVERY Reader must have heard or read of the As between two Bundles of Hay, which Situation had like to have starved him, in the midst of Plenty; and every Writer must have found himself in the same Situation, mentally considered; because Authors, tho' they are very often starved, yet are they very rarely famish'd in the midst of Plenty, that Happiness has been reserved for Misers only: Providence, not chusing to grant every Blessing to every Body, has ordained Authors to starve thro' want of Possessions, and Misers to starve thro' want of a Heart to use them.

HOWEVER, the Allusion we design of the As, is extremely opposite to our present Situation, in not knowing to which Bundle to turn, the Exciseman or the Tragedian. If we consider the Importance of the Discovery that Mr. *Pophins* is come to deliver, undoubtedly we must seem inclined to give him the Preference; and if we turn our Eye on the important Parts which Mr. *Cook* is to act, we are suspended, like the Tomb of *Mahomet*, not able to move up or down: which, tho' not true, serves very well for a Simile; or like the As, either able to take a Morsel on one Side or the other.

ON one Part, the national Good operates extremely strong in our Mind; on the other, the national Pleasure. And here, if we followed the Maxims of our Betters, we should not hesitate a Moment on which Side to turn, the Diversions of the Town being entirely neglected, and the Kingdom in a most admirable Posture of Defence; but as we humbly presume that the Apprehensions of a *French War*, and national

mal Welfare, are not Objects which ought to outweigh the Considerations of Masquerades, Operas, and the Utility of broad Wheels, we cannot, without much Deliberation, precipitately prefer the Account of either Gentleman's Proceedings; we therefore take this Opportunity to print this Chapter, to know thoroughly the Sense of the Nation, before we absolutely determine upon a Matter of so much Moment to a whole Kingdom, as preferring Mr. *Popkins* to Mr. *Cook*, or the Tragedian to the Exciseman.

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## C H A P. XXXIV.

*A decisive Letter, where the Truth may be gather'd from the Postscript. Mr. Popkins's civil Reception at his Cousin Griffith's, civilly returned by that Gentleman.*

HAVING then waited a due Time, to take the Sense of the Nation upon the foregoing Subject, it is with Pleasure we can tell our Readers, that we have received Answers innumerable, entirely corresponding to what we wished would be the Sense of all Men; but as we have received none so satisfactory as one Letter from a celebrated Presbyterian Friend of ours, in the West, we chuse to give our Readers that, *Verbatim & Literatim*, as it came to Hand.

To \* \* \* \* \*

S I R,

THO' I very much admire your Modesty in proposing so material an Enquiry, as that in your Chapter, to the public Decision, I cannot avoid thinking, that you ought to have determined in Favour of Mr. *Popkins*, from your own Judgment; for notwithstanding we hear that Pleasures and Pastimes make up a great Share of our Noblemen's Employment and Study, yet we cannot avoid thinking, tho' you have shewn that Mr. *Popkins* was mistaken in his

‘ his Object, that the Zeal for the Preservation of our  
 ‘ most gracious S——n, should be prefer’d to all  
 ‘ other Considerations, particularly when there is no  
 ‘ Danger.

‘ THE very Idea of a *Popish* Pretender, though in  
 ‘ fact no more than an *Indian* Prince, is a terrible  
 ‘ Thing to every Protestant, who has this happy Estab-  
 ‘ lishment at Heart.

‘ WITH what parental Care does his M——y su-  
 ‘ perintend, not only this Nation, but all G——y?  
 ‘ Not confined, like his narrow-minded Ancestors,  
 ‘ within the limited Consideration of his B——b Sub-  
 ‘ jects Welfare, he imitates his great Creator, which  
 ‘ beholds with equal Favour the creeping Ant, and  
 ‘ lofty-looking *Briton*; he superintends his little G——s  
 ‘ Dominions, with a Care not inferior to those of this  
 ‘ Realm, daring, even at this Time, with the Risque of  
 ‘ his precious Life, the Face of Danger, Seas and Tem-  
 ‘ pests, to secure and fortify the Feeble; whilst he  
 ‘ leaves the Strong, at the Eve of War, to the Care  
 ‘ of Providence, and the Duke of \* \* \* \* \*

‘ WITH what Solitude does he labour for the  
 ‘ Welfare of the G——c Body, in giving them a  
 ‘ King of the *Romans*? Such is his disinterested Be-  
 ‘ haviour, he regards it with little less Attention  
 ‘ than the Education of his own Successor; the poor  
 ‘ and hungry Electors he charitably supplies from  
 ‘ his own Dominions; his tender Heart cannot bear  
 ‘ to hear of Princes in Distress, without relieving  
 ‘ them.

‘ WITH what joyful Eyes must he be beheld by  
 ‘ his Subjects, who is ever propagating Arts and  
 ‘ Sciences, and rewarding, encouraging, and prefer-  
 ‘ ing Men of Learning and Genius, from his own pri-  
 ‘ vate Munificence; whilst the Kings of *Prussia*, *France*,  
 ‘ and *Spain*, are depressing Merit, wherever it dares to  
 ‘ shew its Head?

‘ How does this Nation thrive from that pa-  
 ‘ rental Fondness? How are the other Kingdoms de-  
 ‘ clining from the Inattention of their Sovereigns and  
 ‘ Ministers?

‘ THERE-

‘ THEREFORE, let me intreat you to let Mr. *Popkins* be first brought forward, and Mr. *Cook* only take the second Place.

• *I am,*

• *Your most humble Servant,*

THO. FLATTERWOOD.

‘ P. S. OUR Lives and Fortunes are all ready at a Moment’s Warning. Your Thoughts on an Invasion would be agreeable at this Time, if the Pretender’s Son is like to come over ; and what would be the Event, for the Sake of our Government in Stocks, and other Matters of that Nature ; whether it would not be best to sell out, and conceal our Money thro’ Fear of such Accident, till Matters are settled one way or the other.’

THIS Letter, then, speaking entirely our Sentiments, we have given it, as a Thing which must effectually bear down all Party-opposition in Favour of Mr. *Cook*.

MR. *Popkins* then, being arrived at his Cousin’s House, was civilly received ; and, as it was late, and his Friend’s Master, the Parliament Man, not to be spoken with that Evening, he contented himself with the good Cheer which his Cousin gave him ; for Hospitality is the undeviating Characteristic of a *Welchman*.

THE Evening passing on, Mr. *Popkins*, the *Londoner*, enquired what was the Cause of his Cousin’s Journey to Town. The Exciseman being warmed with his cordial Reception, added to some Tankards of Porter which he had swallowed, told him, that he was come to receive Thirty Thousand Pounds, which he believed within two Days he should have in his Pocket : Then asking how many Children his Cousin had, and being answered six, he said, he would provide for them all. ‘ Taak no Care, taak no Care, *Griffey*,’ says he, ‘ if you chuse it, you shall have either a creat Place at Court, or keep a creat Hinn upon the Roat, Cofin, which you shall pe sure of ;  
‘ put

‘ put hark hur no Questions, you shall hear more  
‘ To-morrow.

THIS Speech, indeed, ran very much in the *Londoner’s* Head, he could not reconcile this Power and Riches of his Cousin with his present Appearance; but as he had a great Inclination to believe what his Cousin had said, he doubled his Civilities, as did his Wife also.

THE Evening was spent merrily on all Sides, till the sleepy Dews of Porter had descended on the Eye-lids of the Company; when all retiring to Rest, we follow their Example, and withdraw from our Readers.

### C H A P. XXXV.

*Mr. Popkins waits on a Member of Parliament. A Discovery of an Invasion by the Pretender’s Son, a Scotch Surgeon, Irish Lieutenant, and Welch Parson, almost as dreadful as B——w’s Rag-plot. The great Man consults another greater Man, and a Decision on that Head; which may make both Whigs and Tories, who are not in the Secret, stare a little. A M——r in great Distress, relieved from not quite, yet almost f——g his B——s.*

IT was agreed this Evening, that the Member of Parliament’s Servant should wait on Mr. *Popkins* next Morning, and attend him to his Master, who was to conduct him to the great Man.

THIS being done, he waited on \* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*, Esq; to whom he said he had the most important Business with the great Man, which was as much as all *England* was worth, and desired he would introduce him.

THIS the Member agreed to transact, first knowing the Business; and the Exciseman refused the Discovery, till it was first reveal’d to the great Man. Indeed he would have offered him a Thousand Pounds for his Trouble; but as he knew Members of Parliament never take Bribes, and are actuated only by their Coun-  
try’s

try's Good, free from all Thoughts of Reward, he thought that Application would be an Affront.

AT length, however, the Member was prevailed on; and away they went, in a Hackney-coach, to the great Man's.

THIS Guardian of the State was not at Home, till the Senator said he came on Matters of great Importance, relating to the \* \* \* ; he was then introduced; his Greatness being suddenly returned without going abroad.

MR. *Popkins* then being received, declared he knew where the Son of the Pretender was concealed in *England*; that he was come for the Thirty Thousand Pounds, and would bring his Head directly, if he pleased.

THE great Man then ask'd where he was; and Mr. *Popkins* answered, by desiring some Soldiers to fetch him, for he was landed in *England*, with two *Scotch* and one *Welch* Man, with a Design to make a Rebellion. This Article of Intelligence was astonishing to the great Man, however, first running his Nose into the Exciseman's Wig, and then into the Senator's, he whisper'd them to say nothing of it, but that Tomorrow Morning they should have his Answer; he then insisted on Silence and Secrecy a second Time, with a second Whisper, performed like the first, and dismissed the two Gentlemen.

THIS Evening the great Man consulted another Man, who is yet greater than him; though he winds along the World, like an Adder thro' the Grass, silent, and leaving no Path behind him, keeping his Sting for a favourable Opportunity.

IT was this Gentleman's Opinion, that the Pretender's Son should by no Means be destroyed. 'If you do, my Lord,' says he, 'you lose your best Friend. Whom will you have to offer to your Master at certain Times? Whom to the People, when you intend raising Money? The *Jacobites* are already expired, and the very Name cannot be kept long alive, if this young Man be destroyed.

'THE Royal Family must then listen to the Tories, who, you know, are, from Principle, more inclined  
' to

‘ to Kings than Whigs, against whom nothing can  
 ‘ then be said with the least Show of Truth, and  
 ‘ thus you will lose by his Death an irretrievable Ad-  
 ‘ vantage; he must be preserved, at all Hazards.

‘ It is only necessary that the Thing be kept secret;  
 ‘ get from the *Welchman* the Place he is at, if he be in  
 ‘ *England*, which I much doubt, and give him some  
 ‘ secret Intimation, that he leave the Kingdom with all  
 ‘ Expedition.’

THIS the great Man agreed to. And in this Place  
 we cannot avoid doing Justice, by taking Notice, that  
 there are some Noblemen, who imagine this Advice  
 was given from Attachment to the Family of *Stuart*;  
 but we take upon us to assert, that the whole is a Mis-  
 take, that Man, tho’ having the Honour of being very  
 near the \* \* \* \* \* having no Attachment to any one  
 human Being but himself, and his own Interest; and  
 this we shall fully prove to every the most partial Per-  
 son, in our *Treatise on the modern Manner of edu-  
 cating a Prince*, now ready for the Press; and in a *Col-  
 lection of select Lies*, dedicated to his \* \* \* \* \*

THIS Evening the Exciseman talked in very high  
 Strains; the next Morning he and his Senator waited  
 upon the great Man again, when whom should they  
 meet but *Cannassatego* the *Indian* Chief; he had by  
 this Time arrived at *Portsmouth* in the Ship, and com-  
 ing to *London*, was now dressed in the *European* Manner,  
 and that Morning attended to be introduced to the great  
 Man.

HIM Mr. *Popkins* soon discovered, and whispered his  
 Friend that the Pretender’s Son was in the Room.

THIS made the Exciseman tremble, lest some hap-  
 pier Man than himself should have brought him there a  
 Prisoner, and all his Thirty Thousand Pounds vanish, or  
 lest he should be present with Intention to kill the great  
 Man; either of which would have much disconcerted  
 his Designs.

THEY therefore, both the Senator and *Popkins*,  
 thought it necessary to be introduced immediately;  
 which being permitted, the Exciseman declared with  
 much Agitation, that the Pretender’s Son was now dis-  
 guised



guised in his Grace's House, with a View to kill him, as he believed, he saw him as he came in; and that if he pleased, with a few more he would seize him.

THIS terrified the great Man amazingly, he knew not what to do, his Counsellor was not there; 'Where is Mr. —,' he cried, run some one to *Saville House*; he was afraid to stay or to go; his Courage, which is so remarkably great at all other Times, deserted him on this Occasion; he was seized with a Pain a-crofs his Back, and retired to the Water-closet two or three Times; ran from one Corner of the Room to the other; was in haste to go to the \* \* \* \* and yet dare not stir a Foot.

At length having sent for a File of Guards, Mr. *Popkins* marched boldly at their Head into the Room, and manfully seized the *Indian* Chief, swearing he had him secure, he was immediately carried before the great Man, when whom should this appear to be, but *Cannassatego* the *Indian* Prince.

THIS Discovery, like some Discoveries in Love, where the Husband and Wife have different Paramours, was most agreeable to the great Man, and most disagreeable to the Exciseman; six Hours after, the first recovered his Power of Laughing.

*Popkins*, however, must be provided for, on account of his Zeal, and this signal Service designed his Country: He was charged to give out, that the Pretender's Son had lately been in *England*.

HE was then ask'd, whether he would chuse to be made a Parson, and then Canon of *Windfor*; or remain in the Excise, and be a Supervisor in *Wales*. 'O cha yee,' says *Popkins*, 'hur whill not pe a Cannen of *Whintchfor*; saith hur whas no Informer; the News-papers tid say, that whas Informer's Place, hur whot not keep Company with Informers, look you; hur will be Supervisor.' Which Post being accordingly obtained, he returned to his Friends very dejected for several Days: At last he proceeded into *Wales*, where he still continues to believe that this *Indian* Prince was no other than the Pretender's Son in Disguise. And thus we have given this History its

full Scope, on Purpose to shew, what disinterested Care his Majesty's Subjects manifest to preserve this happy Establishment, and what Rewards are bestowed by the Ministry on Men who make useful Discoveries; both which Things are denied by many People, who do not wish well to the present Administration.

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## C H A P. XXXVI.

*The Patentee and Player are presented to the Reader's Eyes. A Chapter very necessary for all who intend to study the Stage, as far as it relates to one Theatre.*

**W**E must now turn our Eyes on the long-neglected Mr. Cook, assuring our Readers, that nothing but the Welfare of the State could have had this Influence on us, and withheld us from so promising a Person.

THIS young Gentleman, the Day after his Arrival, after conferring with his Fellow-apprentice, who imagined he was come to Town to learn the newest Fashion of making those Integuments of the Head, known by the Names of Scratches, Bags, Bobs, Brigadiers, Queues, and Ties, proposed waiting on Mr. R—b, and to offer himself for the Stage.

BEING then spruced up, with a clean Shirt, and a powder'd Bag-perriwig, lent him from his Friend's Shop, he repaired to this Gentleman's House, and desiring to speak with him, he was answered that he was at home. Being then introduced, he told him very submissively, that he was come to offer himself as a Player, and should be extremely glad if he might have the Opportunity of shewing him what he could perform; that a Sett of Players in the West had given him Encouragement to offer himself to him particularly, as the only Person who was a good Judge of Action, or could instruct a young Player.

THIS, Mr. R—b, after having past about five Minutes in taking Smuff, and not being displeased with the Speech, answer'd by asking if he had ever seen a

Play

Play in *London*? This Question was replied to by a 'No, Sir.' 'Well then,' says this Monarch of one theatrical World, 'you may probably be good for something. For,' says he, 'by —, if you had copied either *Sheridan*, or any of the other Players which now are upon the Stage, I would not give Six-pence for your Playing. Believe me, Sir,' after another Pause of taking Snuff, 'there is not a Player can speak a Line, who now treads the Stage, either Man or Woman.

'THERE'S *Garrick*,' says he, 'the Darling of the Town, he has no Fire, no Freedom of Action; his Eyes express nothing, and his Features are quite unmeaning; no Feeling in any Part; and yet there are many People of Sense too, whom I could never prevail on to think he was a bad Player. Mrs. *Pritchard* amongst the Women, just such another as *Garrick* amongst the Men, can't speak a Word of Dialogue.

'PRAY, Sir,' says he, 'where were you bred; at *Barnstable*, Sir,' replies *Cook*. 'That is no University, I hope,' says *R—b*; 'no, Sir,' answered *Cook*. 'I am glad of that,' says *R—b*; 'for these Fellows, who are bred Scholars, imagine that Learning is necessary to make an Actor; will you believe it, Sir?' here another Pause of Snuff. 'I never could prevail on one of these Scholars to listen to one Word of my Instructions.' 'That's pity, Sir,' says *Cook*; 'I am sure I shall.' 'Here's Mr. *Murphy*, because he's a good Scholar, a genteel Figure, has Freedom of Action, and Sensibility of Soul, believes he's a good Actor: This Notion, indeed, the wrong Taste of the Audience has a good deal encouraged in him, by which Means he really pays no kind of Regard to my Instructions; and therefore, 'tis ten to one but he goes to the other House, and becomes altogether as bad a Player as Mr. *Garrick*.

'SIR,' replies *Cook*, 'I was told you were the only Encourager of Merit in Players; and Mr. *Garrick* never took Notice of them.'

‘PRAY,’ says *R—b*, ‘who told you that?’ Mr. *Archer* the Player, answered *Cook*, ‘who is Master of a Company in the West.’ ‘Mr. *Archer* is a Man of Sense; and tho’ he travels the Country as a Stroller, is a better Player than any in *London*, I aver it,’ says *R—b*.

“But pray, Sir,” again pausing to take Snuff, ‘what Parts have you studied?’ ‘*Otello!*’ says *Cook*. ‘Aye, *Otello*; why all your Players begin with a black Face,’ says the Monarch of Monarchs, Lord of Lords, and Ruler of Princes; ‘have you ever tried Comedy?’ No indeed, answered *Cook*, ‘I have not, but there is *Hamlet* and *Jaffier*, and *Polydore*, and several other Parts which I have played in the Country.’ ‘Well then,’ says the Patentee, ‘give me the Soliloquy in *Hamlet*.’

AT these Words Mr. *Cook* began, ‘To be, or not to be;’ beginning and ending with an extremely low Bow to Mr. *R—b*; which Bows were well received, and added Weight to the speaking.

‘WHY this may do, Mr. *Cook*; I thi—nk your Name is *C—o—k*,’ taking Snuff thro’ the Words *think* and *Cook*— ‘you have a Genius for the Stage, you copy no Body, you are an Original, yet there must be much Pains to instruct you; therefore, hark you, Sir: If you will confine yourself to my Instruction, I shall give you two Hundred a Year, and a Benefit; you may not Play these two Years, but your Salary begins this Day; but on Condition only that you are instructed by me alone; and ha-rk-ee, remark my Attitudes in *Harlequin*, carry them into *Tragedy*, and you’ll succeed.’ ‘Yes, Sir,’ replied *Cook*.

THIS Offer, tho’ short of his imagined Sum, was too near it to be refused; and Mr. *Cook* is now like a Race-horse in Sweats, training under that great Master of theatric Knowledge; and when he comes forth, we dare to pronounce the Town will be regaled in a Manner which it has not hitherto been accustomed to, in which Mr. *R—b*’s Knowledge of Plays, grafted on Mr. *Cook*’s Genius for acting them, will produce a Fruit never yet tasted by the Connoisseurs in theatrical

En-

Entertainments, something like a Crab grafted on a Medlar, a happy Union of the Crude and Rotten.

HAVING thus settled Mr. Cook, we return to the main Story of this true History, hoping that this instructive Episode will meet the universal Applause of all our Readers.

## C H A P. XXXVII.

*A Return to the Ship \* \* \* \* \*, the Honourable Captain Bounce. Miss Lydia, Mr. Probit, and all the Crew. A small Sketch of tender Parting. Mrs. Rachael infected by another Dropsy ; happily cured in the same way with the former.*

WE must now turn our Eyes towards the \* \* \* \* \*, commanded by the Honourable Captain Bounce, and his Crew, arrived at *Portsmouth*. *Macvalor*, *Probit*, and *Parson Pugh*, as well as all the Men, Officers and common Sailors, except *Macpherson*, were determined to accuse the Captain of Cowardice ; which being accordingly done, this Commander was to be tried by a Court-martial in *London*.

Now it seems that during this Voyage, the Uncle of Lieutenant *Probit*, his Son, and his own Father, were dead, and an Estate of Five thousand a Year was fallen to him, with the Title of Earl of *Liberal*. At his Arrival at *Portsmouth*, he found a Letter requiring his Attendance in the Country, without telling him the Reason ; he therefore quitted his Commission, and took Post for his Estate in *Devonshire*, first of all protesting his Love for Miss *Lydia Fairchild*, accompanied with every tender Look and Expression, that true Passion can dictate : He left her where to write to him, and implored her to tell him where she lodged in *London* ; ‘ a few Days, my lovely Maid, shall bring me to your Arms, and make me happy with you, where Happiness is only to be found.’ He then parted from her ; when she thanked him for all that Tendernefs and Affection which he had manifested during the

Voyage, promising never to forget his Goodness; the Evidence of this Truth, was silent Tears on each Side and reciprocal Affection.

Miss *Lydia* having taken a Place in the Stage-coach for *London*, came directed to a Merchant's in the City, from another at *New York*, who was to give her Intelligence of her Mother.

DURING the Journey, a Melancholy hung round her Heart, which was inexplicable; she imagined that it was on the Account of quitting Mr. *Probit*, whom she dearly loved, yet she seemed to forebode that was not the Cause; however, nothing could divert this dreadful Anxiety, which hung upon her Bosom.

Mrs. *Rachael Stiffcrump* being cured of her Dropsy, which was her only Errand to *England*, tarried a little while at *Portsmouth*, and finding a Ship returning to *New York*, agreed for a Passage with the Captain; during which Voyage, alas! such is the Fate of Things, Mrs. *Rachael* was infected of another Dropsy by the Captain; the Nature of this particular Disease being always such, that the Person who has once been infected by it, is much likelier to catch it a second Time than the first: She therefore returned to *New York*, and was cured as in the former way, neither her Hypocrisy or her Voyage having availed her any Thing. Mr. *Maul-text* had taken a Wife from amongst the Saints during her Absence; and thus ends the Account of Mrs. *Rachael Stiffcrump*, and this Chapter.

## C H A P. XXXVIII.

*Miss Lydia arrives at London. The Character of two honest Merchants; and Distress of a virtuous Woman; with some Passages which all People may not read with dry Eyes.*

MISS *Lydia* being arrived at *London*, waited on the Merchant to whom she was directed; and then enquiring for her Parents, was informed that her Mother was still living; 'but, Miss,' says the Gentleman,

man, 'in a Manner, I am sorry to tell you ; her Distress is great ; I have assisted her as much as I could ; the World has frown'd on my Endeavours, almost equally with hers. Your dear Father and I, but I will not give you Pain the Moment of your Arrival ; I have often grieved it has not been possible for me to execute all I design'd.'

'SIR,' says she, 'this Account has one Pleasure attending it ; I shall now have it in my Power to prove that Absence has not destroyed my filial Duty, and that little I possess is entirely devoted to her Service,' 'Heaven, Miss, will never suffer such Piety to pass unrewarded,' says Mr. *Probit*.

THE next Morning this Gentleman waited on Miss *Lydia* to her Mother's Lodging, which indeed was such, as made her Heart ach at the Entrance of the Door.

HOWEVER, when she had ascended a little dirty Stair-case and enter'd a Room, in which every thing spoke more than Misery, her Heart was almost suspending to beat within her Bosom. 'Good Heaven,' she softly said, 'is my Parent reduced to this Distress.'

I HAVE omitted to tell you that the Discovery of who this young Lady was, had been agreed to be disclosed by degrees to the Mother.

AT their coming in they found her in an old Silk Gown, the Remains of former Days and better Apparel, more striking Tokens of Wretchedness than Rags, sighing over a Fire which only increased the Sensation of Cold by its smallness.

AT their Entrance Mr. *Probit* said, 'Madam, how do you do To-day ?' 'Always better when I behold you, my only Friend,' she answered ; 'but who is this Stranger whom you have introduced to this Scene of Misery ? Young People should not be intimidated to enter on the World by such Objects as I am,' she said, sighing from her Heart. 'A Friend of mine,' says the Merchant. 'Alas !' says the old Lady, 'she puts me in mind of my poor *Lydia*, whom I left a Child at *New York*, whose Image, tho' I know it not, has for these three Nights been con-

'tinnually in Dreams before my Eyes, much like this Lady. Heaven preserve my dear Child a Stranger to her Mother's Misery.'

THIS Miss *Lydia* could not sustain, but dropping on her Knees, embraced her Mother, crying out, with a Flood of Tears, 'I am that *Lydia* whom you mention, come to your Relief; come to soothe your declining Years, and yield you Happiness, if all my little Abilities can obtain it.' 'My Child!' cried the Mother, and sunk into a Swoon: The good Man and dutiful Daughter soon recovered her; when she uttered, 'I hoped at least that my Misery would have been concealed from your Knowledge, my dear *Lydia*; if any Gleam of Pleasure ever stole upon my wretched Mind, to alleviate one Thought of Misery, it was that alone.' They then embraced each other tenderly, the Merchant looking on with Tears of Approbation.

AFTER some Time spent together, he ask'd the young Lady, whether he should get her a better Lodging; 'For me and my Mother, Sir, if you please.' 'But for you To-night only,' says he; 'No, Sir, Misery shall not divide me from my Parent,' says she, 'the Habitation and Bed which has so long held the Woman who bore me to the World, shall be mine till we both remove together.'

'HEAVEN preserve thee, lovely Maid, thou Pattern of filial Piety,' said the good Merchant, weeping as he gazed upon her. He then took his Leave, and employed the next Day in seeking for a more commodious and neat Lodging for Miss *Fairchild* and her Mamma; which being found, they retir'd to it that Evening.

THE old Lady, when Mr. *Probit* was gone, said to Miss *Lydia*, 'To this Man it is, my dear Child, that I have owed my whole Subsistence since your dear Father left this World. After our retiring from *New York*, Mr. *Fairchild* and he were united in Trade together here in *London*; and such was their Behaviour; that no Men ever were more esteemed for Probity; yet it was the Will of Heaven, repeated Losses, and unforeseen Calamities, reduced their Circumstances, tho' not their Credit. Notwithstanding



ing this, they never endeavoured to give a false Gloss to their Affairs, or run the Risque of other Men's Property in Attempts to recover their own: In truth, your dear Father, and this worthy Man, finding their Affairs so declined, summoned their Creditors together, and paid the whole they owed in the World; which having consumed every thing that we possess'd, this brought a lingering Illness on your Father; which perceiving, the best of Men, beholding me with Tears of Affection, wringing this wither'd Hand, and looking in this Face with Tenderness ineffable, My *Nanny*, I am happier than you, he cried; this Heart, which has ever been warm'd with Love of you alone, is now breaking; I am soon to be removed from Pain, indeed I am already from all but what I feel on your Account. At this Time I tried all my fond Imagination could suggest, to give him Spirits; I told him Heaven had Happiness in store for him and me; 'for you,' says he, I hope, thou dear Partner of my Soul; but I am going to taste it unalloyed with earthly Pleasure; this Day, as every other, Mr. *Probit* visited him with true Friendship, when your dear Parent expressing himself with great Fear and Anxiety, on what would be the Lot of me after his Death, that good Man promised him to be my constant Friend; this being heard from his Lips which never uttered a Falsehood, that best of Men your Parent reclined his Head upon the Pillow, and slept away in all that Calmness, which a righteous Life can only impart to the dying Hour, and left me behind to Bitterness and Woe.

'THERE remained to this Gentleman after all the Debts were paid, a small Sum of Money in which I had no Share; with this he purchased a small Annuity, and from that Income he has distributed all that has sustained me, since your dear Parent's Death.'

This Account filled the whole Soul of Miss *Lydia* with Affliction, the Tears streamed from her Eyes; she asked, 'why she had not communicated her Distress by Letter to her?' 'Ah Child!' replied the Mother,

ther, ' I would have preserved my Afflictions ever  
' from your Knowledge.'

' MADAM,' says the lovely Creature, ' what my dear  
' dying Parent told you was true ; there are yet hap-  
' pier Days in store for you, I have brought the Means  
' with me ;' this she pronounced with that emphatic  
' Earnestness, with which those utter any Thought,  
who are convinced from internal Sensation that it will  
prove true. We shall now leave this lovely Creature  
for some Time, and turn our Eyes towards the Lieu-  
tenant *Mac Valor* and Parson *Pugh*, who had accused  
the Captain of Cowardice, and who was to be tried by  
a Court-martial.

### C H A P. XXXIX.

*The Honourable Captain Charles Bounce tried for Cowardice, and honourably acquitted. Mac Valor discharged, with the Reasons in a Dialogue between a M——r and two other Men.*

THE Time being appointed for the Court-martial,  
Lord *Braggard* attended the Levee of \* \* \* \*  
and told him ' that his Son *Charles*, one of the bravest  
' Commanders in his Majesty's Service, was to be  
' tried by a Court-martial for Cowardice, being ac-  
' cused of it by an *Irish* Rascal of a Lieutenant, and  
' an ignorant *Welsh* Parson. You know, my Lord,'  
added he, ' that both I and those Members who are  
' chosen on my Interest, have never given a Vote  
' against you, therefore my Boy must not be found  
' guilty.'

' FOUND guilty ! my Lord ; no, my Lord, my  
' Friends sha'n't be found guilty, give yourself no  
' trouble, I must go to the \* \* \*, must go to the  
' \* \* \* \* \*, when p—sing before the Company, he  
' hurried to his Coach.

THE Members of this Court-martial were composed  
all of chosen Men, such as expected momentary Fa-  
vours, and were in a slavish Dependence on the M——r,

to whom it had been whispered that Captain Bounce was a great Favourite.

HOWEVER, Miss Lydia hearing that the Captain was to be tried, though she would not wait on Mac-Valor, yet knowing his honest and blunt Disposition, was afraid the Lieutenant would mention something relating to the Captain's Transactions with her; she therefore wrote him the following Letter, directed for Lieutenant Mac Valor at the Admiralty Coffee-house.

S I R,

**A**S I see in the public Papers that Captain Bounce is to be tried for Cowardice, I have taken the Liberty to send you this Letter and request you that his Behaviour to me may not be mentioned at that Time. This does not arise from any favourable Opinion I entertain of him, or Inclination to screen him from Justice, but from Self-love only; tho' I know my own Innocence, and am confident you would risque your Life to defend my Character, yet such is the Temper of the World, a Story that Nature spread abroad, lessens every Woman's Reputation; it always leaves some depreciating Mark behind, in the Minds of too many of our own Sex; I shall become the Jest of infamous Women; which tho' I dread nothing but their Praise. I would chuse rather to avoid, than be known, for an Adventure which I wish to have concealed. I know you will oblige me.

I am your most humble Servant

LYDIA FAIRCHILD.

THIS Letter prevented Lieutenant Mac Valor from saying any thing relating to Miss Lydia.

THE Court-martial being set, the Accusation was supported in proving the Captain's Behaviour, with every Circumstance as it has been already related, by all that were called upon as Evidence; this however was of no Consequence, the Honourable Captain Charles Bounce was honourably acquitted, with Thanks

for having taken such special Care of his Majesty's Ship, and Subjects; the Lieutenant was broke, and the Parson had Orders to sell his Chaplainship.

*Mac Valor* was now looked upon with an invidious Eye by every one, as a wrong-headed Fellow that knew nothing of the Duty of a Seaman, rash and hot, and that he was justly dismissed the Service; it was universally agreed, that if a Commander was to be called in question by his Officers, and his Courage open to their Censure, no Man would be safe in his Majesty's Fleet; this Opinion, however, not one of them chose to assert before *Mac Valor's* Face.

THE Lieutenant being thus causelessly disgraced, began to feel for his Family, that which he never could for himself; he therefore swore 'he would be reinstated, or kill Captain *Bounce* whenever he met him;' the honourable Commander hearing this Resolution, obtained a Ship, and sailed on another Cruize as soon as possible, dreading the Danger of the Seas much less than *Mac Valor's* Sword.

THERE was amongst the Lieutenant's Countrymen, a Gentleman who knew *Mac Valor's* Character, and thought this Treatment of him too severe; he therefore waited on \* \* \* and told him the Story. 'My Lord,' says he, 'it seems extremely hard, that Men of Courage and Conduct must suffer in the Manner in which Mr. *Mac Valor* has suffered; if you had thought fit to have acquitted Captain *Bounce*, what Necessity was there to have ruined *Mac Valor*? Is this the way to have his Majesty and the Nation well served, to honour and reward Cowardice, and stigmatize true Courage.'

'SIR, Sir, my Lord *Braggard* would have it so; he has three Boroughs in his Command, can't refuse a Lord with three Boroughs,' answered \* \* \*.

'MY Lord,' says Mr. \* \* \* 'those Boroughs will be the Ruin of the Nation, if their Interest is such, that Men must be undone and disgraced who support the Honour of their native Land, and those honoured and rewarded who bring eternal Infamy and Ruin on it.'

‘ CAN’T help it, can’t help it, Earl *Braggard* will have it so, can’t refuse a Lord with three Boroughs, must go to the \* \* \* \*, must go to the \* \* \* \*, Morning to you, Sir,’ and away he hurries.

THUS *Mac Valor* was reduced to Ruin, and the Honourable Captain *Charles Bounce* thanked and rewarded: *Mac Valor* therefore, with the little Money which remained to him, withdrew into *Ireland*, where Hospitality yet making one Part of a Gentleman’s Character, Men of Courage and Virtue cannot easily be reduced to great Necessity; swearing, ‘ that if ever *Bounce* returned, the Sword should end their Lives; and that he would make his Body shine through the Sun.’

PARSON *Pugh* retired into *Wales* to his Family, selling his Chaplainship, and became a Curate.

*Macpherson* whose Evidence had been favourable for the Captain on his Trial, went out Surgeon with him, still in great Hopes of accomplishing his Observations, and writing a Treatise on the Nature of Gun-shot Wounds.

HAVING thus found Employment for some, and discharged others, we here discharge ourselves to return to Miss *Lydia*, and begin a new Chapter, reserving *Cannassatego* and his Remarks on this Nation, till we have advanced a great way on in this History.

## C H A P. XL.

*Lydia’s Misfortunes commence from the Source of quaking Probity; her filial Piety and Resolution to support her Parent manifested in Conversation with Mr. Probit.*

MISS *Lydia Fairchild*, it seems, when she determined to leave *New York*, had put four Hundred Pounds of her Money into the Hands of *Jabez Sly*, a Quaker of great external Purity; this Man had given her Bills on Friend *Abraham Sly*, his Cousin, in *London*.

HAVING

HAVING then settled herself and her Mamma in genteel Lodgings, she waited on Mr. *Probit*, to desire he would go to get her Bills accepted, this Gentleman accordingly did so; when to his great Pain and Astonishment, *Jabez* had, by the Man of War which brought over the Bills on Friend *Abraham*, declared himself Insolvent; this then was a total Reduction of this Sum to nothing, at least for the present.

Mr. *Probit* has been heard several Times to say, that he believed no Misfortune in his Life, ever touched him so severely as this; he imagined that the poor old Lady, his Friend, and this most dutiful of all Children, were reduced to immediate Misery. The Thoughts of imparting this News to them, was a Pain he would have avoided beyond all Things, but it must be done.

THE Day Miss *Lydia* came to receive an Answer to her Bills; *Probit*, with all the Softness and Address which he was Master of, told her the unhappy Circumstances which attended her Bills.

‘My poor Parent,’ says Miss *Fairchild*, ‘will your Misery never end but with your Life? As to myself there are a thousand Things which I can do, and without repining, to procure me Sustenance, and even Happiness, but how to get sufficient for both, for all the thousand Things which declining Life is in want of, that indeed makes me tremble.—However,’ says she, ‘I have fourscore Guineas, which I know not why I did not take Bills for also; this Sum will supply us a little while, till I can find some Way of supporting my aged Parent; something tells me,’ says she, ‘there is Happiness reserved for me.’

‘Without doubt,’ answered Mr. *Probit*, ‘with Tears of Approbation, such filial Piety has never yet been unrewarded by Heaven.’

‘Even this Distress is not totally void of Pleasure,’ replied Miss *Fairchild*, ‘I have never acquainted my dear Mother with the Sum I have brought over with me; this Loss, therefore, shall be carefully concealed from her Knowledge, I fear the Shock would be too great for her present weak State, this gives me some Consolation; I will therefore take my Measures henceforth from my present Situation, and lead

‘ lead her insensibly to my working in some Shape  
‘ or other, or serving some Lady ; where being pro-  
‘ vided for myself, I can spare for her Support all that  
‘ I get in that Service ; indeed I hoped her future  
‘ Days would have been rendered happy, by my sof-  
‘ tening every Care, and soothing every Pain ; but  
‘ the Will of Heaven has ordained it otherwise ;  
‘ I shall therefore endeavour to obey without re-  
‘ pining.’

‘ GOD blefs thee, thou lovely Creature,’ says Mr.  
*Probit.* She then took her Leave, and returned to  
her Mother, appearing with all possible Chearfulness  
before her, to make her remaining Life as easy as possi-  
ble.

By insensible Degrees, she acquainted Mrs. *Fairchild*  
with what she possessed, and her Desire to employ  
herself in something which might assist them, and by  
Degrees gave Hints of her Inclination to serve some  
young Lady in *London* ; ‘ when, Madam,’ says she,  
‘ I shall see you every Day, and from that Service save  
‘ Money enough to make your Life more happy than  
‘ it can otherwise be done, and this will add much Plea-  
‘ sure to mine.’

‘ ALAS,’ says the good old Woman, ‘ I was in  
‘ Hopes to have enjoyed the Pleasure of gazing on my  
‘ *Lydia* all Day-long, the only Joy I can now taste ;  
‘ but since Heaven has determined Things in another  
‘ Manner, I have been too long accustomed to yield  
‘ to its Dictates, and acquiesce, tho’ with Pain, in  
‘ this. Alas ! my dear Child, must Service be thy Lot  
‘ to support thy feeble Parent ? Why had not I dy’d  
‘ before I beheld thy lovely Face, and brought the  
‘ Sorrows which attend old Age and Want, on the  
‘ Heart of Youth and Loveliness ?’

‘ MADAM,’ says the amiable Creature, ‘ Heaven  
‘ would not deprive me of the Joy which I feel, in be-  
‘ ing able to support you ; believe me, it is the greatest  
‘ Pleasure of my Life.’

‘ HEAVEN !’ says the Parent with uplifted Hands,  
and Eyes of Piety and Truth, ‘ look down with Pity  
‘ on this dutious Child ; may she taste Comfort in this  
‘ Life,

‘ Life, and my Woes exhaust the Sum, which might  
 ‘ otherwise have fallen upon her.’

MISS *Fairchild* having thus prepared her Mother for her Designs, began to feel her Heart less anxious; she became acquainted with a Milliner of Reputation, and told her, ‘ she should be glad to work for her, or  
 ‘ serve any Lady of good Character, as a Maid about  
 ‘ her Person.’

THE Milliner had before this conceived a great Affection for her, and had often said, ‘ she never saw  
 ‘ a more amiable young Woman;’ there were indeed many who were more regular of Feature, tho’ few better shaped; but in her Expression, Manner, and Countenance, there was a Sweetness which won upon all Hearts, an Innocence which is the most captivating to Minds which are truly formed, an Ease and Grace in all her Motions, and a total Appearance of being unconscious of her Beauty and amiable Qualities.

ONE Day, as she came to the Shop of Mrs. *Makemode* (which was the Milliner’s Name) there was a young Lady who was bespeaking some gay Apparel, with the same Dejection in her Face, that attends those who choose Mourning for the Death of those they love.

THE Face and Appearance of Miss *Lydia* could not pass unobserved by this Lady; she therefore enquired of Mrs. *Makemode* who *Lydia* was; and this Woman knowing Miss *Lydia*’s Inclination to serve a Lady, gave her the Character she deserved. This young Viscountess then expressed great Inclination to have her as a Servant, which being readily agreed to by Miss *Fairchild*, she was taken into her Service. This Lady we shall have farther Occasion to speak of, after telling our Readers what will be found in the next Chapter.



## C H A P. LXI.

*A short Chapter explaining the Reason of Lydia's Resolution to become a Servant to a Lady. Not unnatural in her State.*

BESIDES the Loss of this Money by the Villainy of *Jabez Sly*, there was yet another Reason which had determined *Lydia* to serve some Lady; she had seen in the News-papers, that Mr. *Probit* was become Earl of *Liberal*, by the Death of all those Relations between that Title and himself; this, tho' the first Thought gave her Joy, was immediately succeeded by a Pang which ran thro' her Heart; she now believed herself eternally secluded from the Arms of that Man, whom she loved more than Life.

BEFORE this Discovery, she resolved to write him a Letter where she might be found, according to their parting Promise; but this Alteration in his Fortune had deter'd her from that Proceeding: She saw herself in too humble a State for that Behaviour, and concluded that Title and Grandeur had erased the Thoughts of Love and *Lydia* from the Heart of Mr. *Probit*, now become Earl of *Liberal*.

This then, added to her Losses, had determined this lovely Creature to serve some Gentlewoman or Lady, as a Maid about her Person; and the Chance of her being seen at Mrs. *Makemode's*, had fixed her in the Service of that Woman, whose History we are going to describe.

## C H A P. XLII.

*New Company. A Viscountess not overjoyed at being a Lady, in the first Month. Farther Proof of the Utility of the blessed Marriage-Act, exhibited in Guardians and their Wives. A Lord bumbags and bribes a Merchant's Wife at the same Time.*

**T**HE young Lady then, who with Eyes of Dejection and Sorrow was choosing some gay Garments at Mrs. *Makemode's*, was the Daughter of Sir *Toby Thrifty*, who had passed the high Honour of Lord Mayor of the City of *London*; indeed she was at present an Orphan, under the Care and Guardianship of Mr. *Muckworm*, a Merchant, one of the close Kind.

THIS young Lady, before the Age of Seventeen, had conceived a Passion for the eldest Son of a Country Gentleman, in the Neighbourhood of that Estate which her Father had purchased in *Worcestershire*, not far from the City of *Worcester*; he was of an ancient Family, tho' but of a small Estate, not exceeding Five Hundred a Year; his Name was *Sweetwood*, as indeed is the Name of the Seat, being called *Sweetwood-hall*.

THE Fathers of these two young People visited each other in the Country, and young Mr. *Sweetwood*, who was one-and-twenty, had often dined with his Father at Sir *Toby's*, and drank deeply the delicious Poison of Miss *Arabella Thrifty's* Eyes; indeed he loved her unspeakably.

THIS we conceive will not appear very surprizing, when we shall describe her Person; her Height then had nothing extraordinary in it, but she was extremely well made, her Legs and Feet just and elegantly proportioned; she was plump but not fat, her Skin and Complexion in Nature, what the Colouring of *Corregio* is amongst other Painters; her Neck large and long, and going off in true muscular Proportion to her Shoulder; her beauteous Bosom was hid behind a Gauze, which  
made

made it more beautiful by the false Concealment; nothing was more inviting than her Mouth, surrounded with the Smiles of Good-nature; her Teeth as white as Ivory, her Cheeks were glowing Health, the most attractive of all Charms; her Eyes large and serenely blue, shone with the living Lustre of oriental Diamonds; her Forehead high and ample, with such Profusion of auburn Hair as wove in Plats, or otherwise designed, gave Grace and Ornament to the whole Face and Person; her Soul was formed of Sprightliness and Good-nature, Sense without Affectation, and her acquired Endowments were, dancing well, and singing agreeably; such was Miss *Arabella Thrifty*.

Mr. *Sweetwood*, the Son, was a young Gentleman who was then at the University, his Figure was six Foot, well proportioned and manly, a good Face, a better Understanding, much Learning, with great Sensibility and Taste; he had passed some Time in *London*, and had just added Ease of Behaviour, by frequenting good Company, to his other Qualifications, without destroying the Effects of Modesty, which is always effectually obtained by being with the Lewd; and which Company imparts a very peculiar Mixture of Ignorance and Impudence to many of our young Men about Town, to be found in no other Nation; such as are now distinguished by the *Bloods* or *Bucks*, and have in the same Character been honoured with as many Names at different Times, as make up one Half of the *Scaundrel's* Dictionary, printed for the Good of all who desire to be learned in that noble Order of *Bloodism* or *Buckism*, and are able to read.

This Couple was mutually enamoured with each other, but during the Life of Sir *Toby*, Mr. *Sweetwood* had never dared to express his Passion, otherwise than as a Free-Mason by Signs and Tokens, which are only intelligible to the Adepts in that Passion; Hope still continued to hover about his Heart, as he imagined Miss *Arabella* conceived no unfavourable Sentiments of him.

In this Manners Things stood, when Sir *Toby* died in a Walk in his own Garden, and not being able to carry

carry with him what he had gotten by Trade, to do him Justice he did not desire it, being not a Miser, and tho' not liberal, yet hospitable; he bequeathed all to Miss *Arabella Thristy*, a few Legacies excepted, the Value being Fourscore Thousand Pounds.

He had committed the Guardianship of this Daughter to Mr. *Muckworm*, a City Merchant, who he firmly believed would endeavour to get her a Nobleman for her Husband; this Sir *Toby* often requested him to do, it being his peculiar Vanity, beseeching him if he outlived him, never to permit his Daughter to marry with any Man, beneath Noble, and to exert every Endeavour to bring about a Marriage of that Nature, before she was of Age to make her own Choice: It seems the young Lady had frequently expressed a kind of Contempt for Nobility, influenced by that Passion which had taken possession of her Soul for Mr. *Sweetwood*.

Her Father being dead, Mr. *Muckworm* permitted her as she was then but little more than Seventeen, to tarry at her Seat in *Worcestershire*, particularly at her own Request; and knowing she was safe from being run away with by this new Law against clandestine Marriage, was but little anxious about any Thing else.

Mr. *Muckworm*, tho' a married Man, had always looked upon the Passion of Love, to be exactly the same Thing as the Passion for Money; and whenever he was in Company where Love happened to be the Subject, which indeed was very seldom, and he heard that any young Man was much, very much, or extravagantly in Love, with a young Lady, he fixed her Fortune according to these Terms, from Ten Thousand Pounds to Twenty Thousand, and when it came to extravagantly, he always concluded that it must be some very great Sum; his Mind rising in its Expectations by the Weight of Money, like a Barometer by that of the Atmosphere.

Mr. *Muckworm* had also entertained another Idea of the Passion of Love, that it was like the common Appetite of Hunger; and as he had conceived Venison to be the most delicious of all Food, if eaten where there were no Servants paid, and every Man's favourite Dish because

because it was his ; so he concluded all Men like himself would quit every other Entertainment for that, or one Haunch of Venison, for the Sake of dining on two : In like Manner, he imagined People in Love would desert one for another ; for Example, if Miss *Arabella* should be in Love with a Man of Twenty Thousand Pounds, he concluded she would desert him for one of Thirty, and this latter for a greater Sum, paying no more Regard to the Person and other Qualifications of the different Suitors, than Mr. *Muckworm* would to Chapmen who came to purchase Twenty Bales of Cotton, preferring the most distorted Shape and Heart on the Exchange, to his Brother, if he offered more by five Shillings in a Hundred Pounds.

THIS being his steady Opinion of all other People, because it was his own ; a Compliment that Thieves, M——rs, and other great Men, are very apt to pay those who are supposed to be Men of Integrity and Honour ; he was little anxious what Company Miss *Arabella* kept in the Country, because she could not be married without his Consent.

YOUNG *Sweetwood* then visiting her frequently since her Father's Death, had declared his Passion for her, and she had refused it with only saying, that she could not hearken to him because she was not in her own Power, looking with an Expression however, as if she wished she was ; her Companion in the Country was an old Maid of the same Family, who had lived long in it, and to whom Sir *Toby* had in his Will left an Annuity, her Name was Mrs. *Wrinkle*.

It seems, at last, a certain noble Lord who had travelled much, it was the Viscount *Flimsy*, hearing of this great Fortune, waited on Mr. *Muckworm* to propose himself as a Lover to Miss *Arabella Thrifty* ; Mrs. *Muckworm* (it being about Tea-time) was a long while debating with herself, whether she should venture to ask his Lordship to drink a Dish or not ; at last concluding a Lord was but a Man, and that her Husband was very rich, she took Courage and asked him ; this my Lord accepted of, and mounted into the Dining-room, the Company present being as silent, as if a Cut-throat had

had entered to kill the first Speaker, Mrs. *Muckworm* excepted.

THIS Apartment was furnished with great Propriety; his Lordship admired the Lyons and Pagods, and all the Chimney Ornaments; he said one was the true old Japan, another the Partridge Pattern, where that Figure was not to be found; this was the veritable, antique white Porcelain; 'indeed,' says Mrs. *Muckworm*, 'I have always thought the Figures looked like Anticks;' at last his Lordship saw a boxen Tobacco-stopper on the Chimney-piece, on which was cut a Greyhound in a very particular Posture, this his Lordship was in Raptures with, he said, '*Michael Angelo*, or even the Greek Sculptors had never equalled it; this, Madam,' says he, 'is the most elegant Piece of *Virtu* I have ever seen; it surpasses all Doctor *Mead's* Curiosities; it should be preserved with great Care.'

'AND so it shall indeed, my Lord,' says Mrs. *Muckworm*, 'I did not think there was such Virtue in it; my Husband uses it to stop his Pipe; he will smoke his Evening's Pipe in the Dining-room after my Company is gone; and when I tell him it makes the Room stink of Tobacco, he cries, Pshaw, do you imagine I'll be at the Expence of having a Fire fresh made up in the Parlour, to keep your Room from stinking of Tobacco? No, no, a Penny saved, is a Penny got: You would think, my Lord, to hear him talk, he was not worth a Shilling in the World.' Hah, hah, hah, all your Hundred Thousand Pound Men do so, says my Lord. 'No, my Lord, no,' says Mrs. *Muckworm*, 'tis not quite so much as a Hundred Thousand Pounds, tho' nearer to it than People think: But, my Lord, since you say this is so curious a Thing, please me, I'll lock it away; let my Husband be at the Expence of Six-pence to buy another, if he will, Six-pence will not undo him.' 'You are right, Madam,' says my Lord, 'Hah, hah, hah, Six-pence undo him, very good that, it is a great Curiosity.'

THE Company being gone, it was now Mr. *Muckworm* appear'd; when after Compliments past, my Lord opened his Designs to him: These Mr. *Muck-*

*worm*

worm seemed to incline to relish ; and the more, because his Lordship, taking out a Snuff-box of *Martin's*, mounted in Gold, which *Mrs. Muckworm* much admired, had desired her to accept of it as a Present, at the same Time being much ashamed of such Unpoliteness, to offer a Lady any Thing which he had carried a whole Week in his Pocket ; indeed he might have said fifty. This *Mrs. Muckworm*, with a Curt'sy, and Tone of Voice which exprest an Inclination to accept, refused at first, saying it was very pretty, but she should rob my Lord of it ; as if both my Lord and *Mrs. Muckworm* could possess the same Thing at the same Time ; however, after much Intreaty, she accepted it, being extremely ashamed, and yet very glad of the Present : this the Husband and Wife admired mightily.

*Mr. Muckworm* desired his Lordship to call again, and he should have his Answer, ' I will consult my Wife upon the Matter, and your Lordship shall have my Answer by the Penny-post ; because,' says he, ' Punctuality is the Life of Business ; I would not have your Lordship call twice ; it is a Rule with me to let no one call twice.'

His Lordship retired, laughing at the Folly of *Mrs. Muckworm*, her Curiosities and *Virtu* ; not in the least doubting but that he had won the Lady to his Interest by the Snuff-box.

As we imagine our Readers will expect a distinct Account of this Lord, we shall, for that Reason, and with Desire to oblige them, give it ; but in a distinct Chapter, to distinguish Nobility as we ought.

## C H A P. XLIII.

*A Chapter, fit to be written in Letters of Gold, being the true Way of educating a young Nobleman in Literature and Travels; to be studied by all tender Mothers, advising Friends, and Swift Bear-leaders. The Folly of French Behaviour to English Politeness.*

WE shall trouble our Reader but very little with the Pedigree of my Lord Viscount *Flimsy*, only observing, that his Father died when he was very young, and left his Lady, this noble Lord, three Daughters, and an Estate of five thousand a Year, with a Jointure of one thousand, and a Debt of forty upon it, behind him.

THIS good Lady had a most particular Zeal for educating her Children in the most polite Way; she had been much confined to a Country-life, and yet a most passionate Adorer of the Town; for this Reason she had quitted the Seat of her Ancestors, and taken a House near *Grosvenor-square*, for the better educating her Children politely.

AT her coming to Town, she soon contracted an Acquaintance with Sir *Simon Tiptoe*, and the Earl of *Lillyhand*; these two eminent Personages she was determined to follow the Advice of, in educating her Children.

IN consequence of this, my Lord *Lillyhand* had persuaded her Ladyship not to think of making her Son a Scholar. ‘The very Knowledge of *Greek* and *Latin*,’ says he, ‘imparts an Awkwardness in every Action and Expression, as you may see in all our Nobility who have had an University-education; they really cannot enter a Room, or address a Lady as a Nobleman ought; and I have made it a constant Remark, they never rise in the M——y: There’s the Duke of \* \* \* \* \*, and the \* \* \* \* \*, I am convinced neither of them understands a Sentence, I will not say a Word, of either of these Languages.

‘BESIDES,



‘ BESIDES, Madam, the M——r has made it a constant Rule, never to promote Men of Letters; there is an Aversion at present in the Ad——n to all Men of great Sense and Learning; they find these Fellows are not fit for their Purpose, and do not understand Business.

‘ THE Education which is proper for a Nobleman, is that which will give him Assurance in all Places, and make him agreeable to Women. The first is obtained by Persuasion that he is a very great Genius; this makes him speak freely in all publick Assemblies; and the other by Play, which will make him most delightful Company to the Ladies, ornamented with a little Politeness, which Travelling gives to those who visit foreign Nations.

‘ BUT, Madam,’ continued the Earl, ‘ Lord *Flimsy* is now about ten Years old, I think.’

‘ YES, my Lord,’ replied the Dowager, ‘ he is.’

‘ PRAY, my Lady, how far is he advanced?’

‘ WHY, really, my Lord,’ says she, ‘ he spells and puts his Letters together very prettily.’ ‘ Very well, very well,’ says the Earl, ‘ at his Age, for a young Nobleman.’ ‘ But, I believe,’ says her Ladyship, ‘ tho’ he’s my own Child, I may venture to say, that no young Nobleman has ever shewn so great Capacity in discovering the Cards so early as he did; he knew every Card before he knew a Letter; and really could tell you the Value of them at Quadrille, before he knew *ac, ac; ec, ec; ic, ic; oc, oc; uc, uc.*’

‘ THIS is the right Genius for the World,’ says the Earl; ‘ I foresee my Lord *Flimsy* will make a Figure in Life, and a great Speaker in the House. Now, my Lady, I’ll tell you what I would have done with him: Instead of the Catechism, which in this enlighten’d Age is no longer minded by polite People, and stuffing his Head with the ten Commandments, which were made for that Rabble of low Brick-making *Israelites* in the Wilderness, and which no Man of Fashion pays the least Regard to, exercise him in *Hoyle*; let him learn to play all the possible Hands which may be held at Whist.

‘FOR Instance, suppose he holds a particular Sett of Cards, King, Knave, and three Trumps, and three other Setts, all stated by *Hoyle*, in his excellent Treatise; instead of filling his Head with asking him who was the first Man; or curbing his Spirits with what is the Seventh Commandment; ask him what Card he would play first? and then supposing that such Cards fall in that List, what second? and so on; and thus, my Lady, the three young Ladies your Daughters may make a Sett, and you may, with the Book in your Hand, examine them all by *Hoyle*, and make them fit Company at ten and eleven Years old for any Rout in Town; and really more accomplished in the modern Taste at that Age, than young Ladies were at Twenty-one, not twenty Years ago.’

THIS she thanked his Lordship for with great Politeness, hoping he would have the Goodness sometimes to examine my Lord himself.

‘ANY Thing in my Power your Ladyship may command,’ says the obliging Earl of *Lilyband*.

‘NAY, more, Madam,’ says he, ‘I will propose his Lordship to the young Club at *White’s*, the Moment he is become of Age; where I doubt not, but my Interest is so great, that he will be received, without being black-ball’d the first Time; an Honour with which no one has yet been distinguish’d, as far as I remember: And give me Leave to say, that there is no Road which leads so directly to Preferment, as being of that Club; we are all in the *present Interest*, and shall always continue in it: And permit me to say, there is a great Resemblance between playing the whole Game at *White’s*, and at \* \* \* \* \*: I assure your Ladyship, I believe there is no better School for rising in the M——y.’

THIS my Lady received with the most distinguishing Marks of Acknowledgment, for his Lordship’s Goodness.

IN this Opinion, Sir *Simon Tiptoe* acquiesced also; adding, that in his Judgment, my Lord should learn *French*, and a Smattering of *Italian*: ‘This will be necessary, as his Lordship must travel, acquire Taste, and give his Opinion upon Operas at his Return; tho’

‘ tho’, really, very little *Italian* will do, as I find by myself and others of the Nobility, to make a Man a complete Connoisseur of the Performances and Music in that Language at present.

‘ To obtain this End, your Ladyship may take a *Swiss* Tutor into your House, who will instruct his Lordship in both these Languages.’

THIS was the Plan laid down by these two sublime Persons; which her Ladyship was resolved steadily to adhere to, in the Education of the Lord Viscount *Flimsy*.

HER Ladyship was as sensible of this Politeness and Advice of Sir *Simon*, as of that of the Earl; and express’d herself much in the same obliging Manner on the Occasion.

No Mother ever manifested such Zeal for a polite Education as this Lady; she declared, she was determined to carry the educating her Children to the highest Pitch of Politeness it was possible. ‘ It shall never be said,’ says she, ‘ that I have neglected their Education: I am resolved to obtain the Character of the best of Mothers, and do my Duty by my Offspring, and not decline all necessary Care in bringing them up, because it is attended with Pains, as too many Ladies of my Acquaintance have done, to their no little Dishonour.’

For this Reason, my Lord and his Sisters were daily catechised from *Hoyle*, and exercised in his Precepts by her Ladyship; not behaving like too many Mothers, who, inattentive to the polite Instructions of their Progeny, are so shamefully neglectful, as to permit an old Maiden-aunt to catechise their Children, according to the Church of *England*, every *Sunday* Evening; a Thing left off as absurd by every little Country-curate, and totally destructive of all polite Breeding, and rising at Court.

IN compliance to the Opinion of Sir *Simon*, and according to his Recommendation also, her Ladyship had taken as a Preceptor to her Son, Monsieur *De l’ Ourse*, a Native of the *Swiss* Cantons.

THIS Gentleman, by great Study, had obtained an equal Knowledge of most of the *European* Languages,

and spoke all of them with the same Purity and Perfection; indeed, it was a Kind of *Babylonish* Dialect, as he had made a Sort of an Union of all, and at all Times rather spoke a Complex than a simple Language, being in Pronunciation and Idiom arrived to the Excellence of being almost unintelligible in every one of them. And this, we apprehend, will explain what is generally meant by a Gentleman who speaks all the Languages of *Europe* in equal Perfection, having never yet found in our Acquaintance, any Man who spoke two Languages, as they ought to be.

MONS. *De l' Ourse* was received, at a considerable Sallary, into the House of Lady *Flimsy*, as Tutor to her Son, with strict Command, never to teach him one Word more than he was willing to learn; this Monsieur perfectly observed, being fully as well pleased to get his Money for nothing, as by taking Pains for it.

FOR tho' it has been truly observed with respect to that Nation, that none of them will do any Thing without being paid for it, *Point d' argent, point de Swisse*; yet to their Honour they are not so obstinate, but they will all of them submit to be paid, without doing any Thing to deserve it, which indeed is Condescension enough.

FOR this Reason, Monsieur *De l' Ourse* was contented to let my Lord learn as little as he pleased, always commending his Parts to his Lady Mamma, and indulging him in every Thing he desired, hoping that at length my Lord, at the critical Age of Twenty-one, would indulge him in return with an Annuity for Life; an Object which is never lost Sight of by those of that and another Nation, who are chosen Preceptors, for this only Reason, as far as we have ever been able to discover.

THIS young Nobleman then, at Fifteen play'd Picquet and Whist better than any Man of his Years in *London*, and had attained at Eighteen the Talent of reading the *Amsterdam Gazette* in *French*, without a Dictionary; which was considered as no less than a Prodigy by his impartial Mamma.

DURIXE

DURING this Time, thro' Fear of breaking his Spirits, he had been indulged in every Thing he desired; this had created in him first an eternal Dissatisfaction, being constantly anxious to possess all he saw; and when he had obtained of it what was to be purchased, then an equal Weariness with Enjoyment, being tired of the Possession in two Days.

BESIDES this, as he was much pamper'd with the Opinion of his being a *Belle Esprit*, he delighted greatly in the Humbug, a Species of Wit that was then newly produced in this enlighten'd Age.

BEING thus prepared in his previous Studies, it was now concluded by the Earl of *Lilyband* and Sir *Simon Tiptoe*, that his Lordship was of proper Years and Accomplishments, for the Honour of *England*, to travel, to make Observations on foreign Countries, which he was going to see, and compare them with his own, which he never had seen; a Method generally practised with great Success in this Nation, as may be remarked in numberless Instances of our travell'd Lords, Baronets, and Squires.

As we profess a profound Tendernefs and Regard for all Dowager Ladies, who may be in this Situation, and are determined not to intimidate their fond Bosoms with Accounts of those Tears and Afflictions which past at the Heart-breaking Moments of this young Lord's separating from his Mamma, and as we would by no Means prevent young Gentlemen situated in such Circumstances from improving themselves by the Grand Tour of *Europe*, we shall omit all that Profusion of Fondness and Affliction which was express'd on this melancholy Occasion, and hide those Sorrows, by saying nothing of them, which we should not be able to draw, if we attempted.

BESIDES this Affliction, which we profess we cannot draw, there is another Part that shall be omitted, which we think we could; this is an Account of every minute Circumstance which this Lord transacted from Morning to Night, in a Series of very familiar Letters.

HOWEVER, we shall only remark, that Monsieur *De l'Ourse* having led six young Travellers the same

Round, knew the Roads and Inns as well as a Pack-horse, and had written a manuscript List of all that was curious in the Cities they pass through, extracted from other Authors, which he call'd his own, and which he threatened to oblige the World by printing; but unluckily in *England* by a Manner of Spelling and Idiom peculiar to him, there was no Compositor for the Press, Scholar enough to read or understand it, tho' all written in *English*, as Monsieur *De l'Ourse* protested, and was really so from any Thing which those *Literati* could discover to the contrary, who had looked upon it.

BEING arrived at *Paris* with recommendatory Letters from Lord *Lilyband* and Sir *Simon Tiptoe*, the Viscount was received with much Politeness by the *French* Nobility: and as his Lordship for the first Visit shewed some Inclination to please, and an Attention to what was said to him, the *French* imagined he was an amiable young Man, his Person at that Time being agreeable.

BUT as the original Humour of being indulged in every Thing, and inattentive to all other People of whatever Condition, together with a secret Contempt for all Nations, because he was an *Englishman*, prevailed at the next Visit; a Shyness followed on the Part of the *French*, and an Aversion on that of my Lord; after which, visiting each other with Footmen dispatched with Cards from their Coaches, as neither of them was ever at home for some Time, it at last dwindled into a Neglect on each Side, on which the Marquis called my Lord *Bête*, in speaking of him to the *French*, and my Lord distinguished the Marquis with that general and genteel Appellation, of *French* Son of a B——, to the *English*.

THUS ended the Intimacy between my Lord Viscount *Flimsy*, and the *French* Nobility; and in this Manner has already terminated many others; This Remark requires not the Spirit of Prophecy; but we add also, in future Times many more will be ended in the same Way; and this Assertion requires the Spirit of Divination, and here it is for our Readers.

Now

Now all these Differtions really arise from nothing, but a Disposition in the *French*, of having some Marks of Politeness: return'd them, for the Civility which they shew us; this, considering the Difference between a free *Briton*, which we believe ourselves to be, and they not, and a slavish *Frenchman*, which they believe themselves not to be, and we that they are, is a Proof that they want Genius to distinguish as they ought, when they conceive that a true-born *Englishman* is obliged to return the Civilities of a *Frenchman*; and here we assert, that it is Honour enough for that Nation, and all others, to be polite, and reverence this Kingdom, without our taking any Notice of it in return.

My Lord, however, did not return to the Company of his Banker, Monsieur *De l'Ouse* prevented that; for tho' this Tutor was by no means a Man of deep Knowledge, or polite Letters, yet he knew too well the Tricks which the *English* Bankers, who are settled at *Paris*, play on their own Countrymen; and this, as it may be of some Utility to our future Travellers, we shall communicate to our Readers in a separate Chapter.

## C. H. A. P. XLIV.

*A Chapter with more Truth than Wit, more Utility than Flourish; which we foresee will be ill received by more than one Man at Paris: With a Touch to distinguish private Characters.*

**H**OWEVER, before we lay open these Scenes, we shall make some little Apology for this our Behaviour, lest we should be said, in the common Phrase, to fall foul on private Character, a Thing we detest.

PRIVATE Character therefore, supposing a Man to be vicious, is such a one, whose Vices are destructive to himself alone, and do not tend much to disturb or distress the Rest of his Species; these we are not sure

we ought to touch at all, and People of Virtue are certainly free from all Attacks of this Nature.

To illustrate our present Design, let us take our Instance from that well-known general Gentleman-like Profession, a Highwayman. This Gentleman, mounted on a roan Horse, with a cropt Mane and Tail, the near Foot behind white, Fourteen Hands and an Half high, with a white Face, and a small quitter Bone on the farther Leg before, drest in a drab-colour'd Horseman's Coat, an old Gold-lac'd Hat, flapp'd over his Face, and a Crape upon it, we know is upon *Hounslow Heath*, collecting Money, according to his Profession, from the Passengers on the Road. This Man is not to be described, because he is a private Character, Privacy being very essential to his Success; therefore, if we, having been examined by this Man to some considerable Loss, should declare to those Fellow-travellers whom we chance to meet, that such a one is on the Road, should we commit a Breach of social Duty, and attack private Character?

IN like Manner, when we know that *English Bankers* at *Paris* proceed in the following Manner, shall we incur the Appellation of injuring private Persons?

FIRST, then, from which ever Banker you have your Money, take nothing from him but that; neglect his Advice and Recommendation, and all will be well.

FOR, believe me, such is their Tendernefs for their Countrymen, that they will suffer no one to cheat them without participating in it.

FOR this Reason, the Coachman which they recommend, the Lodgings they take, the Taylor, Mercer, Milliner, Shoemaker, Hosiery, Peruquier, and every other Tradesman, is obliged to sell from Twenty to Thirty *per Cent.* dearer than usual; because your Banker expects that Profit on all he recommends.

BUT lately there are new Expedients, one, who, from an *Irish* Plow-boy, advanced to a Pounder in an Apothecary's Shop, then married a Woman of some small Fortune, and became first Pimp, and then Doctor; being extremely willing to join in the Plunder of his Countrymen at *Paris*, recommended himself to a certain thin little Gentle-



Gentleman, by permitting him to hold all his Money without Interest.

THIS Civility is gratefully returned by this Banker's constantly recommending this Doctor to plunder the Sick, and blunder in their Cures, by which Means the Banker has Money for which he pays no Interest, and the Doctor an Interest where he neither advances Money or Knowledge; and in this Manner the Health and Property of *Englishmen* are treated by the Bankers and Doctors of their own Nation.

Is such a Discovery a Breach of public Society, and an ill Treatment of private Character? Who speaks—Nobody—then it is not, and thus ends this Chapter.

## C H A P. XLV.

*The Lord Viscount Flimsy conducted thro' Europe, in which his Gallantries and Vertu are just touched upon. His Character compleated.*

**M**ONSIEUR *de l' Ourse* then indulging the Viscount in every Thing, was become a great Favourite; and, excepting a few *Bucks* of *English* Breed travelling for Education, my Lord kept no other Company than his Preceptor, and a fresh Mistress every Night, his Appetite for Novelty, and Satiety with the Object, taking place in this Article as in all others.

To shorten our History, in *Paris* he learnt to believe that Gallantry was allowable, and that married Men and their Wives were by no Means obliged to be true to each other, and that Chastity was a visionary Notion.

AT *Turin* he acquired another Principle, that cheating at Play had nothing culpable or criminal, provided the Deceit was not discovered on the Spot; and this Knowledge was attained to by my Lord from being cheated, and not from being the Deceiver.

AT *Rome*, and in travelling thro' *Italy*, he learnt to believe that Popery was Abomination, and all Religion a Jest; that any pretty Girl was well rewarded, who sold her Virginity for Money: He became also a deep

Virtuoso, having purchased in his Travels no less than Seven undoubted *Raphael's*, Six *Dominichino's*, Five *Corregio's*, Ten *Titian's*, Seven *Annibal Carrache's*, all sworn to be true Originals by the People who sold them; Fifteen Busts of the antique *Greek* Sculptors, several of them very well supplied with new Noses and Chins, others with a whole Head by modern Hands; ancient *Intaglias* and *Cameas* innumerable, Coins, and Medals in vast Abundance; so that no Nobleman ever acquired the Reputation for Taste in *Vertu*, from all the Dealers in these Commodities, that was universally bestowed on the Lord Viscount *Flimsy*.

AT *Venice* he had the most expensive Mistresses, and the finest *Gondola* that ever was possessed by any Nobleman of *England*.

AT *Germany* he got no Knowledge, because there is none, and he had not Penetration enough to see how ridiculously the Subsidies of *England* are lavished upon Electors who cannot assist us.

IN *Holland* he learnt that the *Dutch* could no longer be our Allies.

DURING the grand Tour his Body had been three Times purified from all Dross, like Gold, by Quick-silver; his Voice had contracted a foreign Tone, by a small Accident which happened to the Organs of Speech.

AT *Naples* he had been honoured with a Crown from the Hands of *Venus* herself; his Mind was thoroughly convinced that Love of our Country is a Folly, denying our Appetites Madness, and every Restraint from our Passions an Absurdity; and lastly, that fashionable and prevalent Opinion, that all is right which a Man can do for himself, was universally adopted by him; such was the Soul and Body of *George* Lord Viscount *Flimsy*, at his Return from his Travels, and Monsieur *De l' Ourse*, from the great Care he had taken of him, in getting him out of those Disorders he had purposely gotten him into, was rewarded with an Annuity of Four Hundred a Year for Life.

## C H A P. XLVI.

*Mr. Muckworm consults his Wife on the Article of Miss Thrifty's Marriage. Two Letters exhibited as two excellent Samples of mercantile Wit and Politeness; different Sensations in different Bosoms, occasioned by those different Epistles. A tender Separation.*

**M**R. Muckworm having consulted his Wife, this sagacious Pair concluded, that my Lord was an excellent Match for Miss Arabella Thrifty; he therefore sent two Letters, one desiring Miss Thrifty to come up to London, and the other to my Lord, to acquaint him of his Resolutions, both which we shall insert as Specimens in this Place, to be followed by all succeeding Guardians of this Kind.

*My Lord,*

**M**Y Wife and I having put our Heads together, have thought you a fit Match for my Ward; so you may call when you will, and discourse farther on the Matter.

Your humble Servant,

MICHAEL MUCKWORM.

P. S. *My Wife sends her Compliments.*

It was superscribed to my Lord Flimsy, at his House near Grosvenor-Square.

The other was to Miss Arabella, in the following Style.

*My*

*My dear Ward,*

**I** HAVE gotten a Lord for your Husband; so, you little Fool, come to London, and be a Lady as fast as ever you can.

I am yours,

MICHAEL MUCKWORM.

THIS was designed for Wit, as the former was for Politeness.

AT the Reception of these two Letters, very different Sensations were felt in the Bosoms of the two Persons who received them.

MY Lord perceived no little Joy in the Thoughts of being wedded to fourscore Thousand Pounds, and Miss *Thrifty* no little Pain in being divided from Mr. *Sweetwood*, whom now she perceived she loved much better, than she had before imagined.

THIS Message filled her Heart with that Dejection, which is revealed by certain Signs in the Face and whole Expression, as clearly as a ruddy Evening predicts a fine Day; and as the Eyes of Lovers are as keen and attentive as those of a hungry Eagle, Mr. *Sweetwood* soon perceived some unusual Anxiety in the Bosom of Miss *Thrifty*.

URGED by Tenderness for her, he pressed her to tell him the Reason; this she declined, but repeated Sollicitations brought forth the Discovery; the Blast of Lightening rends not the Oak more swiftly, or touches the Heart with more Force and Powers, than did this Intelligence pierce the Bosom of Mr. *Sweetwood*:

HIS Colour left his Face, his Lips trembled, the living Lustre of his Eyes died away, and he fell into a Swoon on the Sopha; this alarmed Miss *Arabella*, who expressed vast Anxiety during his Faintness, and beheld him with infinite Fondness as he recovered, being assisted by Mrs. *Margaret Wrinkle*, who applied the Smelling-bottle to his Nose.

‘ OH,

‘OH, my *Arabella*!’ he pronounced with infinite Tenderness, ‘must it be?’ She all in Confusion at the Presence of Mrs. *Margaret*, answered, ‘No, no, it must not be, what is the matter with you? Recover yourself, and then we will talk of it.’

You, whose Bosoms have ever felt the pathetic Touches of true Passion, lend one Sigh of Commiseration to this unhappy Youth, and you whose Hearts have never known the Joys of Love, sigh because you have been excluded from the Raptures of that Bliss, painful as it is, on this Occasion.

SLEEP was now a Stranger to his Eye-lids, he became meagre with watching, Sighs eternal burst from his Bosom, and Tears involuntary stole down his wan Check; this Description, indeed, is as well adapted to Miss *Arabella Thrifty*, as to her Lover.

HE saw no Way to possess her, she could discover none to escape the destined Lord whom she had never seen; the Time was now approaching when she must go to *London*; she had contrived Excuses to tarry one Week after the Letter came to her Hands.

THIS Evening, in a lonely Walk of Lime-trees, winding along a Rivulet’s Side, the Sun setting in Clouds, the Winds sighing thro’ the Leaves, the Birds warbling Dirges, and the Streams complaining in soft meandering Murmurs, as if Nature sympathized with their Condition, did this Pair of Lovers vow eternal Constancy and Truth; the ruddy Lip grew pale with Pressure in their Kisses, Arms entwining Arms, and Bosoms panting against each other, as if their Hearts struggled to embrace, sealed the tender Contract.

THE Morning bore Miss *Arabella* bathed in Tears towards *London*, and Mr. *Sweetwood* in the same Condition to his Father’s, where his Bosom foreboding Ten Thousand Evils, threw him almost into Despair.

NOTHING worth Notice happening on the Road, we shall leave this love-sick Lady and Mrs. *Margaret Wrinkle* to pursue their Journey, and close this Chapter, to tell our Readers what happened at my Lord’s second Visit, in another.

## C H A P. XLVII.

*Much Wit in my Lord and Mr. Muckworm. A Silver Lamp and Tea-kettle make, no small Appearance, and produce no unfavourable Effect. My Lord inclines to the Humbug, which Mr. Muckworm receives as a Hum should be.*

MY Lord then having received Mr. *Muckworm's* Letter, concluded there was no Time to be lost, he therefore sent a Card to Mrs. *Muckworm*:

My Lord *Flimsy's* Compliments to Mrs. *Muckworm*; hopes she caught no Cold last Time he saw her; intends himself the Honour of taking a Dish of Tea with her this Afternoon, if she is engaged.

THIS was answered with a that she should be very proud to see my Lord; the Card was stuck into the Frame of the Chimney-glass, taking great Care that the Part should be unconcealed which held his Lordship's Name, to discover to her Acquaintance what honourable Company she was visited by.

ALL Things being in ample Order, Mr. *Muckworm* having powdered his Wig, and changed his Shirt; and Mrs. *Muckworm* spruced herself up with the very richest of Silks and Laces, put on in the most awkward of all Manners, attended the coming of the Earl of *Flimsy*, like the two Sheriffs in the City of *Bristol* the Arrival of the Judge at the Assizes.

HIS Lordship being arrived, and Civilities being past on all Sides, the Tea was called for, when a *Dutch* Tea-kettle and Lamp was again introduced, which my Lord had seen before.

He therefore asked Mr. *Muckworm* in a pleasant Manner, why he did not present his Lady with a Silver Kettle and Lamp, a Man of your Fortune, says my Lord? Ha, ha, ha, my Fortune, says Mr. *Muckworm*, why I am almost upon the Parish (tipping the Wink on Mrs. *Muckworm*;) why there's *Child, Hoare*; and *Colebrook*, are all richer than I am, says the Merchant; I just make a shift to live, rub on, rub on. Don't you believe

believe him, my Lord, says Mrs. *Muckworm*, he is rich enough to give me that and every Thing else; I am sure it is little less than a Hundred Thousand Pounds. Oh fie, Wife, oh fie. More, says my Lord, more, all the World agree in it; Do they indeed, my Lord? says *Muckworm*: well I did not imagine any one thought me worth half the Money.

Now my Lord had observed, that the first Present had assisted much in winning the good Opinion of Mrs. and consequently of Mr. *Muckworm*; he therefore determined to quicken their Speed by another.

‘WELL,’ says my Lord, ‘you shall buy Mrs. *Muckworm* a Silver Kettle and Lamp, it will not cost above Forty Guineas.’

‘FORTY Guineas: Two and Forty Shillings a Year Interest Money lost, for the Sake of boiling Water in Silver; what will my Creditors say? No, no, my Lord, I ask your Pardon.’

‘I DON’T believe he owes a Farthing in the World,’ my Lord, says Mrs. *Muckworm*. The Viscount then ordered his Servant to bring up that Parcel which was in the Coach; this he presented Mrs. *Muckworm*, insisting that she should not see what it contained till he was gone, unless she promised to accept it; this, Mrs. *Muckworm*, being again very much ashamed, at last consented to; when, to the great Surprise and no less Joy of this Lady and her Husband, what should it be but a very elegant Silver Lamp and Tea-kettle.

This was too much, they both agreed; however, Mrs. *Muckworm* knew not what to say, since my Lord had made her promise to receive it, she could not break her Promise; she therefore determined to be at the Expence of having engraved on the Side, the Name of the Lord Viscount *Flimsy*, the Day of the Month, and Date of the Year when it was presented her.

My Lord now finding Things as he wished, to enhance the Value and begin the Humbug, added, ‘that it was made in *England* for the Princess of *Condé*, but that he liking the Fashion of it, was determined to purchase it at any Price for Mrs. *Muckworm*; as your Taste, Madam, I am convinced, is extremely good,’ says he. ‘Very good, my Lord,’ says Mrs. *Muck-*

*Muckworm*, 'so is my Eye-sight; I don't use Spectacles; thank God, I have all my Senses as well as ever.' 'Without doubt,' says his Lordship, smiling, 'your Eyes are admirable.' 'In my Youth they were thought so, but now I can't say much for them.'

Mr. *Muckworm* being much exhilarated with this Present, had once a great Mind to ask my Lord to Supper, but then he thought it might cost a Crown or Ten Shillings, and declined it; however, taking Courage, and being determined to be generous, for two Reasons which then shot into his Head, he resolved again to ask him, and therefore requested his Lordship's Company, which was accordingly granted.

Now that our Readers may not accuse us with Niggardliness, and keeping those two Reasons to ourselves, we shall declare the first was, he thought he might safely charge the Expence to Miss *Arabella Thrifty*, as it was on her account his Lordship came; and the second, that the Silver Tea-kettle, at least, was worth that Civility, when the Entertainment was to be of no Expence to him.

Mrs. *Muckworm* then descended into the Kitchen, and declared to her Maids, that she believed my Lord was the cleverest Lord in all *England*; telling them what a handsome Present he had made her.

SUPPER being served, which we shall not describe, his Lordship was lavish in its Praise, preferring it to *French Cookery* in every Dish; Mr. *Muckworm*, who had determined to charge the Entertainment to Miss *Arabella*, took a cheerful Glass, and waxing mellow, vowed that my Lord should marry her; as did Mrs. *Muckworm* also.

DURING the Evening's Potation, Mr. *Muckworm* asked if the Princess he mentioned was not one of our Royal Family?

His Lordship answered, yes it was.

'I THOUGHT so,' says *Muckworm*, 'there is a long List of them, I do not remember their Names, but at Church when the Parson prays for the King, the Prince, the Princess, the Duke, and the rest of them; it puts me in mind of the old Song, which goes



‘ goes on with the Gallon, the Pottle, the Quart, the Pint, the Half-pint, the Nipperkin, and the brown Bowl ; he cod it always makes me think of that Song, my Lord.’

AT this my Lord was greatly pleased, and averred that he never had heard a better Thing in all his Travels, laughing extravagantly, repeating the Quart, the Pint, the Half-pint, Nipperkin, and the brown Bowl ; Mrs. *Muckworm* saying aside, to be sure her Husband was extremely comical sometimes.

THE Evening was closed with Promises of Marriage, and Toasts to *Arabella's* Health ; my Lord retired, and Mr. and Mrs. *Muckworm* past an half Hour in praising my Lord and his Generosity, concluding that *Arabella* would be the happiest of all Women, in being married to such a Nobleman who loved her so well already, tho’ he had never seen her.

THIS being concluded, Mr. *Muckworm* untied his Garters by the Fire, called for his old Shoes cut into new Slippers, and taking the Candle, retired to Bed with his Lady, where we leave them and retire also.

## C H A P. XLVIII.

*Miss Arabella Thrifty and Mr. Muckworm dialogize on the Nature of a Father's Inclination. My Lord makes a very powerful, tho' not a pleasing Impression on the Heart of Miss Thrifty. The great Advantage of travelling. Stories for the Humbug. Which Chapter we hope will be well received by all good Protestants and Friends to the Germanic Interest.*

MISS *Arabella Thrifty* and Mrs. *Margaret Wrinkle* proceeded to London, the old Maid much better pleased than the young, one leaving all she loved, and the other going to all she liked ; this sighing at deserting the rural Shades, Streams of Water, Evening-walks, the Music of the Birds, the tender Looks, Expressions, and Attention, of Male and Female mutually in Love ; Mrs. *Margaret* rejoicing in returning to the

the Delights of old Maids, Plays, Cards, *Fauxhall*, *Ranelagh*, and such Entertainments.

BEING arrived at Mr. *Muckworm's*, Miss *Arabella* was scarce in the Dining room, before old *Muckworm* wished her Joy of having a Lord for her Husband.

'A HUSBAND!' says the young Lady, 'I am not yet married.' 'No,' says the Merchant, 'but I have promised you shall have him; you know you are under my Direction, and your Father made me promise I would marry you to a Lord.'

'My Father might do that, but you know, Sir, I have never given my Consent to any such Proposition, and I imagine he never intended I should marry a Lord if I did not like him; it is necessary I should see him before I enter on that Resolution.'

'S'BLOOD,' says the old Fellow, 'you don't intend refusing a Lord with Five Thousand a Year; what do you imagine that Lords are as plenty at Grocers and Apothecaries, and are to be picked up a Dozen in a Street.'

'But you will permit me to see him before I decide on so material a Subject,' she said.

'Yes, yes, you shall see him To-morrow,' says *Muckworm*, 'and feel him too.'

WHETHER the following deep Remark has been already committed to Paper or not, we are not at all solicitous; but we know it is certainly true, that in Proportion as any Thing is greatly liked by any one, so all other Objects become indifferent to that Person, and when a Lady in Love with a young and handsome Man whom she wishes to marry, is prohibited from that, and enjoined to wed another she does not love, this last never fails of becoming odious to her Eyes.

THE Right Honourable the Viscount *Flimsy* then would have had but little Appearance of Success, with Miss *Arabella Thrifty*, if every Thing of Person, Understanding, and Disposition, had been in his Favour.

BUT as all these three were in his Disfavour, his Person being changed by Disease, and his Temper by Indulgence, there was but little Probability of his being agreeable in her Eyes by Acquaintance.

HOWEVER,

HOWEVER, the Evening was appointed, and the Viscount waited on Miss *Arabella Thrifty*. He was introduced to her by Mr. *Muckworm*, with a 'here he is, this is my Lord *Flimsy*.'

Miss *Arabella* received him with Reserve and Politeness; his Salute adding not a little to the Antipathy which his Face and Presence, joined to her former Passion for another, had created.

INDEED the Breath of his Mouth (for it could not pass thro' his Nostrils) was almost as suffocating, as that of the Grotto *di Cani*, and Ten Thousand times more nauseous to the Smell.

THIS Sense being lost in him, was no small Advantage, and he might have said of his Nose what is cut on some Tombstones, *Mors mihi lucrum*, with more Truth than that Sentence is always added to an Epitaph.

THE Viscount had presumed, that Miss *Arabella* being born in the City, was just such another Thing as Mrs. *Muckworm*, resembling her as a young Bear does an old one, and had never conceived the Woman but as an Incumbrance to the Money, like paying Fees for the Patent of Nobility.

BUT when he beheld her, he was pleased with her Person, and would have given a Hundred Guineas for that, tho' he had never tasted her but once, being so extremely delicate in his Appetite, that it was with Difficulty he could eat twice of one Dish.

NOTWITHSTANDING this Idea in favour of her Person, he still conceived her Mind must be extremely Gothic, being bred in the City; he therefore as she was young, imagined he might treat her with much Freedom, marry her, receive her Money, and amuse her like a young Kitten, by giving her a Rabbit's Tail, or a Cork to play with.

DURING the Time of Tea-drinking he accosted her with much Freedom, and she received him with much Reserve; till at last Mr. *Muckworm*, who conceived Marriages should be driven like Bargains without shilly shally, by immediately coming to the Purpose, began; 'here you be together, my Lord, and you Miss *Thrifty*, and as it was your Father's Will that you should

' should marry a Lord, here is one for you ; and I  
' think nothing can be a better Match.'

My Lord added, that he was devoted to her Will, and should be the happiest Man on Earth, if she would receive his Suit with mutual Passion.

' WITH mutual Passion, I believe,' say Miss *Arabella*, ' if I receive you ; but, my Lord,' says she, smiling, ' tho, you are so unhappy as to be mortally  
' in Love with me, without ever having beheld my  
' Face, yet my Heart is not made of such inflammable Substance as to take Fire at a Distance, or even  
' instantaneously at the Presence of a Nobleman ; what  
' Time may effect, I know not."

THIS was an Answer which his Lordship did not expect ; and as he did not choose to pursue the Affair at that Time, he deviated into an Account of his Travels.

' WHEN I was at *Rome*,' says my Lord, the Pope—'

HERE Mr. *Muckworm* interrupted my Lord, by asking if it was true that the Papists kiss'd the Pope's Toe?

' YES indeed,' says my Lord, ' it is true.'

' AYE, poor People, I suppose,' says he, your low  
' vulgar Folks ; not the rich, your hundred thousand  
' Pounds, or so.'

' YES,' says his Lordship, ' poor and rich, Beggars and Princes alike, who enter into his Presence.'

' HAH, hah, hah, Popery and Slavery indeed ;  
' kiss a Pope's Toe ! a hundred thousands Pound Man  
' kiss a Pope's Toe ! I am sure I would not,' says Mr. *Muckworm*.

You,' replied the Viscount, ' are a freeborn *Englishman*, to be sure ; no Pope would think of such  
' a thing.'

' BUT, my Lord,' says the Merchant, ' is there  
' any of the Family of the *Cæsars* alive now,' I have  
' the Prints of twelve of them, they were jolly looking Dogs.'

' YES,' says my Lord, ' there's one of the Family,  
' a Merchant at *Leghorn*, who is a damn'd rich Fellow ; and, give me leave to tell you, that he bids  
' fair

‘ fair to be Emperor, if they make him first King of the *Romans*.’

‘ S’ BLOOD,’ says *Muckworm*, ‘ the City shall petition the \* \* \* \* to make him King of the *Romans*, all the News-papers agree it is he that makes them, you know, my Lord; he goes to *H—r* for that Purpose. Ecod, I should rejoice to see a Merchant made King of the *Romans* and Emperor; Trade will flourish then; it is a great Fault that Kings and Emperors are not brought up a little to Trade in Compting-houses.’

This his Lordship approved of mightily, and promised to give Mr. *Muckworm* Notice when it would be a proper Time to present such an Address.

THE Evening approaching, my Lord took leave of the Company most politely; and left Miss *Arabella* with a thorough Contempt for him, his Title and Person.

## C H A P. XLIX.

*Mrs. Muckworm’s and Miss Thrifty’s different Opinions of Nobility and Gentry; with some Touches on a Nose, as it is or is not the Characteristic of Nobility. Mr. Sweetwood’s Love and Love-letter, answer’d by Miss Thrifty’s. Artifice of a Merchant and on old Maid prevail over the Inclination of Miss Thrifty.*

THE Viscount being gone, Mrs. *Muckworm* launched forth mightily in praise of him; she protested she believed there was not a more noble Lord in all *England*, a more generous and more handsome Man.

‘ PARTICULARLY, about the Nose,’ says Miss *Arabella*, ‘ Madam.’

‘ WHAT signifies a Nose,’ says Mrs. *Muckworm*, ‘ a Lord without a Nose surely is to be prefer’d to a Gentleman with; perhaps it may be a Mark of Nobility, to distinguish them from common People.’

‘ MADAM,’ says Miss *Thrifty*, ‘ pray permit me to chuse for myself.’

‘ FOR

‘ For yourself! If I was my Husband, I would  
 ‘ make you marry him. Children are become very  
 ‘ dutiful indeed! Was it not the Request of your poor  
 ‘ dying Parent that you should marry a Lord?’ says  
 Mrs. *Muckworm*.

‘ Not without a Nose.’ answered *Arabella*.

Now the Cause of this Earnestness in Mrs. *Muckworm*, in favour of the Viscount, was the same with that of *B——w* and *S——re* in favour of the Ministry; she was in Expectation of more Presents, as they are of greater Preferment, and not a single Grain of Love for the one or the other. Besides, she had taken it into her Head, that Presents given to others on the Affair of getting a Wife, were held by the same Tenure with those given to the Lady who is address’d; if the Marriage does not take Effect, the Bounty-money is to return; this made her tremble for her Snuff-box and Tea-kettle.

We must now return to young *Sweetwood*, whose Bosom was agitated with intolerable Commotions; he concluded she was lost and gone for ever; he felt that deplorable State of Mind which cannot bear, yet cannot fly from its Distress; he imagined the Idea of a Lady would bear down all Attachment to him, when he thought of her; and yet when he considered himself, he was sure that neither Title or Magnificence could influence his Heart; thus in perpetual Vacillation, he pass’d the anxious Hours in great Pain.

He frequented those Walks where he had been happy with *Arabella*, and sigh’d and wept in solitary Silence.

BEFORE she had left him, she desired him not to follow her to *London*; ‘ that will but animate their Industry, to mine and your Ruin, by pressing me to marry this Lord,’ she said; ‘ write to me and direct your Letters to me, under Cover to Mrs. *Makemode*.’

WHOEVER has felt the Pains of love-sick Minds, or Weight of Sorrow’s Hand, must know that Man, the Lord of the Creation, that Being of right Reason, finds Ease from spreading the Tale of his Woes upon Paper to her he loves, or pouring out the Tide of his Afflictions upon the Attention of another’s Ear.

FROM

FROM writing Mr. Sweetwood sought Relief; and one Letter only, which being a Love-letter, is much like all his others on that Subject, we shall communicate to our Readers, of all those he wrote.

My dearest *Arabella*,

**D**EAR as you are to my Soul, I could not have suggested that your Absence would have seized me with such Affliction: every Moment of my Life I weigh the Idea of Nobility, and almost Compulsion in your Guardian against your Resolution, and feel myself annihilating, as if my very Soul was deserting me.

The next Moment all your Vows of Fidelity, your noble Sentiments, and generous Behaviour return, and save me from sinking into the Arms of Death.

Do not, my lovely Creature, condemn me for this apparent Distrust, which seems to prevail at certain Moments; consider how I love, and what I have to lose, in losing thee.

I WILL not say, if this Lord makes his Addresses to your Fortune; I know he must; beauteous as you are, those Charms could not prevail over the Heart of a Man, who had never seen you.

Oh let me prevail upon you, give him all your Possessions, let me be blessed in you alone; let my Patrimony which is sufficient for Love and Happiness, be our only Support; we may then be happy; nor shall the Winds of Heaven visit thy Face too roughly.

Oh write me all thy Heart that I may join Woes to thy Woes, and echo Sighs to thine.

I am,

Most affectionately,

and for ever, thine,

WILL. SWEETWOOD.

THIS Letter Miss *Arabella* received, and read with Rapture she kissed the dear Name in Silence and Tears, then putting it into her Pocket, took it out again, without quitting her Hand from it, and read and kiss'd it; this she continued to do for several Times:

DEAR

‘DEAR Man,’ she softly pronounced, ‘yes, I will be true to thee, whatever Fate attends thy *Arabella*.’

SHE then wrote him a Letter in answer to his, which is as follows:

S I R,

**I**F my Heart had not been entirely yours before the Receipt of your Letter, your generous Behaviour, in offering to take me divested of all Fortune, would have won me to your Affection.

But alas! I am susceptible of Love for no Man who resembles this Thing, which is distinguished by Nobility, and called a Viscount. Oh! Mr. Sweetwood, I detest his Presence, as much as I delight in your Company.

Other Women may be captivated by Pomp and Title, I sigh for nothing but for that grassy Walk, whose winding Way is shaded by Lime-trees, and refreshed by the warbling Rills of Water, which run along near it; let me enjoy that and you, without Interruption, and let other Maids of more ambitious Views shine in Diamonds and Magnificence, my Bosom pants not for that Delight.

Adieu,

I am yours,

ARABELLA THRIFTY.

My Lord repeated his Visits, and she refused him; he persisted, and was most infinitely polite; affected to be vastly in Love; made continual Presents to Mrs. Muckworm; and bought Mrs. Margaret Wrinkle to his Interest.

THESE Ladies were eternally chanting the Praises of my Lord; the Happiness of being a Lady; the Joy of figuring in all public Places, but all to no Purpose, as long as the Correspondence, which was very constantly preserved, continued between Mr. Sweetwood and Miss *Arabella*; there was no Impression to be made, she renounced all his Lordship's Pretensions.

THIS Intercourse was at length discover'd by the Subtilty of Mrs. Margaret, who found one of Sweetwood's



*wood's* Letters in Miss *Arabella's* Pocket and thence knew the Manner of its Conveyance; Mrs. *Makemode* also had been the Person who was employed in giving Miss *Thrifty's* Letters to the Post, as well as receiving those which came from Mr. *Sweetwood*.

THIS Discovery being made known to the Viscount, he immediately went to Mrs. *Makemode's*, bespoke half a dozen Pair of the finest laced Ruffles, grew intimate with her, recommended her to some Ladies of his Acquaintance, and then applying as a Lord should to a Milliner, bought her to his Interest, which was to conceal the Letters which came from Mr. *Sweetwood*, and never to send those which were directed to him.

Miss *Arabella* being disappointed Post after Post, became extremely anxious to know what was become of Mr. *Sweetwood*; and he trembled thro' Fear of losing *Arabella*: He now gave her over, believing that she had been blinded by the dazzling Lustre of Pomp and Nobility, and wedded the Viscount before she had truly recovered distinct Vision.

HE now beat his Bosom, bewailed his Fate, and uttered many sarcastic Reflections upon Woman; this however gave him but little Ease, he pined away, and became confined to his Apartment.

THIS Circumstance of Silence, being regarded by Miss *Arabella* as a Desertion, and conceived by the cunning old Maid as affecting her in that Light, she took Occasion to warm the young Lady into Resentment against that Lover, who should slight Beauty and Fortune, without naming any one.

TO this Miss *Thrifty* seemed to listen; it was now Time to set every Engine to work; it was consulted therefore, that it should be inserted in all the Papers, that 'on such a Day, *William Sweetwood* of *Sweetwood-Hall*, in *Worcestershire*, was married to Miss *Nancy Sands*, a young Lady of great Beauty, great Fortune, and every thing requisite to make the Marriage State happy; and Money was given not to contradict it, if it should be attempted.

AT the same time the Farmer, who rented the Manor-house and Estate of Miss *Arabella Thrifty*, was ordered

dered to Town, and purchased to say, if he was ask'd, that Mr. *Sweetwood* was married to Miss *Sands* on the Day which was mentioned in the Papers.

THIS he accordingly did, when the young Lady enquired what was become of Mr. *Sweetwood*?

THIS Intelligence pierced the Heart of Miss *Arabella*, she grieved much in Secret; but Mrs. *Margaret*, who now dared to speak openly, called him ungrateful Wretch, and pronounced Miss *Arabella* happy in not being wedded to him; at length she awaken'd the Passion of Resentment, and worked her up to a Resolution of marrying my Lord *Flimsy*, and shew the World she did not value the Loss of a poor inconstant, whiffing Country Squire.

THE Articles were agreed on, the Day appointed; the Lawyer work'd Day and Night; and in a very small Time all was ready, when Miss *Arabella Thrifty* gave her Hand to the Viscount *Flimsy*.

HE received her Money with Pleasure, to redeem his Estate, slept in the same Bed with her one Week, which was as offensive as a putrifying Corpse to his Lady; no uncommon Thing for Travellers, who forget to embalm in due Season.

SHE now lamented her rash Proceeding, and was, at the Time of *Lydia Fairchild's* being in Mrs. *Make-mode's* Shop, chusing some gay Apparel to decorate that Person, which she most severely repented of having sacrificed to what she hated.

THIS is the History of Miss *Arabella Thrifty*, now Lady *Flimsy*.

C H A P. L.

*Lydia becomes a Servant to the Viscountess Flimsy; more filial Piety and true Chastity in that Maid than in many Ladies of the first Quality. A Meeting of old Lovers decently conducted. The Viscount commences an unprofitable Amour. Blunders of an Irish Captain, Terrors of an English Lord, and Tricks of a Bristol Bunter, end the Chapter.*

THE lovely Appearance of *Lydia Fairchild* had operated very strongly in her Favour on the Heart of the Viscountess *Flimsy*; she imagined she beheld some Resemblance of Distress in her Face, to what she felt; and *Lydia* conceived a strong attractive Influence prevailing in her Heart for the Viscountess.

HAVING agreed with this Lady, she communicated her Design to her Mother beginning with a Smile; 'Now, Madam, I shall have it my Power to support you, though not as I wish'd, yet better than I feared; I have engag'd to serve the Viscountess *Flimsy*, who seems to be the very Kind of Lady I desire to live with.'

'AH *Lydia! Lydia!* my dearest Child, must I be separated from all my Consolation? Must my dearest Child be reduced to this on my Account?' says the Mother, with rising Sighs and Tears.

'Not on yours, Madam, but on my own,' replied the lovely Maid.

She then disposed of every Thing in the best Manner for her Parent's Ease, and went to take Leave of Mr. *Probit* in the City, who with Tears wish'd her all possible Felicity; and praising her filial Piety, 'My dear Child,' says he, 'Heaven will reward you; that Power will shower down Profusion of Blessings on thy Head, for all this Goodness; the Woes thy poor Parents have suffered, shall turn to thy Happiness.' He then told her he would frequently visit her Mother, and kissing her, she took Leave.

THE next Day she went to the Viscount *Flimsy's* and was received with much Politeness, and seeming

Friendship by his Lady. A few Days Service made her extremely beloved by the Viscountess; her pleasing Behaviour, ready Obedience, smiling Performance, superior Understanding and tender Heart, won the Affections of her Lady. Mrs. *Margaret Wrinkle* knowing that the Discovery of her Transactions would one Day or other be public, and being well remunerated by the Viscount, withdrew from living with the Viscountess, and boarded in the City.

By means of this, *Lydia* was more a Companion than Servant to Lady *Flimsy*; she acquainted her with all her former Passion, as we have related it before, and unbestow'd all her Soul to her; this Confidence the amiable Maid made no ill Use of, or assumed one Air on this Occasion, but exerted every lenient Power that can soothe the Soul into Tranquillity, to abate her Lady's Anguish.

As yet this unhappy Lady was not undeceived in the Opinion that Mr. *Sweetwood* had married Miss *Sands*; she was convinced he had proved faithless, and had made no farther Enquiry about him.

My Lord *Flimsy* now propos'd going to the Wells at *Bristol*, a Disorder, which had hung upon him some time, determining him to that Resolution, and his Lady accompanied him.

Some time before this Resolution, his Lordship had beheld *Lydia* with a Desire of that kind with, which he had long beheld every Thing which is pretty, and had determin'd to have her at all Events, as the Phrase is.

THE Journey we shall not describe, or their baiting Places, but land them safe at *Bristol Wells*; where my Lord in vain made Suit to *Lydia*, by means of his favourite Servant, and by himself occasionally; all which was rejected with Contempt. His Lordship then attacked her with the offer'd Settlement of four Hundred a Year, with flying with her to *France*, living as Man and Wife; all which was as ineffectual as the former.

'My Lord,' says she, 'believe me, you are once in your Life mistaken; you shall find that Virtue and Poverty are not incompatible Things in the same Person;

‘ Person; and, tho’ a Servant, that Honour is not a  
 ‘ Stranger to this Heart; if you again violate the De-  
 ‘ cency which is due to Chastity, by Conversation of  
 ‘ this Nature, I will immediately relinquish your La-  
 ‘ dy’s Service: therefore desist, for, believe me, your  
 ‘ Pursuit will prove ineffectual.’ He therefore desist-  
 ed himself, and ordered his Valet to ply her with Of-  
 fers of any kind; all which, tho’ it proved equally in-  
 significant, yet such was his Nature, her Resistance,  
 and the Difficulty quickened his Desires.

Two Days after their Arrival, Lady *Flimsy* entering  
 the Pump-room to take a Glass of Water, who should  
 her Eyes meet, standing at her Side, but Mr. *Sweet-*  
*wood*; but alas! how changed from him she left in  
*Worcestershire*! how pale! how languid! how inani-  
 mate! judge of the Confusion which this Rencontre  
 caused in each fluttering Bosom.

SHE retired into the adjoining Room to sit down,  
 and preserve herself from swooning, and he followed  
 for the same Purpose. The Effect of the Company,  
 and the Assistance of the Smelling-bottle, saved her  
 from Fainting. She look’d on him with vast Concern,  
 seeing his wan Visage, and searched with her Eyes to  
 find if she could discover his Wife by any Symptoms  
 of Attention, concluding she was there: He, chain’d  
 to the Place, gazed and sigh’d too frequently for a Heart  
 at Ease; at length, as he was a Stranger to all but  
 her, and his former Passion unknown to every one pre-  
 sent, he ventured to approach her, when mixing Re-  
 sentment and Complaining, he softly upbraided her  
 with having basely deserted him.

SHE retaliated on him with his declining to answer  
 her Letters, and marrying Miss *Sands*; by means of this  
 Conversation, the Story was discovered, and all the  
 Villainy began to appear manifest. Good Heavens! how  
 did poor *Sweetwood* exclaim against those perfidious  
 Wretches, who had destroyed his Happiness, in which  
 she sincerely join’d, each lamenting their deplorable  
 Condition. My Lord entering, ask’d his Lady if she  
 would retire to Breakfast; at the Sight of whose despi-  
 cable Figure, Resentment animated *Sweetwood* with  
 more Vigour than he had a long while felt: ‘ Is my

' *Arabella* united to that contemptible Creature? Is Sweetness link'd to Poison, Delight to Horror, Beauty to Deformity?' he said to himself, as they retired.

AFTER this, as Company is easily contracted at these public Places, and as Mr. *Sweetwood* was too much an Invalid to create a Suspicion of Gallantry in his Lordship's Bosom, he often walked with Lady *Flimsy*.

ONE Evening on the Terras, the Company being all in the Long-room, Mr. *Sweetwood* and Lady *Flimsy* walking together, turning his Eyes brimful of Tears upon her, he prest her Hand, and cried out, 'Oh! my lovely *Arabella*, how shall I live divided from you?' 'If I am dear to you, Mr. *Sweetwood*,' she instantly replied, 'mention nothing of your Passion for me; I am a Woman, and confess I love you more than Life, but my Honour is yet dearer to me; it shall ever be supported inviolable; even you, I believe, would not lessen that in the World's Opinion.' 'No, by Heavens, my *Arabella*, thy Fame is dearer to me than all Enjoyment; yet, yet we may.' Here she interrupted, with saying, 'Henceforth then, if you chuse, Sir, that we converse together, let us observe a profound Silence with respect to all the past Subjects of our Love: on these Terms alone we meet, or this must prove the last.'

THIS Reply, tho' it was killing to *Sweetwood*, who, brimful with fond Affection, longed to ease his overloaded Heart, was yet complied with: He gazed, and sighed, and hung his dejected Head, like the Picture of Despair; when Lady *Flimsy* said, 'Mr. *Sweetwood*, if this Behaviour be the Consequence of your being in my Company, 'tis to no Purpose that I have prohibited your conversing on the Subject I lately mention'd; these Sighs, and those Looks, testify and express even more than Words, what I will not hear; for our mutual Ease, I intreat you, Sir, let this Evening be the last in which we meet to walk alone together.'

'Oh forgive me, *Arabella*, believe me, I will never more offend this way; but why do I commit this Rudeness in pronouncing that dear Name? indeed  
' your

' your Ladyship shall never have more Cause to blame me on this Account : I know not why, but this Evening a more than common Softness dwells upon my Heart.'

He then waved the Discourse, and conversed on some different Matter ; and yet such is the Effect of Love operating in human Minds, those Subjects which at their Beginning seemed of the most distant Nature from that Passion, found Means of linking Thought to Thought, and winding round to some Idea, which was full of Tenderness and Affection.

DURING this Time, the Viscount was in the Long-room in Company, it being a Ball-night, and not the less happy because Lady *Flimsy* was not present ; he more than began to grow extremely weary of her, and being a high-mettled Hound, grieved at being stopt by a Wife from running much before the Pack, to seize all Kinds of Game.

INDEED he was thoroughly gotten, free from all matrimonial Attachment, and eternally seeking fresh Objects ; even whilst he was pursuing *Lydia*, he saw a Damsel in the Ball-room, whose Appearance was inviting enough to excite his Appetite to take one Meal, by Way of Stay-stomach, till the other was ready.

THIS was one of these Ladies, a Kind of Animals of Passage ; like Quails, flying from *Italy* to *Africa*, and from *Africa* to *Italy*, according to the Variation of the Seasons ; she past the Winter in the tepid Climate of the *Bath*, and her Summer at the *Bristol Wells* ; and tho' she could not be eaten like a Quail, she had a Power of damping another Appetite, and might be purchased at no very great Price.

THE Virtue of this Lady his Lordship began to sap, by opening his Works of Gallantry, and not conceiving her to be of that Stamp which is to be purchased for Money, like a Heifer in *Smithfield*, by the best Bidder ; indeed he had piddled about her one Night before.

THIS Design was soon perceived by Miss *Peggy*, and a suitable Encouragement given, with more Reserve than was usually her Practice ; much Hackneying creates Cunning in Whores and Horses ; she had great

er Hopes of Reward from this Behaviour and him, than from an *Irish* Captain, whom she frequently favour'd with her peculiar Attention, and had promised that Evening; she therefore made an Assignment with my Lord to meet him at her Dwelling on *Stony-hill*, at *Bristol*, desiring him to come at Eleven o'Clock, with all possible Secrecy.

THE Hour being arrived, my Lord leaves the Long-room, and goes away secretly to *Stony-hill*, being directed thither by one of his Honour's Chairmen at the Wells: He was let in by Miss *Peggy* herself; it seems *Molly*, the Maid, had taken a Glass too much, and was therefore ordered to Bed, lest that Appearance, and too much Familiarity, might lessen the Idea and Price of Miss *Peggy*, for that Evening.

Now Captain *O Shannon*, tho' he was of the amorous Kind, yet had he not entirely deserted the Company of *Bacchus* for that of *Venus*; he therefore, as usual, pass'd the Evening at a Tavern in *Bristol*, and about Two o'Clock at Night, being just charged enough to put his Spirits of Gallantry into Action, took his Walk to the House of Miss *Peggy* on *Stony-hill*.

BEING arrived there, he knock'd at the Door, to which receiving no Answer, he knock'd again; when *Molly*, the Servant, answered from the Chamber-window, that there was no Admission for him, 'My Mistress has forbidden me to open the Door, or to let any one in this Night,' says she.

'ARRAH then,' says he, 'my dear *Molly*, throw me down the Key and I'll open the Door and let myself in, and then you can't be blamed for breaking your Word.'

THIS she would not listen to, till being tempted by a Guinea, she threw him down the Key, and the Captain let himself in and walked directly to the Chamber of this happy Couple, who were fast asleep.

THE Captain not imagining any one was in Bed but *Peggy*, and being an old Customer that knew the House perfectly, was determined to undress himself in the dark softly, and steal into Bed without waking



waking *Peggy*, thinking it a good Joke to surprize her asleep.

HIS Cloaths being taken off with all possible Stillness, he steps softly to that Side of the Bed on which my Lord lay, and which used to be his, when turning down the Cloths, he plunged soule in upon his Lordship, and rolled over against *Peggy*.

THIS awakened the Viscount with a loud Scream of Murder! Murder! *O Shannon* was by no Means a Man of that musical Disposition, whose Ear can discover when a Fiddle is a thousandth Part of a Note out of Tune, for in Fact he did not distinguish the Tone of a double Bass from a Violin; therefore, not discovering by the Voice, and thinking this was Miss *Peggy's* Exclamation, he cried, 'the Devil burn me, and are you after lying in two Places at once, mine and your own too, my dear?'

THIS Voice, Miss *Peggy* hearing, cried out, 'you Brute, you have killed my Lord *Flimsy*.' His Lordship, was by this, leapt from the Bed in the Dark, in strange Trepidation; *O Shannon* answer'd, 'Why the Devil did not he speak then?' 'Speak, you Brute, he was fast asleep;' 'upon my Shalvashon then he might have told me so; but are not you after being a B——, when you knew I should be here to-night, to get another to lie with you?'

THIS Answer my Lord hearing, he took it into his Head that this Man was no less than *Peggy's* Husband; he therefore, having found the Chamber Door, was going he knew not where, to avoid the approaching Death which he instantly expected to overtake him.

*Peggy* perceiving this, whispered to *O Shannon*, 'pretend to be my Husband,' says she, 'I shall send him away in a Hurry;' 'faith,' says *O Shannon*, 'I do not like telling Lies at all;' 'then,' says she, 'lye still and I'll follow him myself.'

In consequence of this, *Peggy* who had a Design on the Money Cloaths, Gold-watch, &c. of my Lord, and *O Shannon* on nothing but a Night's Lodging, leapt from the Bed, and running down Stairs, found my Lord at the Stair-foot; 'fly, my Lord, fly,' she cries, 'my

‘ Husband, the bloody Brute, swears Vengeance on you! Oh, the Savage! Oh, unlucky Accident! Fly, my Lord, save your precious Life this Instant,’ she said, opening the Street-door.

THE Viscount, who, if it had been in Mid-winter in *Lapland*, would scarcely have felt any Cold, or been restrained from Flight by Fear of it on such an Occasion, sailed into the Street, and ran bare-footed towards his Lodgings in *Dowry-Square* as he imagined, when *Peggy* locking the Door, returned laughing to *O Shannen*, whom she liked personally much better than Lord *Flimsy*.

It has been remarked by many wise Men, that Fear is a very bad Counsellor, and inferred from thence by many more, that our M——r is very ill advised; in like Manner, his Lordship being egregiously frightened, and not recollecting which Way to go in his bewildered State, had straggled into St. *Michael’s* Church-yard.

HERE recollecting that he was wrong, and dreadfully afraid that he should be discovered before he got home, he cried to a Watchman who was going his Rounds, to come to him; honest *Tom* hearing a human Voice, walked towards it, when approaching near enough, and holding up his Lanthorn to see who it was that called him, he gave a most dreadful Scream and fell down in a Swoon, being convinced that this Man in a white Shirt, was a Ghost stolen out of his Grave that very Night; however, his Lordship having brought him to himself, he cried, trembling, ‘ in the Name of God, have Mercy on a poor Watchman, I am sure I never did any Harm in my Life, unless it was making *Dick Davis* a Cuckold thro’ Fun; and’——here my Lord stopt him, by telling him he did not want his Confession but Assistance, and offered him Money to conduct him to his Lodgings; he then stript his Watch-coat and putting it on his Lordship, they proceeded to the *Wells* together, *Tom* expecting every Moment when he would vanish out of Sight, and in great Fear for his Watch-coat; indeed he was convinced it was not the Devil, because my Lord being naked and bare-footed, he saw he had no  
Claws,

Claws, Tail, or Horns, the indisputable Characteristics of *Satan*.

BEING arrived at his Lodgings, the Watchman was rewarded by his Lordship's Servant, with Injunction of Silence, and my Lord retiring to Bed sorely lamented the disastrous Gallantries of the Night, being much induced to it by the Loss of a fine Gold Watch, a Hundred Guineas in a green Silk Purse, an embroidered Suit of Cloaths, and more than all these, the Railleries he should be open to if the Affair was discovered at his Return to *London*.

O *Shannon* having slept, and being quite refreshed the next Morning, was sorry he interrupted his Lordship in his Amours; 'the Devil burn me,' says he, 'Peggy, but another Night would have done for me, and you might have told me all this.'

Peggy said nothing could have happened more luckily for her, 'I am now much better rewarded than otherwise I should have been; it was one of these Right Honourable Lords which first seduced me to Ruin, by a long Pursuit and even Promise of Marriage; since which Time, I detest my Life and those who were instrumental to my Undoing; all then is fair on my Side, and I have constantly declared open War on the whole destructive Sex.'

THE Captain, however, tho' his Name had never been mentioned, was afraid that his Lordship knew him in the Dark, and that his Interest might prevent him from rising in his Profession; he therefore making no more Difficulty of having been a W—re's Bed-fellow, than at dining at an Ordinary, and believing every one was of the same Disposition, was determined to go to the *Wells*, and publicly ask Pardon of his Lordship.

He therefore dressed himself the next Evening, and repaired to the Long-room, with Intention to make a public Acknowledgment for his Rudeness to my Lord, and ask his Pardon.

Now, it must be remembered, that the Viscount and this Captain, tho' they had stronger Reasons to know one another than ocular Proof, yet they did not  
recollect

recollect each other's Figure at all, and this seems to contradict the old Saying, of *Seeing is Believing, but Feeling is the Truth*; for most surely they had been in Contact with each other, and yet did not know one another.

THE Captain, however, was in this Case the Seeker; being come with that Intent, he soon enquired which was the Viscount *Flimsy*, when being shewn, he found his Lordship surrounded by a Group of Gentlemen and Ladies, his Lady and Mr. *Sweetwood* being of a Party at Cards at a Table adjoining.

CAPTAIN *O Shannon*, therefore, thinking the more public this Acknowledgment was made, the more honourable for the Viscount, and concluding every one knew the whole Affair because he did, approaching his Lordship, asked him if he was the Lord *Flimsy*.

His Lordship answered in the Affirmative, that he was.

'WELL, then,' says the Captain, 'upon my Salvation, I am Captain *O Shannon*, who, not knowing you was in Bed with *Peggy* last Night, fell so damn'd hard upon you, my Dear, for which I am extremely sorry.'

'SIR,' says my Lord, 'you are mistaken, it was not me.'

'ARRAH, the Devil burn me, and she told me it was, and there is a brown Suit of Cloaths embroidered with Silver, and a laced Hat, and a Gold Watch, and a Hundred Guineas, which you left behind when you ran away all naked in your Shirt; and faith she is after being a Bunter, to abuse a Noble Lord, when it is not you at all.'

THIS Description of my Lord's Cloaths, confirmed the Truth of its being his Lordship to every one of the Company; upon which, my Lord withdrew; *O Shannon* desiring he would stay to hear his Acknowledgments, for, 'the Devil burn me, you cannot tell how sorry I am for disturbing you.' The Captain could not prevail with all his Oratory and Entreaty, on his Lordship to tarry, he therefore told the whole Affair to the Company, protesting, that he did not  
know

know that his Lordship was in the Bed, ' for, faith,' says he, ' no Man alive will sooner fight till he's dead ' for his Country than myself, but I never dispute ' about no Whore with any Nobleman at all ; and I am ' ready to ask his Pardon.'

THIS Story Mr. *Sweetwood* heard, looking on Lady *Flimsy*, who seemed not to listen to it, with a Face which express the utmost Abhorrence for the Viscount, and greatest Compassion for her Ladyship ; detested Villain, says he ; every Eye being turned upon her, who was the finest Woman at the *Wells*, every Heart pitying her Situation, her easy unassuming Behaviour, and sweet Disposition, had made her the Favourite of all the Company, Men and Women.

THIS is as it should be, says she, Mr. *Sweetwood* ; my History will prove one Instance of the Utility of this new Law against Clandestine Marriage, and the Happiness and Advantage Wards draw from it, in being thus doom'd to the pernicious Designs and Intrigues of their Guardians.

HIS Lordship, notwithstanding, appeared the next Day as alert as ever ; he knew that the Story would be in every Person's Mouth ; but, he knew also, that no one would take the Liberty of speaking of it to him ; he felt no inward Compunction for what he had done, knew the Privilege of Nobility, and was convinced the World had long since neglected to revere Virtue, and pay Respect to Title ; he, therefore, gave himself no Pain about the Opinion of any one present, there being no one, who from an Equality, could take the Liberty to rally him on this Occasion ; in consequence of this, the whole Company was my Lord's very humble Servants when he was present, and his Censors and Satirists behind his Back, asserting, he ought to be deserted by all Men, for thus treating his lovely Lady, and then pressing to compliment him the Moment he appeared ; as to Lady *Flimsy*, he had not the least painful Idea of what she thought of him, and was now more ready to separate than he had ever been to unite with her, not much liking to see that Woman, whose Behaviour and Esteem from  
the

the World, he sometimes considered as a Satire on himself.

HER Ladyship never upbraided him with a single Word on this Account; she only determined that for the future she would always abstain from his Bed.

## C H A P. LI.

*Peggy's Generosity in her Present to my Lord. His Lordship's Honour, and Intent on Lydia; together with the pious Assistance of G—— B—— and W—— R——, a Presbyterian and Quaker; with a small Specimen of the Sentiments of the last Gentleman.*

WE are apprehensive that many young Gentlemen and others, who have been conscientiously employed in debauching Virgins, might not be thoroughly satisfied with what Miss *Peggy* has said in Vindication of herself; being therefore strictly determined to adhere to Truth in this whole History, and not condemn Characters in the Lump, or exalt others beyond Measure, as is too common; we shall assure our Readers that Miss *Peggy* was not of the abandoned Kind, who never think of Returns for Favours; she had been very grateful to the Viscount, and in Retaliation bequeathed his Lordship a Present which frequently lasts longer than a Suit of Cloaths, or a Hundred Guineas, and has remained with the Possessors, after many a Gold-watch has quitted them.

INDEED, my Lord, who had secretly condemned her of being an ungrateful Jade, began to perceive that she had not been so extremely blameable on that Score, as he first imagined; having discovered some Symptoms of a Present which was likely to remain some Time, in that very Place where the Gold-watch was accustomed to be placed, before Miss *Peggy* had taken Possession of it.

NOTWITHSTANDING this, and that he had consulted an Adept on this Subject, who had told him, he must again become one of the *Virorum mercurialium*

*alium* of——, no not of *Horace*, he was determined to use every Art to debauch *Lydia Fairchild*; this not being able to perpetrate by all his Powers, of Bribes and other Applications, he was resolved to obtain by a Method which he thought could not fail of Success; his favourite Servant, whom he had employed, was become enamoured of *Lydia*, and therefore detested his Master's Pursuit; this his Lordship perceiving, resolved to proceed by himself.

Now, the Viscount, as has been already said, having been indulged all his Life in every Thing possible, had but one Way of considering Objects; which was, whether the Possession of them would be agreeable to himself; that being conceived, he never considered what was to be the Consequence of it to other People.

For this Reason, tho' he was sure of contaminating the lovely Body of *Lydia Fairchild* with the most loathsome Disease, and blast her Character with universal Infamy; yet these two Objections weighed nothing in his Opinion.

Nay, such was his Disposition, he would have slept with his Lady, on purpose to have given her the Distemper, that the Proof, from which Side the Infection began, might be dubious in some Minds, and that the Fame and Beauty of that lovely Creature might be blasted, whom he beheld the Darling of all the World that gazed upon her.

*Lydia*, then, being more impregnable than *Gibraltar*, an Island of Virtue not touching the Continent of Vice by the least Particle, and in the Hands of those Dispositions, which, strong as old *English* Honour, would never give her up, the Earl intended to starve her into Compliance.

He, therefore, one Day, when the Viscountess and *Lydia* were walked to the Pump-room, for she was suffered to accompany her frequently thither, secretly went into her Chamber, and took away her Diamond Ear-rings and Necklace.

THESE being found wanting, Lady *Flimsy* asked *Lydia* if she had seen them? *Lydia* replied, 'your Ladyship locked them in the Drawer the Morning you

‘ you went to the *Wells*, when you permitted me to accompany you.’

‘ It is true, I remember, *Lydia*, but the Drawer is not broken open,’ says the Countess.

‘ BUT your Ladyship knows almost any Key will unlock the Drawers in Houses furnished for Lodgings; I hope, my Lady, you don’t suspect me,’ says *Lydia*.

‘ SUSPECT you, *Lydia*,’ replied the Viscountess, ‘ I am sorry you can say that; no, believe me, I could as soon conceive myself guilty as you.’

*Lydia* curtsied and thanked her Ladyship for her good Opinion, which she wou’d never violate.

THE Viscount being acquainted with this Loss, immediately declared it must be *Lydia*, ‘ who the Devil should steal your Diamonds,’ says he, ‘ but your Maid? I have always suspected her superior Virtue would at last prove all Hypocrisy and Pretence; let her be examined before a Justice of the Peace; I’ll have her taken up; I’ll engage to find your Diamonds again.’

‘ You, my Lord, take her up, and carry her before a Justice of the Peace!’ Animated with more Warmth than usual, says the Viscountess, ‘ she is incapable of such base Actions, and is Innocence itself.’

THIS Answer his Lordship did not like at all; however, he resolved to execute what he had in his Imagination, and went to *Bristol* with that Intention, to consult a Quaker on whom he had his Money, in what Manner the Thing should be transacted.

To this Gentleman he told the Occasion of his Errand, and desired he would accompany him before an Alderman, to acquaint him with what he intended doing; ‘ It is not my Intention to have her hanged,’ says his Lordship, ‘ but I want to have her punished for her Sawciness.’

‘ THEN, Friend *Flimsy*,’ says *Aminadab Sty*, thee wouldst not swear that this Girl has taken thy Wife’s Diamonds.’

‘ No,’ says the Viscount, ‘ I only want to humble her to my Inclination.’ ‘ I understand thee,

Friend,



‘ Friend, I believe,’ says *Aminadab*, ‘ but it is always our Way, when any Thing is to be done to serve our Friends, to know the whole Affair before we undertake it; because, if the Thing be in itself true, there is no Necessity for concealing any Part of it, it will tell itself; and if false, it is necessary to disguise all that is improper to be told, and form a Story which may look like Truth, founded on the Circumstances that attend it; for thee knowest all Transactions may be made to look true, by sinking some Parts which make against it, and improving others which make in its Favour; no Story is entirely without probable Circumstances, thee knowest.

‘ But, Friend *Flimsy*, thee dost not know, perhaps, that this Girl cannot be taken up at the *Wells*, and brought before an Alderman at *Bristol*, the *Wells* are out of their Jurisdiction; let her come to *Bristol*, and then she may be brought before an Alderman of this City.

‘ In the mean while I will provide a very proper Person amongst that Body, Neighbour *B——*, a Friend of ours, who will do any Thing for thee; it is he that was mentioned in a Poem, who starved a whole Family, by seizing a Cow that was their only Support, for three Pounds Rent; these Fellows are of Use sometimes, thee knowest: He shall prepare the Aldermen against the Time thee thinkest fit to take the Girl up; I fancy, Friend *Flimsy*, I know what thee wouldst be at, she is handsome, I suppose.’ This *Aminadab* said leering all the Time.

THE Viscount took his Leave, and *Aminadab Sly* waited on *G—— B——*, ‘ Friend *B——*,’ says he, ‘ Neighbour *Flimsy*, who is at the *Wells*, and was our great Friend in the Watch-bill, has been with me to-day, and I am come to desire thy Interest to serve him.’

HERE he told him the Story which we have just related, and *B——* promised him all possible Assistance, adding, that such Friends to the C——n deserve all Kinds of Service.

THE same Evening he waited on Alderman ——, who united very heartily in the Desire of serving the  
Ear,

Earl, that had been so good a Friend to the C——, of *Bristol*.

Now, this Gentleman, as a Magistrate, deserves some little Notice, and a more particular Description, than Men of inferior Note; this Man, to his immortal Honour, is not only descended, in common with all the other Sons of *Adam*, from the Dust, but his Family has been peculiarly distinguished with the Work of Regeneration, and twice risen from that dirty Original, a Thing to be gloried in by a'l who are fond of returning to Primitive Ways, and ancient Manners.

AND as it has been remarked by those who have studied the Creation and Progress of Mankind, that Men were as large in Body in the first Ages, or rather more so than at present; yet that the Excellency of their Souls was unequal to the Size of their Bodies, human Inventions, superior Wisdom, and mental Perfections, succeeding long after.

IN like Manner, it has happened in this regenerate Breed, their Bodies are enormous, and their Souls very disproportionate, as in the Original of Things; by this Means, in this Man, it looks like a Mouse in *St. Paul's Church*, little Life and much brute Matter, a Shilling in a Sack, little Value and much Emptiness, a Needle in a Bundle of Hay, that is scarce possible to be found in a Week's Searching, and then not worth the Labour.

FOR this Reason, People who are not acquainted with this Regeneration, and the natural Progress of mental Qualities, are amazed at such Colossal Bodies and Pigmy Souls, a monstrous Union like that of *Scotland* with this Kingdom, something poor and scurvy with something fat and sawcy.

THIS Favourite was the Parent of a City Feast, his turn'd-up Sleeves and tuck'd Napkin, told the World how happily he was adapted to his Situation; and whatever those, who were brought before him as a Magistrate, might declare to the contrary, it is certain, no Haunch of Venison, or Turtle, ever complained that it was sent away from his Hands, without being treated with strict Justice.

No Man uncorked his Neighbour's Bottle with more Liberality and Glee, than this Son of the Dust, no Man stopped his own with more Circumspection.

AT a City Feast he laughed like Mount *Ætna* in an Earthquake, his Bowels being all in Convulsions, and his Mouth belching Smoke like that of the Mountain; but then it must be remembered, he was always fired by the Stores of other People, and not his own.

INDEED, there is a near Affinity between these two, both being nearly allied to Dust and Cinders, and when the Christian Burial shall be disgraced at the Interment of this Man-mountain, Dust to Dust, and Ashes to Ashes, will have a Propriety in the Expression, which very seldom happens to Magistrates of his Rank.

THINGS being in this Forwardness, *Aminadab* informs the Viscount that all was ready whenever he should choose to send the Girl to *Bristol*; his Lordship, therefore, in consequence of this Advice, contrived to apprehend *Lydia* in that City in the following Manner, which shall be shewn in the following Chapter.

C H A P. LII.

*The Viscount's perfidious Behaviour. Lydia's Imprisonment. The true Picture, Discernment, and Impartiality of an Alderman, with the Character of a Gentleman, which, tho' few People will believe it, actually resides in Bristol. The Effects of Virtue in Lydia, on the Minds of Prostitutes in Bridewell. Lady Flimsy's Behaviour not quite free from Sarcasm, tho' free from deserving it.*

**L**YDIA being in great Pain about her Lady's Diamonds, perswaded her to advertise them in *Bristol*; with the Promise of a Reward to the Person who should bring them back or discover them.

IN consequence of that Design, she was the next Day to go into that City and describe them to the Printer; my Lord, for that Reason, sent a Letter to  
*Aminadab*

*Aminadab* that Evening, and told him that at such an Hour he would wait upon him the next Day, to transact what he had already agreed with him.

*Lydia*, then, going into the City, was watched by two Officers who followed her, and the Moment she came out of the Coach which goes to and from the *Wells*, was seized and carried before the Alderman, who was sitting in the Council-house.

BEING brought before this illustrious Magistrate, in whose Face Wisdom was equally conspicuous as in all his Actions; he began, 'are you the Wench that are called *Lydia Fairchild*?' 'Yes, Sir, I am,' says the innocent and lovely Maid. Then says the sagacious Alderman, 'I am afraid you should be called *Lydia Foulchild*;' this was admired as an excellent Joke by himself, *Aminadab*, B——, and the Mayor's Officers who were present; 'you are informed against for stealing my Lady *Flimsy*'s Diamonds; what say you, Wench? Will you confess and save me the Trouble of calling Evidence against you or not?

'PRAY, Sir,' says she, with all the conscious Modesty of Innocence, 'let me see my Accuser, I am truly guiltless of what you charge me with.'

'I CHARGE you! Hussy, I am a Magistrate and no Informer; you had better behave with less Impudence, I believe.'

'SIR, I am not conscious of having offended you, because I had no Intention, and am altogether innocent of what I am accused of.'

'A STUBBORN Jade, a stubborn Jade, a stubborn Jade, here, Officers, take her to *Bridewell*.'

'To *Bridewell*, Sir, am I condemned to a Prison without having committed Offence.'

'ONLY for a Week or so, for farther Examination, your proud Stomach may then come down, and you may confess.'

'SIR,' says she, 'no Prison can reduce me to utter a Falshood.' Here the Alderman again repeated several Times. that she was a stubborn Jade.

HAVING said this, she was committed to *Bridewell*, for farther Examination.

THE Evening coming on, Lady *Flimsy* wondered at *Lydia's* not returning, the Viscount said, he imagined she was gone away with the Jewels, when Mr. *Sweetwood* desiring to speak with her Ladyship, told her that *Lydia* was sent to *Bridewell* in *Bristol*, for having stolen her Diamonds.

'To *Bridewell* for stealing my Jewels! impossible,' says her Ladyship, 'Indeed, Madam, it is true, and I imagined by your Consent.' 'Good Heavens,' says she, 'this arises from you, my Lord; you have determined to ruin this poor Girl.' 'Not I, by——,' says his Lordship, 'I know nothing of it.'

THIS, tho' it was sworn to, gained no Credit with her Ladyship.

SHE then desired Mr. *Sweetwood* to hasten back to *Bristol* immediately; and endeavour at her Release that Evening; this he did with great Readiness, being convinced she was altogether innocent; but as he was a Stranger in the City, he waited on a Gentleman born in a neighbouring County to his, an Inhabitant of *Bristol*, on whom he had his Money, to assist him.

THIS Gentleman is the true Antithesis of those his other Fellow-Citizens whom we have already described; his open honest Heart pours out Friendship and good Actions, as the Bosom of our Parent Earth does Flowers in the Spring; these have the same Influence on his Face, as those on that of Nature, Smiles and Goodness adorn one, as Blossoms and Verdure decorate the other.

HIS Enemies, which are none but those of his Country, have not one Word of Reproach with which to asperse his Character; they dare not object any Thing against that Person, whose very Looks bespeak Candour beyond any Man we have hitherto beheld; his hospitable Door stands ever open to Men of Merit, his Hand to Acts of Charity, the best of Husbands, Fathers, Sons and Friends.

AND here as many Readers may be induced to think this a feigned Character, because of the Place he is said to dwell in; we dare to assert this is no Exaggeration in the least Instance; and many others

resembling him are to be found in that City; indeed we would tell you his Name, but ask any Inhabitant of that Place, and they will immediately affix it to this Description.

To this Gentleman Mr. *Sweetwood* applied, who immediately waited on the Alderman at his own House with Mr. *Sweetwood*; this Tramontane was smoking a Pipe, with a Bottle of Wine before him, these two were his constant Companions at his own House, and those in which he mostly delighted.

THEIR Names being sent in, the Gentleman whom we have described, was of too much Consequence in the City to be refused Admission; for tho' they love him not, they revere him much.

BEING introduced and seated, he told his *Gotbic* Worship, that he was come to wait on him in Behalf of a Lady's Maid, whom he had that Day committed to *Bridewell*; he added, that the Gentleman who accompanied him, would give him a circumstantial Account of the Affair.

'WELL then, let us hear him,' says the Magistrate, having never risen from his Chair, and first having driven forth a very long Puff of Tobacco-smoke from his Mouth.

'SIR,' says Mr. *Sweetwood*, 'I come in Obedience to the Commands of Lady *Flimsy*, whom this young Woman serves; she assures me, that she believes her truly innocent of the Crime with which she is charged; that this Proceeding is altogether contrary to her Inclination, and unknown to her; and by me she intreats to have her set at Liberty this Evening.'

THIS Alderman when he was sober was of the leaky Order, and now having been in Company with his two old Friends, the Bottle and Pipe, more than two Hours, the Chasm was increased, and all his (I had almost said Ideas) Deliriums ran out like Water thro' a Sieve.

HE therefore said, he had better Authority, 'Sir, my Service to you,' never filling another Glass, 'my Lord has made Information against her himself; and we shall re-examine her again one Day or another, we

‘ we shall not condemn her.’ ‘ But, Sir,’ says Mr. *Sweetwood*, ‘ will you have no Regard to Innocence? must she be confined to a Jail?’

‘ Sir, I tell you, she will be only confined till the Assizes, when she will be discharged, if she is innocent, without Punishment, that’s all.’ ‘ Mr. Alderman,’ says the *Bristol Gentleman*: ‘ Is being confined in a Jail till then, no Punishment to the Innocent? Believe me, if she appears guiltless, she shall not want Friends to support her, and prosecute those who have been guilty of false Imprisonment.’

‘ Do as you will,’ says the Alderman, ‘ she shall be re-examined, and then you shall know more of my Mind. Gentlemen, your Service to you;’ drinking again, without filling another Glass, and putting the Cork in the Bottle.

MR. *Sweetwood* then left his Friend, in Admiration of the Brutality of this Man. ‘ You must be finely govern’d, indeed, if all your Magistrates are like this Man,’ says he. To this no Answer was made, because the Gentleman did not chuse to declare that the City of *Bristol* was so badly furnished with Magistrates.

THE Intelligence of their ill Success being brought back to Lady *Flimsy*, with an Addition of her Lord’s being the Cause of her Confinement, she determined next Day to appear in her Favour, and even to visit her in *Bridewell*.

IN the mean while, this lovely and guiltless Creature was open to the Insults of Women confined within that Prison, who were the most dissolute of the Creation; ten thousand sarcastic Reflections were thrown upon her decent Apparel and Beauty, which were stiled Finery and Paint: At length, animated with Integrity, and some invisible Support, she spoke to them, asking why they insulted Innocence in Distress? ‘ Believe me,’ says she, ‘ the Crime that is imputed to me, my Soul has never been guilty of, in Thought, even; it is an infamous Design upon my Honour, by the most pernicious of all Men, who  
‘ has

‘ has taken this Way to force me to Compliance with  
 ‘ his brutal Lust ; but Prisons, Chains, and Death, lose  
 ‘ their Stings on virtuous Minds, and he shall prove  
 ‘ they cannot succeed on me.’

It is amazing with what Attention she was heard, and what Belief accompanied her Words, such is the Power of Virtue even over abandon’d Minds; they then pitied her Condition and Distress, and cursing his Lordship, made the most commodious Bed of Straw in their Power, to rest the Limbs of Virtue in Misery.

ON this Bed lay the lovely *Lydia Fairchild*; she slept, the Powers of Heaven and Innocence protecting her. During this Night, her aged Parent stood before her in a Dream, and pronounced, ‘ Be firm, my *Lydia*, ‘ Happiness awaits the Virtuous.’

THOSE whose Souls are sensible to the Effects of almost visionary Causes, will conceive that even this Dream was some Support to her in this Moment; and those who are not, may laugh at us for mentioning it in this Place.

THE Morning early brought *Lady Flimsy* and Mr. *Sweetwood* in her Coach to the *Bridewell*, where she enter’d, and embraced her *Lydia*, weeping over her, and protesting she thought her innocent, the other Women standing amazed at the Sight. ‘ My injured ‘ Girl,’ she said, ‘ I will soon free you if it is in my ‘ Power; be of good Resolution.’

SHE then went to the Alderman, who was only prevailed on to order her on the other Side in a separate Room, still within Bolts and Irons; and from him she returned to the Prison, where she told the Keeper, that she should be treated with all possible Care at her Expence, Mr. *Sweetwood* accompanying her Ladyship all the Time; the Viscountess then took Leave of *Lydia*, embracing her with much Affection.

IN the Afternoon the Viscount coming to *Bristol*, went in the Dusk to the *Bridewell*, where he was introduced to the lovely Maid; being alone, he accosted her with a ‘ Well, Madam, is your Pride a little ‘ abated?’



‘ abated? Shall I be Master of what I desire, or will you rot in Prison?’

‘ My Lord,’ she answer’d, ‘ it is in vain you press me to your Inclination; not Infamy, which I detest worse than Death, shall terrify me; whatever the World may decide of my Behaviour, my Heart shall not have it in its Power to upbraid me: inhuman as you are, for the Sake of the best of Women, I have been honour’d in serving, I have not yet declared the Cause of this most barbarous Proceeding; but know that Silence will not long be in my Power. This is Treatment beyond all human Bearing! therefore let Innocence find Justice, and let me be discharged; for Torture shall never urge me to Compliance with your Desires.’

He then swore he would get some one to take his Oath, that she was the Person who had stolen the Diamonds; and departed in great Wrath.

The next Day her Lady came again; and my Lord’s Valet, who suspected his Master’s Behaviour, and was, as we have said, in Love with *Lydia*, paid her a Visit, and consoled with her.

This Affair making a Noise in *Bristol*, some one of *Worcestershire* being in that City on Business, seeing Mr. *Sweetwood* and Lady *Flinby* together, told *Aminadab* and *B——*; that Mr. *Sweetwood* had formerly been a Lover of her Ladyship’s, and that she was imagined to have married her Lord against her Consent, and would gladly have prefer’d Mr. *Sweetwood*.

This News being imagined to be agreeable, was told to the noble Lord by *Aminadab* and *B——*; his Lordship’s Character began to suffer egregiously, he therefore immediately forged a Story, that his Lady and Mr. *Sweetwood* had been guilty of Intrigues together; and that her Kindness to *Lydia* and Fear of punishing her, arose entirely from her Ladyship’s being in her Maid’s Power; and that she had certainly stolen the Diamonds.

This stagger’d all the Company at the *Wells* at first, as it was visible that Mr. *Sweetwood* had been favoured by the Viscountess; a few of the Men shrug’d their Shoulders; and all the Women, two or three

excepted, declared they imagined there was something of that Kind between them, from their Behaviour. The Reader will remember, this Lady was the Toast and Favourite of the Gentlemen at the *Wells*; and recollect the Nature of Woman.

THIS Intelligence came at last to *Sweetwood's* Ears; he could have easily borne the Reproach which was thrown on himself, but he could not suffer that the lovely and virtuous Viscountess should have her Honour stain'd in this Manner; he therefore took the Liberty to tell his Lordship, that tho' he might not be conceived incapable of such Behaviour as was imputed to them, 'yet, my Lord, your Lady is, and therefore her Character shall be preserved sacred, or my Life lost in Defence of her.'

THIS Zeal for this Lady, by the Artifice of her Lord, only served to give Credit to the Report; Mr. *Sweetwood* therefore was desired by her Ladyship to leave the *Wells*, which he did, and the Viscountess soon departed for *London*; his Lordship remaining behind, to pass a certain Operation, which he was no stranger to.

BEFORE Lady *Flimsy* departed, she left the Care of *Lydia* to the *Bristol* Gentleman we have before mentioned, and took Leave of her. 'My dearest *Lydia*,' says she, 'my Fame has, by that base Man, my Lord *Flimsy*, been traduced on account of this Tenderness which I have shewn you. Heaven preserve thee, as I think you innocent.' She then embraced and left *Lydia*, and the *Wells* the next Day.

### C. H. A. P. LIII.

*Lydia's Letter to Mr. Probit. The Friend of Virtue frees her from Prison. Her Return to her Parent in London.*

**L**YDIA being in this deplorable Situation, felt less for herself, than for her aged Parent; she trembled lest the Intelligence of her Sufferings should reach her Ears; she therefore, this Evening, wrote a Letter to Mr. *Probit*, to the following Purpose.

Dear

Dear Sir,

**I** HAVE taken this Way of telling you, I am most unjustly confined in the Bridewell of Bristol, accused by the Viscount Flimsy of having robbed his Lady of her Jewels.

From this I am sincerely acquitted by the Viscountess, who is perfectly convinced of my Innocence.

The true Reason is, a base Revenge which he has taken, because I will not comply with his libidinous Desires; he has even again solicited me since my Confinement; but believe me, Sir, no Punishment, nor Fear of it, shall oblige me to revolt from that Virtue, which I have for ever cherisbed.

All I wish is, that you would endeavour to conceal this Account from my dear Parent; bitter as it is, I can better support Affliction, than the Thought that she is afflicted on my Account. I am

Your most obedient Servant,

LYDIA FAIRCHILD.

MR. Probit received this Intelligence with great Pain; however, as he saw by the Papers that the Viscountess was come to Town, he therefore waited on her, and from her Lips received the Satisfaction to hear that she believed that *Lydia* was entirely innocent.

THERE was now a Fortnight past, during which Time *Lydia* was confined in *Bridewell*, under Pretence of Re-examination: The Viscount had put in Action every possible Artifice, by Threats and Rewards, to seduce her; even *B*—— is imagined to have degraded his Rank, not himself, by offering her Money, Settlement, and all that might tempt Virtue in Distress, yet all ineffectual.

THE Gentleman to whose Care she was recommended, hearing this, again threatened the Magistrate, with prosecuting him for false Imprisonment; she was then released, and, after having paid every grateful Acknowledgment to him, she returned to *London* to her aged Parent.

THE Story had been very public, by means of those weekly Papers, which are used too frequently to slan-

der the most virtuous Characters: The Diamonds had never been found, and this most innocent and amiable Creature had suffered in her Reputation so far, at least, that she fear'd it impossible to find Service any where, till her Character was cleared from the Imputation.

With her aged Mother she remain'd, and work'd to support her as well as she could, not unattended with infinite Dejection, as she was constantly alarm'd for the remaining Sufferings of her declining Parent.

LADY *Flimsy* would probably have assisted her, but, as *Lydia* knew she had already been impeached of being false to his Lordship's Bed, on account of that Fondness and Friendship she had shewn for her, such was the Soul of the virtuous Girl, she was determin'd that no farther Imputation of Dishonour should fall upon her, by means of that Goodness, and therefore never acquainted her Ladyship where she was.

*Lydia* then remained with her Parent, and seldom went abroad, tho' innocent; so much she feared the sarcastic Eye of the World. My Lord; — but to such a Lord we must give a separate Chapter.

#### C H A P. LIV.

*The Present which the Viscount received from Peggy, wants a little rectifying. His Lordship falls to Pieces in mending. A magnificent Funeral, a pompous Monument, a fashionable Epitaph, and a Widow's Sorrow, all in a Chapter.*

THE Viscount then requiring a skilful Hand to set that Machine right, which *Peggy* had presented him in the Place of his Gold Watch, was under Operation on that Account: This we shall not give our Readers a distinct Account of, concluding that many of them know it too well already, and others have no Desire to be acquainted with it at all.

It seems, however, that during this Affair, which he had several Times past thro' before, a small Accident happened, a new Symptom, which was no more than a Stoppage of his Lordship's Breath for about six  
Minutes.

Minutes, after which, forgetting to breathe again, he departed this Life.

THIS noble Lord being dead, there was found in his Casket the very Jewels which he had so often sworn were taken from his Lady by *Lydia*, and for which that lovely Creature had suffered Imprisonment and Infamy.

HIS Valet de Chamber, at Sight of them, curs'd his Master's Memory as he lay dead; however, he was desir'd to conceal this Discovery, as it would doom his Lordship's Name to eternal Infamy.

LADY *Flimsy* heard the News of his Lordship's Death with no very violent Emotion of Sorrow; and then she first knew the Cause of it, and was convinced he would have willingly bequeathed her a Legacy of that Disease of which he died, by his strong Solicitations to sleep in the same Bed with her, before she quitted the *Wells*.

HOWEVER, a dead Lord, blasted with a Life of Infamy, is always to receive honourable Interment, and a panegyric Epitaph; he was therefore put into Lead, inclosed in a Velvet Coffin, and then in a Hearse, with nodding Horse-hair formidably graced, and follow'd by six Coaches in Mourning; which Machines grieved for him as much as any thing, except the Horses; the'e being obliged to hawl him thro' a very deep Country, were very sorry for his Death, at least, that it fell to their Lot to draw him to his Grave.

HE was interr'd with great Pomp in the Family-vault of his Ancestors, and so ready was he to conform to that State of Dissolution which they had attained at that Time, it may admit some Doubt, whether he was not as rotten the Day he was deposited, as those that had been placed there a hundred Years before him; almost the only Advantage of a modern Education.

A VERY superb Monument was ordered for him by his Sisters, who inherited the Estate which was not settled on the Viscountess, this was two Thousand a Year; the remaining three Thousand, and her *Worcestershire* Estate, being the Jointure of that Lady.

These young Ladies asked her Ladyship, if she would contribute towards erecting this Monument; the Viscountess answered she would be at the whole Expence, if it was necessary for a Viscount to have a Tomb; and she desired them to erect it as they pleased.

• THE Monument being bespoke at Mr. ———'s the Cardinal-virtues were placed, weeping round his Lordship's Urn, and Fame writing his History; on the Monument itself was to be cut the following Epitaph, which was written by a young Divine, who was in great Expectation, and indeed under some Promise, of a Living, in the Gift of the Successors, the present Incumbent being very old.

Beneath this Stone lies  
the mortal Part  
of

*George, Lord Viscount Flimsy,*  
*Baron of Limberham,*

Descended from a long Line of illustrious Ancestors,  
himself the most illustrious.

His Life was one steady Attachment  
to the Dictates of Honour:

He was charitable without Vanity;  
hospitable without Pride;

the constant Friend of Virtue in Distress;  
From him Merit never departed unrewarded.

The best of Sons, the best of Husbands;  
a rare Instance of conjugal Fidelity  
in this licentious Age!

humane, pious, beneficent, prudent, just.

His Virtues, too many to be enumerated,  
are bewail'd with strict Affliction  
by his diseonsolate Lady;

who, in Commemoration of his Excellencies,  
and in obedience to her own Sorrows,  
has erected this Monument,

to the Memory of  
the best  
of  
Men.

THIS

THIS Epitaph was brought by the Ladies his Sisters, for her Appobation: the Viscountess having read it over, said she had no Objection to the Inscription, provided there was something added at the End of it, to tell the Readers that it was written in complaisance to the Custom of attributing every Virtue to those Noblemen, when dead, who never possess'd one of them when alive; 'otherwise, I must insist that my Name does not appear to countenance a Lie, and stain me with Hypocrisy.'

THIS the Heiresses resented with much Warmth, declaring they would be at the whole Expence; that their Brother had been as noble a Lord as any in the Pedigree of their Family. The Monument was accordingly erected, and some Parts omitted, particularly about the Affliction of his widow'd Lady.

THUS having buried my Lord Viscount *Flimsy*, erected a Monument, and written an Epitaph on him, we permit him to rest amongst his illustrious Ancestors, and ourselves from our Labours, by concluding this Chapter.

## C H A P L V.

*A Lesson to young Marriage-act Widows, exemplified in Lady Flimsy's Behaviour. Hard, but necessary Obedience in Mr. Sweetwood.*

THE Viscountess, after the Interment of her Lord retired to her Seat in *Worcestershire*. Mr. *Sweetwood* had recovered from his Disease, more by the Death of the Viscount than from the Skill of his Doctors, as if there had been a Transfusion of Vitality, and one had recover'd Health, as the other lost it, like the Method of filling the Veins of Old-age with the Blood of other Creatures more young and vigorous: As soon as he heard that the Viscountess was arrived at her Seat, he immediately waited on her, where he was received with much Affection and Cordiality, by the Mistress of the Mansion.

HOWEVER, before the Evening came, she took Occasion to speak to Mr. *Sweetwood* in the following Manner:

‘SIR, you will readily believe that I behold you with no little Pleasure at all Times; you know we have declared a Passion for each other, which it would be ridiculous in me to deny at this Time; nay, I even confess I prefer you to all Mankind; yet there is one Request which you must grant me, however painful.’ Here *Sweetwood* trembling, ask’d what it was?

‘It is,’ says the Lady, ‘that you abstain from visiting me, till that Time, which Custom has made it necessary for Widows to mourn for their Husbands, is expired.’

‘I would not be imagined to have this Injunction placed to the Account of Grief, but Decency; and since Mr. *Sweetwood* knows, that some Slander was attempted to be thrown on me, for my Partiality to him at the *Bristol Wells*, I am convinced he will agree that this is but Justice to myself in every Shape, nay, to him also.’

‘I do not mean by this Interdiction, Sir, to exclude you from what you have a Right to pretend to: Let one Year pass away, and you shall find I will give my Person to that Man, who only has a Title to it, from Promises prior to my Marriage.’

THIS, though it appeared extremely severe, Mr. *Sweetwood* complied with; however, he often came to the Parish Church of her Ladyship, to gaze and away, but no third Place of Meeting, no Subterfuge was permitted; he must keep strictly to the Letter of this Injunction. A hard Quarentine before getting into Harbour!



## C H A P. LVI.

*In which, if our Readers do not weep, whoever will may write the next true History for the Author.*

THE Imputation of Guilt on the spotless Character of *Lydia*, was too much diffused; the Story was known, Malice, Envy, and Ill-nature, propagated it, not a little encouraged to this Behaviour, by the superior Beauty which *Lydia* possess'd, above those which are beautiful in the Sex.

MR. *Probit*, honest Man, was too well convinced of her Innocence, to give Credit to this Aspersions. The Money which Miss *Fairchild* had brought from *America*, was almost spent, tho' managed with the greatest Frugality; her Mother grew feeble, and wanted more Assistance, and no Friend remained but this worthy Merchant, to supply them from his little Stores with what might assist them.

*Lydia* had sought some Work, which might help to support them in this Distress, in vain, no one considered her but as a Thief and Robber; it was pity, they said, so pretty a Creature should be so wicked, but Beauty and Goodness were two things: No Proof had yet clear'd her from this Infamy in the public Eye.

The good Merchant, who now, from the joint Effects of old Age, and a lingering Disease, perceived his Dissolution at Hand, was determined to pay one Visit more to the Widow of his old Friend, and take his last Farewel. He came, and found the lovely *Lydia* with blood-shot Eyes, her Mother sleeping on the Bed.

'CHILD,' says the good Man, 'is there any new Distress arrived to you since I saw you last, that you are thus weeping?'

'No, Sir,' says she, 'whilst my poor Parent takes a Moment's Repose, I steal this Alleviation of my Sorrows, by the Relief which Tears afford me; I

' would not add Affliction to her too anxious Minutes  
' by my Grief, and therefore exert every Power to  
' conceal from her Eyes, the Sense of my Distress.'

' CELESTIAL Piety,' answered the old Gentleman,  
weeping, ' Heaven has yet Bliss in Store for thee, my  
' Child.'

THE old Lady waking, Mr. *Probit* asked her how  
she did? ' Always better at the Sight of you, my dear  
' Friend,' she replied; her constant Answer.

BEING seated together, the good Man stretched  
forth his shrivelled Hand, and took that of the old  
Lady, looking earnestly upon her, the Tear standing  
on his Eyelids; ' Madam,' says he, ' we have long  
' lived in the strictest Friendship together, but, alas!  
' the Hour of parting is not far off, I fear; I feel my-  
' self declining a great Pace.'

' HEAVEN preserve you,' says she, interrupting him,  
' my only Friend.'

' BELIEVE me, I feel no Pain on my Account,' he  
answered, ' the only one I know is on yours alone;  
' how will that little be supplied which I could only  
' give, when I am gone? Heaven, I hope, will visit  
' your Afflictions with an Eye of Compassion, such  
' Virtue will not want Protection and Assistance when I  
' am no more; my last Prayers shall be poured forth,  
' to implore that Protection on you.'

' Alas!' says she, ' Why do you kill me with  
' these Words? you may yet live to see me quietly  
' interred; would to Heaven the Day was come, to  
' free this duteous Creature from the Pain she feels on  
' my Account,' looking on *Lydia*.

' MADAM, I feel none in serving you,' answered  
*Lydia*, ' it is another Fear which only possesses my  
' Soul.'

' MY dear Friend,' says the Merchant, ' something  
' tells me, I shall never more behold you, my Pains  
' will soon be ended, and yours, I hope.'

' Oh! kill us not with these Words,' says *Ly-  
dia*, her Mother being prevented from speaking by her  
Sorrow.

' INDEED, my Child,' says the good old Man, ' I  
' fear it is true:' Then taking all his little Store of  
Money,

Money, which was Ten Guineas only, in a Purse, he said, ' My dearest Friend (to the Mother) take the last Sum my Hands can ever bequeath you ; may some kind Power protect you ; let me be remembered when——.' His Tears stopt his Words, and all was Silence round, except the Sobs of Sorrow, whilst they turned their Eyes on each other.

He then embraced his aged Friend, pronouncing, ' I leave you yet the God of all, the never failing Friend of Virtue ;' he then embraced *Lydia*, ' once more ;' he cried, turning to the Mother, ' let me take thee to this Embrace, adieu, my Friend :' No other Word found Utterance : He then left them drowned in Affliction, the full Tide of Anguish pouring itself upon their Bosoms.

' Oh, *Lydia* !' exclaimed the Mother, ' why am I detained to give thee Pain, and protract my own, beyond this Friend's Assistance !'

' MADAM,' she cried, ' this Repetition seems to me a Kind of Upbraiding ; many have suffered more than you, and yet been happy ; even now, I know not why some kindling Hope speaks in my Bosom, better Days await us.'

' ON you, my Child, I wish. All, all Delusion. Alas ! my Sorrows end but with the Grave,' answered the old Lady.

A few Days after died the worthy Merchant, lamented with unfeigned Tears by this distressed Mother and Daughter, who now saw new Storms of Affliction driving in upon them.

C H A P. LVII.

*Promising Appearances soon clouded by Calamities. A warning Piece to Maids who intend continuing so.*

THE Loss of this Friend affected the Heart of the Mother with Sorrow to such Excess, that she fell into a lingering Disease, attended with the greatest Dejection of Spirits.

SHE

SHE was eternally weeping, and sighing out, 'oh, my Child, when shall I free thee from this Pain, when leave this World whose Frowns will never desert me?'

'MADAM, let me intreat you to bear your Afflictions with more Patience.'

'ALAS! Child, I am insured to Misfortune, mine must soon end, however great; but I cannot behold thee in Misery, without the most severe Affliction. So young, so virtuous in Misery.'

BEFORE *Lydia* could return an Answer, there was a Knocking at the Door; she opened it, and an elderly Woman very well drest, asked if Miss *Fairchild* was within? 'I am *Lydia Fairchild*,' replied the lovely Maid. 'Miss,' says this Stranger, 'I am come to speak with you.' Being seated, she began: 'Miss *Fairchild*, a certain Gentleman of my Acquaintance, a virtuous Man, has heard of your Distress, and has sent me with five Guineas, hoping you will be pleased to accept it.'

'MADAM,' replied *Lydia*, 'will you have the Goodness to tell me, to whom I am obliged for this unmerited Present,' her Eyes flowing with Gratitude.

'No matter,' says the old Lady, 'the Gentleman is of that pious Disposition, he does all thro' Charity, and always conceals his Name; I am sure he will be a sincere Friend to you as long as you live, if you please him.'

'WELL, Miss,' continued this elderly Woman, chucking her under the Chin, 'we shall have some farther Conversation on this Subject; will you dine with me To-morrow in the Piazza of *Covent-Garden*? There, perhaps, you may see your Benefactor.'

'PRAY, Madam, who shall I enquire for?' says *Lydia*. 'No matter,' answered she, 'I will send some one to conduct you to my House, perhaps you are not well acquainted with the Town.'

'VERY little, indeed,' answered *Lydia*.

THE Stranger then took her Leave with the most winning Air, wishing her a good Night, and of the old Lady

Lady also, hoping she should one Day have the Happiness of seeing her at her House.

THIS Woman was no sooner gone, than *Lydia* cried out with Pleasure, ' Now, Madam, you see Providence has not deserted us, see this unexpected Relief, may we not truly say Heaven has sent us this, in Pity to our Distress.'

' INDEED I am convinced it has,' added the venerable old Woman. This Evening was past with more Ease, than either of them had tasted for a long while; Hope, that Stranger, seemed to revive in their Bosoms, and a short Respite of Woe, like a Moment's Sunshine between the Storms of Rain, shone out upon them.

I PRESUME my Reader has already begun to perceive, that this Lady so filled with Charity and Goodness, was no less than the celebrated Mrs. or Mother D——, a Woman renowned beyond the Limits of this Island, the Kingdom of *France* having heard and seen that Lady.

NAY, of such distinguished Piety is this venerable Person, that even the Convents at *Bologne* are furnished with young Beauties, to be religiously and spiritually educated for the Joys of this World, and the Entertainment of Men unsequestered by Bars and inaccessible Walls.

A REFINEMENT to the Charms of Debauchery, which I am surprized she has not yet had a Patent to secure to herself, or a national Reward for this useful Improvement, in a Country so celebrated for the Remuneration of Artists for the Public Good.

IT seems, a Letcher of much Fame, had seen Miss *Fairchild*, and being greatly struck with her Person, had followed her to the House in which she lived; he had taken great Pains to inquire who she was, and in what Circumstances; and finding that there was no Appearance of her being at Ease, he concluded that Money would purchase her to his Lust, and had taken this Method of obtaining his Desires.

## C H A P. LVIII.

*The Success of a Bawd's Embassy, and a Dialogue between her and Squire Risse, useful to unsledged Bucks.*

**D**—S being returned from her Visit, found Squire Risse attending to know the Success of her Embassy.

'WELL,' says he, 'what News? Shall I have her or not?'

'HAVE her!' says D—s, 'yes, yes, you'll have her; why, there's she and her Mother starving in one little Room together: In my Conscience in this City even, she has not yet found the Way to sell her Maidenhead, a Commodity that I never believed till now, that a handsome Girl could want a Chap-man for; Risse, she is a fine Creature.'

'Do you think her a Virgin D—s?' says the Squire eagerly. 'Aye,' answered the Procuress, 'as sure as I am.'

'As you are, damn you; some Bunter, I suppose, hackneyed to the Devil, and I am deceived in thinking her a new Face.'

'HERE, Boy, bring me a Bottle of Champagne, I can't speak till I have quenched my Thirst,' says D—s.

HAVING then taken a Half-pint Glass, 'Upon my Soul,' says she, 'I think she is a pure Virgin, all Innocence itself; damn you, Squire, you are a lucky Dog; you will have such a Morsel, such Sweetness, such Gentility, so fine a Skin, such delicate Limbs; don't you think I am her best Friend, in thus fetching her from starving; and your's, in getting you so charming a Creature?'

'WELL, D—s,' cries Risse, all on Fire, 'when, how, where, am I to have her?'

'ALAS!' says D—s, feigning a sudden Dejection and Tears, 'I promised to send for her To-morrow to dine with me; I was so eager to make you happy, I forgot my own wretched Condition: I am threatened to be arrested for Fifty Pounds every Minute,

‘ Minute, by my Wine-merchant, and if I am, my Credit is lost for ever, and I am a miserable undone Woman.’

‘ UNDER these melancholy Circumstances, how can I receive her as I ought? I must send and forbid her, unless you will have the Goodness to lend me forty Guineas to make up the Sum; I have ten in the House; you know I would not ask you, but that I am under the greatest Necessity.

‘ I CAN’T be a Moment easy when I am in Debt; few People are so delicate in their Nature as I am on that Account: ’tis hard,’ says she, with a deep Sigh, that so much Industry should meet with no better Success in the World; I am sure no Christian can take more Pains than I do, to get an honest Livelihood.’

‘ OH, you damn’d old Jade, you want Forty Guineas to pay your Wine-merchant, heye?’

‘ Yes, damme, if I don’t,’ says she, ‘ may I never see——.’

‘ WELL, well, I understand you, here they are,’ giving her the Money; ‘ but do you imagine she will come? Is she a Maidenhead? Dost think I shall have her?’

‘ HAVE her!’ says D——s, putting the Money in her Purse, ‘ was there ever a Virgin that brought her Maidenhead into this House and carried it out again, without my Leave? No, Sir, thank the Lord; I know my Business better than that comes to; I have not taken so many Years Pains to know my Business no better than that: Do you imagine the Nobility and Gentry would favour me so much, if I did not understand my Business?’

‘ WELL, well, D——s, To-morrow, fetch her To-morrow; but be sure prepare her a little in the Way hither; mind that D——s.’

‘ PREPARE her a little, mind that, D——s.’ Zounds, you’ll teach your Grandmother to suck Eggs; do you imagine this is the first Girl I have brought to a Man, if you distrust me do it yourself, damn you,’ says the old Bawd.

‘ WELL,

‘ WELL, well, D——s, I know you can, I know  
‘ you can; don’t be angry.’

‘ ZOUNDS, ’tis enough to provoke a Saint, to be  
‘ thought not to know one’s Business;’ however, a second Bottle of Champagne made all Peace between the Bawd and Letcher.

## C H A P. LIX.

*A Dialogue between Lydia and D——s, and a providential Rescue of Virtue in Distress.*

**T**HIS Night being passed with more refreshing Sleep than usual, *Lydia’s* Charms were lighted up, with more Vivacity than they had long been animated with.

SHE drest herself in a clean Linen Gown, to wait the coming of this Person, who was to conduct her to the House of that Woman, who had invited her the preceding Day.

BEING drest, a Coach stopt at the Door, and a Message was sent up to Miss *Fairchild*, that the Lady who was to carry her to dine, waited below.

SHE then kissed her Mamma, smiling, and taking Leave, the good Woman, said, ‘ *Lydia*, take Care of  
‘ yourself, I have not been without Anxiety on your  
‘ Account, this Night in my Dreams; there are frequently Snares laid in this City, to destroy the Virtue  
‘ of Innocence and Beauty, tho’ I hope nothing of this  
‘ Kind is intended for you.’

SHE then descended the Stair-case, the Person below in the Coach was the same Woman who had invited her the Day before; she began with saying, ‘ I was taking  
‘ an Airing in my Coach (which was one she had  
‘ hired on that Occasion) and therefore thought I  
‘ would call and take you with me, Miss, in my  
‘ Return.’

*Lydia* was extremely complaisant on this Account, and professed herself very sensible of the Honour she had done her.

BEING



Being seated in the Coach by the Side of this old Destroyer, Mrs. D——s began with saying, 'well, Miss, you cannot think how happy I am to have found you out.'

'I AM mighty fond of doing good Works of Charity; I really believe, tho' I say it that should not say it, that I have provided for more young Girls, than any Woman in England; I could name you Scores that are now as fine as Dutcheffes, all of my providing for; it has been the whole Employment of my Life.'

'THIS,' says *Lydia*, 'must give you vast Pleasure; to see the Young, Friendless, Innocent, and Virtuous, made happy by your Means, what excessive Joy must this impart to your Bosom, Madam, when you behold so many lovely Creatures indebted for all their Felicity, pouring out before you their Gratitude for this Goodness?

'YET, I am told, there are some Women in the City, who make a continual Practice of betraying the Young and Beautiful, to the libidinous Desires of the most profligate of Men; how different must the Sensation of their Hearts be from yours? an eternal Scene of Horror!

'To be sure,' says D——s, half believing herself discovered, and looking, like the Devil in *Milton*, a-stare upon her.

'YET, continued *Lydia*, 'methinks such Things are impossible; it exceeds all human Belief, that Women, grown old and approaching the Hour of leaving this World, should be employed in ruining the innocent of their own Sex; it seems to me incredible; is it not so to you, Madam?'

'To be sure,' says D——s, 'but then there are People in this City, Miss, who represent Things in a strange Light; why there are those, Miss, who think L——y C——r an undone Girl, when she spends Two Thousand a Year, keeps her Charriot, and has a Settlement for Life, and all this because she is kept; do you think, Miss, such a Girl is ruin'd?'

AT these Words, *Lydia* looking stedfastly in the Face of Mrs. D——s, said, ‘to be sure I do, Madam. Ruin’d! eternally ruin’d. Is not Infamy ‘Ruin?’

‘Bless me,’ says D——s, finding that Key did not sound well to her Touch, ‘how am I delighted ‘with such Virtue as yours! well, I scarce imagined ‘there was any such Thing to be found in these ‘wicked Times; I am sure the Gentleman, your ‘Friend, will be doubly charmed with you now; ‘but permit me, Miss, to tell you, he is a little odd ‘and whimsical in his Way, but a most extremely ‘charitable Man: You must indulge him a little; ‘don’t cross him in his Humours the first Time you ‘see him; however, I make no doubt of your being ‘having as you ought.’ Saying this, they arrived at her House in *Covent-Garden*; *Lydia* being shewn into a Room, D——s desired Pardon for a Minute, and withdrew.

THIS Exit Squire *Rifle* attended. As soon as she came out, he cried, ‘well, D——s, have you prepared her?’

‘PREPARED her,’ says D——s, ‘damn her, I ‘thought her Poverty had prepared her sufficiently, ‘but I find by her Conversation, that she is one of ‘those Fools who imagine, that those who preserve ‘their Virginity, are in the ready Road to Heaven, ‘as if there was never an old Maid that was damn’d.’

‘ZOUNDS, I must have her,’ cries *Rifle*.

‘WELL,’ says D——s, ‘she will cost you a damn’d ‘Toussle to get her Maidenhead, I tell you that, if ‘you can’t make her drunk; I believe you will do ‘well to make short Work of it, she’s one of your ‘high-mettled, chaste B——s, you must storm, storm, ‘Squire, there is no good to be done by Coaxing.’

‘By ——, I will have her,’ answered *Rifle*.

‘I wish you Joy,’ says D——s, ‘I have done my ‘Duty, I call the Lord to witness; you cannot say, ‘Mr. *Rifle*, but that I have done my Duty.’

‘DAMN you,’ says *Rifle*, ‘who says you have ‘not?’

*Lydia*

*Lydia* being thus arrived at the House of this Dame, and introduced to a genteel Apartment; Dinner was served, and a Gentleman entered who made one of the Company.

DURING the Time of dining, nothing past which might discover who this Gentleman was; the Repast was elegant, and Miss *Fairchild* prest to drink of many Sorts of Wine, which she refused, excepting a Glass or two; tho' she had never been present at any Scene of this Kind, she could not avoid imagining, there was something singular in the Behaviour of this Woman which did not please, tho' nothing directly immodest.

AFTER Dinner was past, the Mistress of the House took an Opportunity to leave the Room, and then the Gentleman approaching nearer to *Lydia*, told her that it was he that had sent her that Sum of Money by the Hands of Mrs D——, Yesterday.

'HEAVEN,' says *Lydia*, 'will reward you, Sir, for that Goodness; I will not tell you from what Distress of Mind it relieved me, because I will not give your generous Heart the Pain.'

'AYE, aye,' says Squire *Rifle*, 'Heaven may, or may not thank me, but I expect to receive some from you before we part.'

'WHATEVER is in my Power, Sir, and Virtue will allow, you may command,' answered *Lydia*.

'VIRTUE is a Jest,' says the Squire, attempting to put his Hands in her Bosom.

'SIR,' says *Lydia*, starting from him, 'is it for this you have seduced me hither? would you ruin me, would you doom me to eternal Infamy, to gratify a brutal Appetite?

'DAMN you,' says *Rifle*, 'what moralizing in a Bagnio!'

'IN a Bagnio,' says she, 'am I ensnared? Oh, Sir,' she cried, falling on her Knees, and lifting up her Face covered with Tears, 'if there is yet one Spark of Humanity left within your Breast, let me retire; do not add Infamy to my Distress, do not rob me of all my Heart-felt Peace, but why should I entreat,' she said, starting up, 'it is not in the Power of Force  
' to

‘ to bring me to your Desire, at least but with the Loss of Life.’

‘ DID ever any one hear such a perverse Wench : why, Zounds, take my Purse ?’ which he offered her, ‘ I’ll settle on you Three Hundred a Year for Life,’ says the Squire. ‘ Sir, Three Thousand shall not prevail on me ; let me return to my House, I implore you, I will send you back the Money, which you intended to be the Price of my Undoing ; not a Farthing shall be diminish’d.’

‘ DAMN the Money, I will have You,’ he said ; and then offer’d Rudeness, which she resisted, exclaiming for Assistance. ‘ Is there no one,’ she cried, in struggling, ‘ will assist me ? Must I be ruined ? O God, O God, must I be doom’d to eternal Infamy ? Hold off your Hands, you violating Villain, or kill me ; I will not out-live my Honour ; in Pity, kill me.’

THIS being an uncommon Sound in Places of this Nature, a young Gentleman of the Army, who was in the next Room with a Girl, and who, tho’ gaily inclined, detested Violence to the fair Sex, ran to the Door, and heard *Lydia* struggling, almost breathless ; he then demanded who was there, when receiving no Answer, he broke open the Door, and rushing in, found the Villain, having almost over-power’d the lovely Creature.

THE Scene was too manifest to need explaining ; her dishevell’d Hair, and disorder’d Dress, his naked Head, torn Ruffles, and every other Mark of intended Violation, spoke the Design, not to say any Thing of his known Character.

‘ VILLAIN,’ says the Officer, seizing him by the Collar. ‘ you are the most infamous of Men ; and, by Heaven, I this Moment demand Satisfaction for the Injury you have offered this Lady ;’ at the same Time kicking him : ‘ If you are a Man, return that Treatment as you ought,’ says *Firebrace*, which was his Name.

THUS, the Villain received with all due Patience, and withdrew, Cowardice and ill Treatment of the Fair being inseparable ; the Captain then turning his Attention

Attention to *Lydia*, who having perceived she was rescued, was now to all Appearance expired on the Carpet; the Girl also from the other Room ran to her Assistance, and by Degrees recover'd her.

'MADAM,' says *Lydia*, 'I am infinitely obliged to you, whoever you are; and to you, Sir,' weeping, 'who preserved me from eternal Ruin. Will you yet defend me in this wicked House? Shall I implore you to defend me from Injury?'

'WITH my Life,' says *Firebrace*; 'for tho' I make no Pretensions to Chastity above other Men, yet since the Time, when very young, I was so handsomely rebuked at *Strewsbury* by a Woman of Virtue, whom I impudently address'd at the Instigation of another, I have constantly entertained a Reverence for the Virtuous of your Sex, and ever shall, I believe; therefore, Madam, confide in me, for, by Heaven, you shall receive no Outrage whilst you are in this House; I will protect you to your Lodging, wherever it may be.'

SHE then was assisted by the Girl that came to her, who pitied *Lydia*, in sighing for herself; when being recovered a little, and having adjusted her Dress, she was carried home in a Chair, the Captain paying the Chairman; indeed she acquainted them with the History of her being trepan'd, before she left the House.

C H A P. LX.

*Mrs. D——s's Speech better than my L——d \* \* \* \* in Defence of the B——l W——ch B——ll.*

**L**YDIA being carried home, Captain *Firebrace* sent for D——s into the Room, 'You old B——,' says he, 'are you so lost to all Sense of Chastity in your Sex, that you even keep a House for ravishing the Innocent, as well as a public Stew, for those who are already undone; you deserve a worse Punishment than I know to contrive, and I only wish I knew how to invent and give it you.'

'I SUFFER

‘ I SUFFER ravishing in my House, Captain,” answer’d the Bawd; ‘ I defy you to say a Rape was ever attempted here before, Sir; I’ll have you to know, that no Woman knows better how to train up young Women to their Duty than I do, and make them fit for the Company of the best Nobleman in the Nation: Did you ever hear a Virgin of my Education make such a hellish Squawling?’

‘ PRAY, Sir, to what Purpose do you imagine I collect all the beautiful young Creatures I can find, carry them to *Bologne*, and give them a religious Education in Convents, but to preserve what you like the best, their Virginity; and prevent what you dislike the most, their Struggling and Squawling.’

‘ GIVE me leave to tell you, Sir, if Gentlemen will pretend to take up wild Colts from the Common, they must not wonder that they kick; I introduce none but such as are trained up and civilized; I am sure I could have given him fifty Girls of my educating, of more Beauty, where there would not have been the least Disturbance: Here’s a Fuss indeed about a poor Wench’s Maidenhead. Better than she lose it almost every Day, without one Struggle, or the least Resistance, in my House. If the best Nobleman in *England* was to pretend to bring his kicking, squawling, chaste B——s here, I’ll turn him and her out of Doors immediately.’

‘ THE Reputation of my House has always been the best in *England*, thank God; and I am determined to preserve it so: Another such an Accident, and I shall be undone.’

‘ Do you pay no Regard to Chastity, you abandon’d Woman?’ says the Captain. ‘ Yes,’ answer’d D——; ‘ who pays so much? Who is it clothes half the Beauties in Town, which you debauch?’ ‘ Blood, Sir, how many are there that are now handsomely settled, some amongst our Nobility, of my bringing up? Do you imagine that being a W——e is an Objection to the well-marrying of young Girls? No, Sir; we find by a late Act, that the L——e have thought it the best way of beginning the Road to Preferment; otherwise, can you conceive  
such

such wise Men wou'd have prest it with so much Resolution?

Who speaks against it, but a Parson or two, and a Novel-writer, who is so simple a Fellow, to wish there was no W—es in the World? a fine Fellow to judge of Laws indeed! But our wise M———y know the good Consequences of having a great Number of Girls upon the Town; and therefore that Fellow, who wrote the *Marriage-a—*, is punished for writing against it, by shewing his Face twice a Term amongst the greatest Scoundrels of the City, who are brought there also for other notorious Crimes; A fit Punishment for his daring to speak against the Propagation of kind Girls, and so wise an Adm——tion!

ZOUNDS, Sir, you are always talking of Chastity, and the Virtue of Chastity: Suppose I was to go to *White's*, to make a Collection for a small Fortune to marry a Girl of Wit, Beauty, and good Temper, to an honest sensible Man, would not you see many of them changing Place, whilst I was telling her History, to avoid giving any thing to make her happy?

BUT if I offer'd either of the same respectable Persons, the first Possession of this lovely Creature, would not you find them striving who should bid most to enjoy her? and perhaps she might get a Thousand a Year settled on her by that Man, to get rid of her Chastity, who would not give a Guinea to preserve it; such is the Temper of your Sex.

IN like manner, if I was to find Admittance at the most celebrated Routs in *London*, where as bad People find Entrance, I imagine, and told a melancholy Story of a beautiful young Creature, who might be married to a most worthy young Man, if we could get together two hundred Guineas, for her, and instead of being open to the Seduction of you young mad Fellows, rendered happy in a Husband, how much would the Ladies contribute on this Account, tell me? Why don't you answer? have you nothing to say?

OUR

‘OUT of a Thousand, who would subscribe thirty Guineas each, towards a Gang of *Italian* Bunters, call’d an Opera, you would not obtain that Sum amongst them all, to preserve a young Woman’s Chastity. I suppose they would answer as they never fail to do, when an Author solicits their Subscriptions to his Works, *I have made it a Rule never to subscribe to Things of that Nature.*

‘Thus, whatever Puffs you Men and Women make about Virtue in your Conversation, you do not value it at Sixpence in your Hearts; that is, the best Company, your Nobility and Gentry do not; and who minds the Clamour of the Rabble on any Occasion? not I, I assure you.’

Thus ended the Speech of Mrs. D — s, and this Chapter.

## CH A P. LXI.

*Lydia and her Mother persevere in that Virtue which can only raise Mortals above Humanity.*

**L**YDIA, at her Return to her Abode, had too much Confusion, too much Distress; not to discover by her Face that she had met with some disagreeable Treatment; she therefore related to her Mother the Scene, lessening the Circumstances thro’ Tenderness to her Age.

SHE knew it was in vain to think on a Remedy by Law; the being at *Dowglis’s* was sufficient to make the World believe she had consented to meet the Violator there; and all Pretensions to Chastity would be consider’d as an Endeavour to get a greater Price from the Villain, who had attempted her Ruin.

‘MADAM,’ says *Lydia*, ‘we must return the Money which was given me by that iniquitous Woman; it is now no longer the Reward of Virtue, it is become the Price of Pollution, at least in its Design.’

‘RETURN it,’ says the Mother, ‘yes, my dear Child, the Bread of Iniquity has never past thy  
Mother’s



‘ Mother’s Lips; that has been my eternal Support  
‘ thro’ all my Afflictions; better to perish by Famine,  
‘ even to be guilty of Suicide, than live indebted to  
‘ the Loss of Virtue for Existence.’

‘ ’Tis true, Madam,’ says *Lydia*, ‘ tho’ Self-mur-  
‘ der is a detested Crime; yet surely Life, preserved  
‘ at the Price of all that is delectable in the Eyes of  
‘ Heaven, is yet more criminal.’

SHE then contrived some Means of sending back the  
five Guineas, which that public Destruction of her  
Sex had given her on the pretended Score of Charity;  
this left them destitute of every Shilling: Yet such  
was the Consolation they both received at that In-  
stant, the heroic Ardour of its being done in the Vindi-  
cation of Virtue sustained them, it afforded a Pleasure  
to their Souls, beyond what the receiving communicat-  
ed at the Moment of their deep Distress. Such is the  
Effect of Virtue on the Heart of Mortals in Despair;  
such self-approving Moments, which untold Sums  
cannot purchase, spring in the Bosoms of the Righte-  
ous, however depress’d by the Calamities of this Life.

‘ MY *Lydia*,’ says the Mother, ‘ what shall we do  
‘ to extricate ourselves from this dire Distress which  
‘ surrounds us? you have already pledged too great  
‘ a Part of your necessary Apparel to save me from  
‘ Want. What shall thy wretched Parent do? What  
‘ is left us to be done, my dear Child?’ the Words  
‘ accompanied with almost looks of Horror.

‘ DIE in Virtue,’ answered *Lydia*.

‘ BE it so then,’ she answer’d. ‘ Let us attend  
‘ that Moment with that Resignation which becomes  
‘ those who are truly Christians; there is a Heaven,  
‘ my *Lydia*, to which we are hastening, where Peace  
‘ attends, and amply rewards the Sufferings of this  
‘ World.’

‘ MADAM,’ says *Lydia*, ‘ amidst this Storm of  
‘ Affliction which surrounds us, there yet dwells up-  
‘ on my Soul, I know not why, some gleaming Pre-  
‘ sentiment of brighter Days to come.’

‘ AH! lovely, deluded Creature; ’tis Hope, Hope  
‘ alone, that has fool’d me thro’ all my Days,’ replied  
the Mother, ‘ which soothes thee also.’

‘EVEN that, Madam, is preferable to Despair, though it prove at last a Delusion.’

SHE then left the House, to pledge something for that Support which Nature calls on too importunately to be refused; and prepared a very slender Repast for refreshing her aged Parent, smiling with Joy, at having it in her Power yet, to afford Sustenance to this virtuous Woman.

THIS closed the Evening; the Bed received them, after having address’d that Being, which, tho’ it often proves, yet seldom leaves the Virtuous in Distress.

## C H A P. LXII.

*Lydia visits the House of Lady Flimsy; is well received by the Servant; returns with aching Heart to her Mother.*

IT now came into the Imagination of *Lydia*, that *Lady Flimsy* might be visited; ‘My distress will now plead my seeing her; she will remove the Woes I suffer,’ she said.

THIS Thought struck her with great Emotion at first; she communicated it to her Mother; the hoped Mind, in deep Distress, frequently hangs on a Thought so long, till it fears to try whether it be well or ill founded; such was the Situation of *Lydia*.

SHE wish’d to prove the Success, and yet dreaded the Trial; the soothing Idea of Relief was too interesting to create less than this Anxiety, in a Bosom so delicate, and so situated.

SHE now dress’d herself as clean as the Snow-drop, or the variegated Gold-finch; then kissing her aged Parent, told her her Design, and took Leave. She then set out for the House of *Lady Flimsy*; as she approached that Place, her Heart palpitated in her Bosom; a thousand new Fears took Possession of her, and all Resolution seem’d to desert her.

THO’ she was yet charming, that Bloom of Beauty which had been so remarkable in her, was now a little

the diminish'd by Grief and Tears, tho' not faded; she resembled a Lily over-charged with Rain, which shrinks from its full Blowing, thro' Want of Serenity and Sun-shine.

*Lydia* was now come to the House of the Viscountess; when enquiring if the Lady was at home, unhappily at that Moment, she was answered, that her Ladyship was gone to her Seat in *Worcestershire*: This answer was too interesting, not to create a sensible Air of Disappointment and Dejection in her Countenance, not that of Discontent and lost Labour, but Sorrow and Sensibility.

THIS mixt Expression on the Features of Beauty, adds the most prevailing of all Looks, on those Hearts which are humanely form'd.

It had this Influence on the Servant, she desired her to walk in, and stay a Moment to refresh herself; this Civility *Lydia* complied with. It seems this Female Servant was a great Favourite of Lady *Flimsy's*, and left in charge with the House, when her Ladyship retired into the Country.

THE pleasing Countenance of *Lydia* won on this Woman's Opinion, she obliged her to drink Tea with her; and, during that Time, *Lydia* said she had formerly lived a Servant with her Ladyship, and added her Name.

'ARE you that young Woman,' says she. Yes,' answered *Lydia*, 'I am.'

'INDEED then my Lady will be extremely glad to see you,' says the Servant; 'I have heard her wish to know where you lived. Bless me! I am sorry she is not in Town; I have often heard her talk of you in *Worcestershire*; I was there during your being with my Lady. Bless me! I am glad to see you: My Lord was a sad Man, but he is dead; you suffer'd enough; however Heaven will reward you.'

'I HOPE so,' says *Lydia*, with a sigh.

'LORD bless me!' continuèd the Servant, 'how sorry my Lady will be not to see you; why did not you come before? she has been asking a thousand Times after you: and there's *Frank*, that was my

‘ Lord’s Valet de Chambre, has been often here, to see if you should happen to come to this House; he tells me, he has been looking for you all over *London* to no Purpose; he hath something, which he wants to tell you with great Earnestness.’

*Lydia* was made as welcome as she could be: Before she left the House, she gave the Servant Directions where to find her; then taking Leave, desired her Duty to Lady *Flimsy*.

‘ I SHALL not forget it,’ said the Servant; ‘ and pray come and see me often: My Lady will be most exceedingly pleased to know where you are; and I shall be very glad of your Company.’

THE lovely Creature return’d with a heavy Bosom; her present Distress was too importuning to permit the Delay of Weeks; her Heart was beating the melancholy Strokes of Despair; she wished to see her Mother, yet dreaded the Moment of her Return. ‘ How will she bear the Answer which I must give her?’ she said: ‘ Why am I denied the Means of sustaining the helpless Hours of old Age?’

AT her Return, she found her Mother, and in the Room with her a little Boy, a Child of the Person who kept the House they lived in.

*Lydia* then, not attending to the Child, gave an Account to her Mother of her Reception at Lady *Flimsy*’s. This Relation, as the good old Woman had foster’d some Hope of Relief, struck her the more sensibly; she cried, ‘ Good God! what can keep us now from starving?’

‘ You shall not starve,’ says the Child, ‘ *Billy* will give you his Dinner; Grand-mamma *Fairchild* shall not starve.’ It seems she had been ever fond of him; and the pretty little Fellow had always called her his Grand-mamma. ‘ Sweet Infant!’ answer’d the Parent and lovely Daughter.

*Lydia* had now pledged the last Thing, without stripping herself of what was absolutely necessary; there remained but very few Shillings of the Money.

HOWEVER, she prepared something for her Mother, who had passed the Day without Sustenance: During this Time she said, ‘ If we shall ever taste Ease and Competency,

‘ Competency, with what Delight will these Things  
‘ be relish’d by us, who have felt so severely, the  
‘ Affliction of this World?’

‘ Ah, *Lydia*! I am past all Hope,’ said the sighing,  
weeping Parent.

To this the Daughter only answer’d with a Sigh.

C H A P. LXIII.

*The Humanity of a Child, and Brutality of a Mother;  
in which may be seen the Difference of Women. Dis-  
tress, which gives us Pain to relate.*

THE little Boy, whom we have mentioned above,  
was so sensibly touch’d with the Expression of  
Mrs. *Fairchild*, he could not avoid saying to his Mo-  
ther, the next Morning, ‘ Oh! Mamma, Grand-  
‘ mamma *Fairchild* said she should be starved, and  
‘ cried; and I told her she should not starve; shall I  
‘ give her my Breakfast? Do, Mamma, let me give  
‘ her my Breakfast.’

To this the good Woman of the House made no  
Answer: It seems Mrs. *Fairchild* owed for three Month’s  
Lodging; she had also remarked *Lydia*’s dejected Coun-  
tenance, and perceived that her Cloaths were carried  
to be pledg’d, by her being reduced to one Linen-  
gown.

THESE Remarks had given her some Apprehensions,  
lest she should lose her Rent, and the Story of the lit-  
tle Boy confirm’d her in that Opinion. Indeed she had  
been led to imagine, that *Lydia* being carried by Mrs.  
*D——*; in a Coach, would have been taken into  
Keeping; or, as a new Face upon the Town, would  
have gotten Money, and thence she should have been  
paid; but this Discovery of the Child had cured her  
of that Opinion.

SHE therefore determined to insist on her Rent, be-  
fore Affairs went worse. She was by Nature one of  
those tender-hearted Females, who would not give  
Six-pence to save all Mankind from Ruin; of that

Stamp which follows the Fields of Battles, strips and plunders, without Remorse, the wretched, wounded Objects, the Sacrifices of cursed Ambition in the Heads of Ministers and Princes.

WITH this Design she came into the Room of Mrs. Fairchild and Lydia.

Mrs. Clinch, for that was her Name, being of no very delicate Temper, soon began with asking for her Rent; to which Lydia replied, she really had it not to give her? 'but,' says she, 'Lady Flimsy will return to Town in six Weeks, when I can almost answer for the being able to pay you.'

'ALMOST answer!' says Mrs. Clinch; 'what do you mean by living in People's Houses, without Money to pay your Rent? I imagined,' says she, 'that you would have been in a good Way, when I saw Mrs. D———s carry you to her House in a Coach; but I suppose your Pride has hinder'd you from doing as you ought.'

'AND did you, Madam,' says Lydia, 'know that Woman to be that infamous Destroyer of Innocence, and not prevent me, by kindly telling it, from being exposed to every Eye, to Loss of Reputation, which I value more than Life; indeed, Madam, it was not kind.'

'HERE's a to-do about Loss of Reputation, indeed!' says Mrs. Clinch, 'in my Mind, not being able to pay your Debts, is a greater Loss of Reputation than being a kept Mistress. Reputation, indeed, when People cannot pay their Rent! And so, your Mother must starve, because you will not lose your Reputation.'

'YES, and willingly,' replied the Mother, 'my Life shall not be sustained at the Price of her Virtue.'

'NOR my Rent paid, by canting about Virtue?' says Mrs. Clinch. 'Here's a to-do about her Virtue, as if no Girl ever lost her Maidenhead! There's Fanny ——, and Polly ——, and Lucy ——, who live like them, or are so respected by the Gentlemen? What Ladies are finer dress'd, or at more Diversions, than these? And methinks your Duty should bring down your proud Stomach to provide for your aged Mother'

‘ Mother as you ought, and not be misled by her Notions of Virtue,’ says Mrs. *Clinch*.

‘ WOULD you,’ says *Lydia*, ‘ persuade me to sustain my Parent by such detested Ways?’

‘ To be sure I would,’ answered she. ‘ What’s become of the Money you got by the Diamonds you sold? I suppose you squander’d it like a Fool: Talk of Virtue, indeed: If you do not take this Advice, and let me see that I am in a Way to be paid within this Week, I shall immediately turn you out of Doors: Talk of Chastity, and not pay your Debts! A fine Virtue, indeed, that will not let People pay their Debts!’ This she pronounced with much Vehemence, shutting the Door with great Noise after her.

THE Moment she was gone, the old Lady threw her Arms about her *Lydia*’s Neck, and pouring out an Ocean of Tears, she cried, ‘ Oh! my lovely Maid, let not this pernicious Woman tempt you to your Ruin on my Account; thy Infamy shall not be my Support; let me die in Want. Oh, Heaven! preserve my *Lydia*’s Virtue.’

‘ MADAM,’ answer’d the lovely, weeping Maid, ‘ be under no Pain for me; my Resolution has been long fix’d; I have inur’d my Mind to look on Death as preferable to Disgrace; your Daughter shall not taint your Name with Infamy.’ This she pronounced in that animated and resolute Tone of Voice which attends Truth, and imparted Consolation to the despairing Mother.

‘ MY Child,’ says she, ‘ what remains for us to be done?’

‘ ATTEND the Will of Providence,’ says *Lydia*.

‘ HEAVEN sustain us in this Hour of Trial. Methinks,’ says the Parent, ‘ to die in such a Cause has nothing very dreadful in it.’

‘ NOTHING dreadful in the least,’ answer’d *Lydia*; ‘ the Guiltless lose the Stings of Death, with which the Souls of those who die in Wickedness are eternally transfix’d; perhaps, Heaven, in Pity to our Woes, has thus graciously designed to bring them to an End; a few Minutes will.’—Here she paused, and the old Lady entertaining the same Thoughts with her Daughter,

ter, gazing wildly in her Face, cried out, ‘ Oh, *Lydia* !’ The lovely Maid, looking on her Mother, answer’d, ‘ My Parent !’ when each sat down in Silence, gazing attentively on each other, with Looks that bespoke Despair.

It seems each would have found but little Difficulty in finishing their miserable Days, but what they could not feel for themselves, they felt severely for each other.

*Lydia*, however, recovering a little, said, ‘ Madam, why shall we despair, we have yet Sustenance for two Days. Heaven in Minutes brings unexpected, unforeseen Relief; it may, it will behold us with an Eye of Pity.’

‘ Oh, my Child, tho’ my Heart complains not, yet I am weary of this World of Woe; it is for thee, my *Lydia*, for thee, my Child, I only taste Distress: Oh! why did you cross the Seas, to become thus the Participater, and even the Augmenter of my Sufferings? I had felt far less than Half, had you been absent.’

‘ Let me implore you, Madam, kill me not with these Expressions; the little Support I have afforded you, is yet a greater Joy, than all other I have ever tasted,’ replied this duteous Child.

Thus complaining, such is the Effect of Tears and pouring forth of Woe, their Bosoms became a little alleviated, and some small Respite to the Poignancy of Affliction was the Consequence of this bitter Moment.

THE Shades of Night wrapt them in one Bed together sleepless, their Souls could taste no Quietness.



C H A P. LXIV.

*Farther Instances of Misfortune pursue the virtuous Parent and Daughter, with a little Illustration of Mrs. Clinch's Manner of Thinking, and that of two other Females.*

**I**N the Neighbourhood of Mrs. Fairchild's Lodgings, lived a Lady, who had often beheld *Lydia* with Attention, as she past the Street; she had heard of the Theft which was imputed to her when he first came back from *Bristol*, and from her open, ingenuous Countenance, and liberal Air, was inclined to believe she had been causlessly accused.

SHE had remarked also for some Time, a fixt Dejection in her Face, and observed an Expression of Distress in her Mien and Apparel; this inclined her yet more to think the Accusation was groundless, particularly when, upon enquiring, she had heard of her Duty to her declining Mother.

'SURELY,' says this Woman, 'such contradictory Qualities cannot reside in the same Person; can the most flagrant Crimes and the most filial Piety be Intimates of the same Bosom? Can a Face express all the latter by the most evident Symptoms, and a Heart harbour all the former, without suffering it to be visible in the Features? surely it is not possible.'

REASONING thus, she was determined to send her Maid to desire to see *Lydia*, and if she found there was Reason to believe her innocent, she was determined to assist her.

THIS Design took Place the very Day Miss Fairchild was trappaned by that infamous Woman, to her House in *Covent-Garden*; the Servant being sent to Mrs. Clinch's House, and enquiring if Miss *Lydia* was at Home, she was acquainted by Mrs. Clinch that she was not; and as this good Woman loved to hold a gossiping Tale, she stopt the Servant, and informed her that Miss *Lydia* was carried that Morning by  
Mrs.

Mrs. D——s in her Coach, to her House in *Covent-Garden*.

‘ Now, I believe,’ says she, ‘ I shall have my Rent, for indeed, Mrs. *Betty*, I was very much afraid of it, for, I hope, she will be taken into Keeping. Poor Thing, she held it out as long as she could, I must say that for her. I believe, verily, that it is very hard with her and her Mother, and nothing but Necessity would have made her do it; but, however, you know, Mrs. *Betty*, Hunger will eat thro’ Stone-walls, and it is hard to see a Mother starve; besides, I must have turned her out of Doors, for I have got Children of my own, and must breed them up, and Rent must be paid, otherwise how shall Folks live, you know.’ Thus she was going on, when Mrs. *Betty* retired unanswering, with great Abhorrence of this mercenary Woman; and returning with great Displeasure, told her Mistress the Story, adding, ‘ the nasty Jade, it is she has forced the poor young Creature to this Life, I am convinced of it, I could tear her Eyes out.’

‘ ALAS!’ says Mrs. *Blandford*, ‘ how sorry am I, not to have sent sooner, that probably would have prevented her falling into Destruction, I am of your Opinion, *Betty*; why did I delay it so long? Alas! this poor innocent Maid is doomed to Misery, by this mercenary, inhuman Creature, and my Neglect.’

THIS Account prevented Mrs. *Blandford* from farther inquiring about poor *Lydia*; she concluded from this Story, that she was now ruined, and in the ready Road to become an abandoned Prostitute; she really felt much Anguish on this Occasion, and greatly bewailed the Delay she had been guilty of.

ALAS! how terrible was this Accident, Beauty, Innocence, Virtue, in Youth, and Piety in old Age, tried by numerous Severities, stedfast in Religion, like a Rock amidst surrounding Tempests, deprived by this Machination of that pernicious D——s from Assistance, at the Moment of the deepest Anguish and Distress. Alas! such is the Will of Heaven, and Mortals should receive it unrepining.

## C H A P. LXV.

*A Scene of what Virtue may suffer. Lydia leaves her Mother, and resolves on Suicide.*

**A**DDED to this undeserved Misfortune, Mr. *Probit*, now became Earl of *Liberal*, had been seeking his lovely *Lydia* thro' all *London* to no Purpose; she conceived him so totally changed by his new Honours and Exaltation, that it was impossible he could entertain one Idea of *Lydia Fairchild*; this Thought had communicated many a severe Pang to her Heart; amongst the numerous Evils which had befallen her since she left *America*, that of loving and being deserted by Mr. *Probit*, now become an Earl, was not the least poignant or of shortest Duration; she had often lamented her knowing or being known to him, and his Image to that Hour had never visited her Mind, without being accompanied with the mixt Sensation of Pain and Pleasure, which dwelt a long Time on her Heart.

HE in the mean Time had made Ten Thousand fruitless Endeavours to find his *Lydia Fairchild*, but as she had never written him where she might be found, and had appeared in no public Places in *London*, it was next to impossible that he could discover her; thus all Nature seemed to tend towards the distressing this lovely Maid and virtuous Woman.

THE Week was expired, and Mrs. *Clinch* began to be again clamorous about her Rent; she told *Lydia* as she came down one Afternoon, that she must turn out next Day; 'I see,' says she, 'you are in no Way of providing me my Rent, therefore I desire you to be gone To-morrow.'

'MADAM,' says *Lydia*, dropping on her Knees, 'permit my dear Parent to expire, at least covered from the public Eye under your Roof; don't expose her, whose Misfortunes and not her Crimes, have reduced her to this extreme Indigence, in her last Moments to the rude World; let me implore you, permit me this Mercy: Alas! she cannot survive To-morrow, so may  
' Heaven

‘ Heaven befriend you in your future Days, and repay that Goodness to the Wretched.’

THE little Boy whom we have mentioned before, hung on his Mother’s Apron, and looking up with all possible Tenderness in her Face, cried, ‘ do, Mamma, do, do pity poor Grand-mamma *Fairchild* and Miss *Lydy*, they love me, they always loved *Tommy*; pray, Mamma, do not turn them out of Doors; do, Mamma, give them my Supper, they always gave me something to eat.’

‘ HOLD your Tongue, you Brat,’ says Mrs. *Clinch*; and then to *Lydia*, ‘ and so you intend your Mother shall die here, do you? and I be at the Expence of burying her; is that the Thing you want? is that the Virtue you boast of? first run in Debt, then starve your Mother, and leave me to bury her, eh?’

‘ MADAM,’ says *Lydia*, rising, ‘ this is more than I could have conceived, that a Creature of the Human Kind could have uttered to another; To-morrow, you shall have, I hope, a satisfactory Answer.’

‘ OR, you shall troop,’ replied Mrs. *Clinch*; the poor little Boy weeping, said, ‘ they shall not go, Grand-mamma *Fairchild* shall not be turned out of Doors.’

*Lydia* then went out and bought something with her last Six-pence for her Mother; at her Return she prepared it for her, indeed she was extremely weak, and no Probability of her living a Week longer.

SHE sighed, and said, ‘ my dear Child, I feel Life is almost at an End with me; that Relief which I have so often implored, the Heavens have at last granted me, in Commiseration of my Woes; may that God who beholds thy Actions, reward thee for all thy more than filial Duty, let me expire and free thee from thy Care, my Child.’

*Lydia* made no Reply, choaked with Tears.

‘ LEAD me to my Bed,’ continued the Mother, ‘ whether it be Sleep or Death, I know not, something steals upon my Eye-lids to which I am a Stranger.’

‘ MADAM,’

‘MADAM,’ says *Lydia*, ‘you have been long a Stranger to Repose, it is Sleep only which affects you;’ she then led her to her Bed and gently laid her down, when Mrs. *Fairchild*, said, ‘my Child, let me embrace thee, I am prepared for Sleep or Death, this may be my last Embrace, my last Adieu.’ Oh, Heavens, said *Lydia*, weeping.

Few Minutes past before she was fallen into a sweet Slumber; *Lydia* now in the utmost Despair, without one Shilling to give them Bread, threatened to be exposed to the Streets the next Day, without having a Friend to fly to, her Reputation gone, felt an Agony of Grief beyond all power of painting; she knew not where to turn; ‘God of my Salvation,’ she cried, ‘can it be criminal to end this Life of Wretchedness; it cannot be—To-morrow exposed to Infamy—will it be criminal to save myself from public Contempt?—It will not sure.

SHE then slept softly and listened to her Mother; when not hearing her breathe, she believed her expiring; ‘happy, happy wilt thou be, and all thy Afflictions end at last,’ she said.

SHE then kneeled by the Bed-side, and with uplifted Hands and Eyes, implored that Heaven would receive the Soul of her dear Mother, into the Mansions of eternal Bliss.

‘AND, oh, my God,’ she cried, ‘look on this wretched Being with an Eye of Mercy, receive me to thy Favour, tho’ these rash Hands shall terminate the Life you gave me; forgive the Being which thus yields to her Calamities.’ She then prest her Lips close to her Parent’s chilly Cheek, and as she did not wake with this Action, *Lydia* concluded she was then expiring; ‘yet, if she lives,’ says she, starting, ‘how shall I behold the asking Countenance of a Mother without Bread to allay her Hunger?’ This Thought made such an Impression on her Soul, that she was determined to go into the Park and finish her Days, by throwing herself into the Canal; she could bear its Poignancy no longer; she therefore again took a parting Kiss, and weeping like Rain, pronounced, ‘God  
‘be

'be with you,' when she stole silently down Stairs, to put an End to her miserable Existence.

SHE then walked half distracted towards St. James's Park, concluding her Mother would be beyond the Reach of Pain, before she arrived at the Place; 'shall I be condemned,' she cried, 'for thus leaving my departing Parent before her Life is quite extinguished: Alas! she is already beyond all Sense of filial Duty; whilst my Hands could minister to her Ease I never quitted that Office, now to fly that Scene of Misery which is preparing for me, Heaven I am sure will pardon.'

THIS she softly pronounced as she past along.

SHE was now entered the Gate in *Spring Gardens*, the Evening was just closing in; at the Sight of the Water she trembled a little, her Limbs faultered, she therefore reposed herself on one of the Benches, still resolving to finish that Woe, from which she saw no Power of extricating herself.

'If I return,' says she, 'what is the most favourable Object which can be afforded to my Eyes? a Parent dead, and I unable to give her the last Duties of Interment; if living, to behold her gradually expiring by Want and Hunger; dreadful Thought!' she pronounced, shivering at the Expression, 'my Death saves me from both these Tortures, there remains no other Way;' this she imagined to herself as she sat on the Bench in the Walk, this was her Resolution.

WE had forgot to mention, that, before she left the Chamber, she wrote the following Lines, and left them on the Table.

**W**HOEVER shall read these Lines, and first discover my departed Parent, I implore them not rashly to condemn that Daughter who deserted her, without paying the last filial Office to her Ashes.

Know then, after many Attacks on my Virtue, my Reputation lost, tho' my Soul is unstained, I laboured to give Bread to Age and Weakness, nor ever quitted her one Minute, till Life was no more.

*Deprived*

*Deprived of wherewithal to execute this last Duty, my Soul (Heaven look down with Mercy upon this Action) possessed not Firmness sufficient to attend that awful Moment.*

*The Child therefore has resolved to end her miserable Days, and follow that Parent to that Place, where Repose is only to be found for her and the Wretched.*

LYDIA FAIRCHILD.

*End of the Second Volume.*



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